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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 2, 1964 Vol. 32, No. 14

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OUR COVER

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WORTH REPORTING

WE love Chinese food. We don't side with the poet who wrote:

Birds in their little nests agree
With Chinamen but not with me.

To us, even the titles of Chinese dishes have mouth-watering enchantment.

Imagine our feelings at a letter from a reader, Miss Hilda Wicke, of Fairlight, N.S.W., about a menu her sister-in-law was confronted with at a Chinese hotel in the Cameron Highlands, Malaya.

Miss Wicke sent us a list of the dishes. Here are some of them:

Birds' Nests of the Southern Mountain.
Technicolor Cold Chicken.
Seven Stars Accompanying Full Moon.
Spring Blossom and Autumn Moon.
Seven Stars Shining Over the Joyful Steamboat.
Three Musketeers Amidst Bamboo Shoots.
Dragon's Eyeballs with Phoenix Eyes.
Happy-go-lucky Paper Chicken.
Crispy Pigeons of the Apricot Blossoms.
Pearls Amongst White Jade.
Swallow Nest of the Count.

★ ★ ★

AMONG the many readers who have written to tell us how much they like the new lift-out books in the paper is Mrs. N. Walsh, of Greenacre, N.S.W.

"How pleased I am . . ." she wrote. "With the help of a cheap stapler from the chainstores, they will make a handy reference."

Like other readers, Mrs. Walsh doesn't find it always convenient to cut out items she wants to keep.

"I send my copies of the W.W. to England, and hesitate to cut it about more than is necessary," she explained. "Especially if what I want backs a story or the serial."

"Excitingest" book

REMEMBER our "Mother" cartoons? They were the work ("in fact, my autobiography") of Elisabeth Macintyre, of Collaroy, N.S.W., who gave up the cartoons to devote more time to writing.

The happy result has recently been published. Called "Ambrose Kangaroo Goes to Town," it was summed up by a six-year-old we know as "the most *excitingest* book."

Delightfully illustrated by Elisabeth, it tells the story of Ambrose Kangaroo, his family and friends (koalas, lyre-birds, bandicoots, and lots of others) who move in to a deserted ghost town.

"The idea for the story came to me years ago," said Elisabeth, "when as a child I visited a ghost town near Mittagong, N.S.W. As I walked past an old house, a rabbit scuttled out, and I remember wondering then if he had taken up residence there."

Elisabeth Macintyre is content to go on writing children's books.

"It is a tremendous challenge," she said, "to see children fascinated with something you have created, and there's great satisfaction in knowing that you're giving them valuable information — and entertaining them at the same time."

A house in Switzerland

WHILE Australian soprano Elsie Morison and her husband, Czech-born conductor Rafael Kubelik, were touring Australia for the A.B.C. they collected ideas and "bits and pieces" for the house they plan to build in Switzerland.

They recently bought land in Switzerland, just outside Lucerne.

"We are very thrilled, as the house will be our first home since our marriage in 1963," said Miss Morison.

"The land has a tranquil wood and magnificent alpine view. Perfect for my husband to develop his work as a composer."

The Kubeliks want rooms "almost entirely glass-sided" to make the most of the view, but with period furnishings, because "contemporary interiors lack warmth."

They are living in a flat overlooking Lake Lucerne while they decide who will build their house.

"We have narrowed the field to two architects," said Miss Morison. "In any case, we have an eager and imaginative helper in Rafael's son, Martin, who is 18 and hopes to study architecture at Zurich University next year."

Martin joined them in Australia for a three-week school-holiday visit before returning to Switzerland with them at the end of August.

Elsie Morison and husband Rafael Kubelik

POLICE dogs must have a well-developed sense of smell and hearing, courage, agility, stamina, and tracking ability.

Ideal qualities, said a friend of ours, for mothers of young children.

Tadpole twins

"TOP TADPOLE," the story of four-year-old swimmer Majella Corrigan, of Gladesville, N.S.W. (A.W.W., July 8), prompted Mr. Vincent Davey, of Kalgoorlie, W.A., to write to us.

"My twin boys, Chris and Lee, were six months old when they first tried paddling," he said. "By the time they were two they were diving from the edge of the pool and could swim about six feet without assistance.

"By three, they were comfortably swimming 55 yards breaststroke and diving into the deep end — 14ft. 6in. — to touch bottom.

"The twins are now four, and are training in butterfly and breaststroke over hundreds of yards. In fact, in one of their training swims Lee decided to see how far he could swim. He did 460 yards without stopping."

Mr. Davey doesn't think his twins have freak ability.

"Give children a chance," he wrote, "and they can perform athletic feats beyond the average person's comprehension."

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HER CLOTHES ARE FROM PARIS

● The Hon. Mrs. John Siddeley, a Frenchwoman, will bring a wardrobe of Paris clothes when she visits Australia with her interior decorator husband for his lecture tour.

PATOU dinner dress of white pique and pink lace cover-up top, which is hip-length, and has a belt and bow.

BEGINNING in Perth on September 28 and continuing to October 1, the tour later includes Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

Jacqueline Siddeley has an enviable petite figure and the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women in the cosmopolitan set in which she lives.

She and her husband travel extensively both for business and pleasure, entertain lavishly, and think nothing of flying a plane-load of friends over to Paris for lunch and then dinner, and flying them all back, with a champagne supper on the plane.

But married to an Englishman whose taste and distinction keep him in the forefront of good interior decorators and designers, Mrs. Siddeley makes no secret of the fact that she leans heavily on her husband in the choice of clothes.

By ANNE MATHESON

Yet her own judgment is unerring, and she has both the wit and the fashion sense to enhance her femininity.

She's also immensely practical, so that her clothes are not only exciting but have a sense of occasion and are extremely versatile.

Naturally, as a daughter of one of the big textile magnates of France, she shops in Paris. But she believes smart copies of Paris couture clothes can be worn with equal dash.

On accessories Mrs. Siddeley simply said, with firmness, "Nothing should clash," and left it at that.

DINNER DRESS from Guy Laroche, completely pearl-embroidered to emphasise the pattern, has a matching jacket, which, Mrs. Siddeley said, helps her 5ft. 2in. height more than a stole.

PINK COTTON woven like wool, with a textured surface, makes the dinner dress from Courreges, who is a favorite couturier. "His severity has a subtle femininity."

FROM COURREGES this wool suit has two rows of buttons on both jacket and skirt. "They give me height," said Mrs. Siddeley.

GROSGRAIN theatre coat, again from Courreges, is button-through with a small roll collar. "It has many uses, from the afternoon to late evening."

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NEXT WEEK

Eight-page lift-out book:

COLOR IN YOUR HOME

● You'll find advice on choosing colors and designs by Loelia, Duchess of Westminster; advice on color schemes, interior paints and where to use them, do's and don'ts for decorators — and more!

Plus:

Spring patterns by Butterick

● Our 16-page color catalogue shows you gay spring fashions: clothes you can SEE paraded at city stores — and then MAKE them yourself at home.

And:

BIG NEW CONTEST

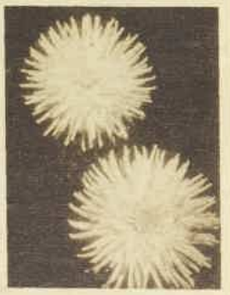
. . . in Teenagers' Weekly

LOOK!

● Two Volkswagen 1500 cars — their owners: the boy and girl who win our Road Safety Contest.

And:

● Eight more pages for your gardening book are all about DAHLIAS for a brightly beautiful garden display.



Cronin thinks about his boyhood

By LARRY BOYS, of our London staff

● For A. J. Cronin success means a cosy citadel in Switzerland, where the stars look down on Lake Lucerne, and a marriage that has lasted 42 happy years.

DR. CRONIN AT WORK. He and his wife spend their winters in the West Indies, rest of year in Switzerland.

WRITING NOVELS IS STILL THE MEDICINE FOR THIS DOCTOR

MONEY no longer means anything to him, he says, though he admits that when he was young it meant a great deal.

For this rich and famous doctor-author was left fatherless and penniless at the age of six and has, like the boy hero of his new novel, "A Song of Sixpence," known poverty and privation.

At 67 he is one of the wealthiest writers in the world and one of the most successful of this century. "A Song of Sixpence" is his fourteenth book. The previous 13 are being continually reprinted and translated, and sell steadily all over the world.

One of his best-known novels, "The Citadel," has sold 20 million copies. Such is his reputation that the first print of his new novel in Britain alone will be 100,000.

If he doesn't need any more money, then why does he keep on writing?

Inner urge

You might as well ask a dolphin why it keeps on swimming. Dr. Cronin keeps on writing because he has to. He can't stop himself. He loves it.

"There has always been something inside me that urged me to write," he said at his lakeside villa at Kastanienbaum.

"That's why I had to give up medicine. I never really wanted to be a doctor, I now know.

"Yet I built up a very lucrative practice starting from scratch in London. It was worth about seven or eight thousand a year, which was a lot of money in those pre-war days.

"But I gave it up. I had this compulsive need to write. So I stopped practising and wrote my first novel, 'Hatter's Castle.' The rest you know."

Dr. Cronin (he is still a registered practitioner) admits that his latest novel is largely autobiographical.

"But, of course, it is still fiction," Dr. Cronin said.

"Imagination takes over. Although the story has great similarities with my own boyhood, I hope readers won't believe it to be true to the letter. It isn't, by any means.

"However, there's one part of it that is as true to life as my memory will serve me. It is the description of a cricket match in which I actually took part — good heavens — more than half a century ago.

Visit soon

"I love cricket, and if all goes well I plan to visit Australia next year to watch the Test series. I have always wanted to visit Australia, and in particular to watch Test cricket there. It must be a wonderful experience."

When Dr. Cronin comes to Australia he will bring with him his small but permanent "entourage" — his wife, his housekeeper, his maid, and his secretary, Miss Margaret Jennings.

"There's a good story in Miss Jennings herself," he said. "She is a Lincolnshire lass who has been with us 20 years.

"She was originally a nurse, and came to look after my youngest son, Andrew, when he was born. She stayed on to look after the three boys and became so useful we couldn't do without her.

"So after the boys were grown up I sent her to a secretarial college to learn shorthand and typing.

"She became the most efficient secretary I could ever imagine. I don't know how I ever managed to write those first books without her."

The Cronins have three sons and eight grandchildren. Vincent, the eldest son, is a writer of biographies. Patrick, a heart specialist, is an assistant professor at McGill University in Montreal. Andrew works with the National Cash Register Company in America.

The Cronins love travelling and they always take Miss Jennings, their housekeeper, and their maid with them. They spend the summers usually in their Swiss villa.

Rural peace

"I like it for the peace and solitude," Dr. Cronin said. "There are just a few farm homesteads near us and we're away from the busy roads and the tourist centres.

"I never get tired of the view from the terrace across the lake to the Alps. It's ideal for writing, of course."

In winter they go to the West Indies, not always to the same islands. They like sunshine.

"I couldn't stay in Switzerland in winter," Dr. Cronin said, with his still very evident Scots burr. "I can't stand snow. I'll travel anywhere to get away from it."

Remembering, no doubt, those bitter boyhood winters in the bleak west of Scotland, when snow was the friend of the rich and the enemy of the poor.

OUR NEXT SERIAL

"A SONG OF SIXPENCE," the latest A. J. Cronin novel and the best ever, is our new serial, starting next week. The story closely parallels Dr. Cronin's own boyhood and youth.

It tells about young Laurence Carroll growing up in a Scottish village at the turn of the century. He and his family are ostracised by the village folk, for they are the only Roman Catholics among strong Presbyterians, and he contends with many difficulties in his search for affection and self-fulfilment.

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FERRERAS in his studio, with pictures of himself and daughters of his first marriage.

MARIA in her carry cot, lined with pink. Alejandro's cot has blue lining.

TWINS Maria Manuela (left) and Alejandro Desmond (right) with Mrs. Miguel Ferreras in her Paris flat before she went home to County Wicklow, Ireland.

Paris designer's adopted twins

"My wife adores babies," said Ferreras

WHILE the guests at Miguel Ferreras' irst fashion show this eason stood around a aden buffet and toasted im in champagne, talking thusiastically about the ery Parisian collection they ad just seen, Mrs. Ferreras t quietly in one of the naller salons.

She was with her friend erle Oberon.

While assistants bustled ound bringing back differ- t models for closer inspec- on, and while Merle beron tried them up ainst herself in the mirror, e two wealthy socialites ated.

They were talking about bies . . .

Fifty-four-year-old Mrs. erreras (she looks very uch younger) and her hus- nd have just adopted twin exican babies.

Tasmanian-born film star erle Oberon, who is mar- d to a Mexican business- an, also has two adopted ildren.

Miss Oberon never tells e story of how she came adopt her children, but plains: "My husband does t wish to remember that ey are not our own."

The day before, however, iguel Ferreras told me out the twins; reluctantly, is true, because he feared at people might suspect at the adoption is just a blicity gimmick.

The Ferreras' have both been married before.

His wife, formerly Oonagh Guinness, has three children and four grandchildren by former marriages, and Miguel Ferreras has two girls by his first marriage.

These girls are now 11 and seven, and they live most of the time with their mother in New York.

The grandchildren's ages range from four to nine, so that there were no longer any babies round the house.

"My wife adores babies," Ferreras told me.

"She has been supporting a children's hospital, but for a long time has wanted babies of her own again."

When the Ferreras' decided to adopt a child they ran up against all kinds of difficulties.

For instance, they could not adopt an English child because they were over 37 years old.

In France there is little protection for adoptive parents against future demands of the real parents for the return of the children, and religion is a stumbling-block.

Long wait

Finally, in Mexico, they found they could adopt the child they wanted.

After a wait of many months they were advised that the child which should have been theirs had been born, but that the health history of its family was not satisfactory.

This was a great disappointment.

They alerted Merle Oberon and her husband; and film director John Huston, who was making a film in Mexico, also started to look for a baby for them.

Finally Huston heard of the twins.

They were ready for adoption and had a satisfactory health history, but the Mexican adoption authorities feared that few adoptive parents would want two babies at once.

Ferreras and his wife gathered them up, pretty little Maria Manuela and fragile little Alejandro Desmond, who had spent the first weeks of his life in an incubator.

The babies are now two months old, and flourishing.

Mrs. Ferreras took the babies by air to St. Maxime, on the Mediterranean coast, to let her husband finish his collection.

She returned with them to Paris so she could be at the first showing.

Although, as I said, both Mr. and Mrs. Ferreras do not seek publicity about the adoption, they agreed to let

From MARCELLE POIRIER, in Paris

Huston cabled to Oonagh and Miguel, who, enchanted by the idea, cabled back to Huston to go ahead.

The babies arrived just before Paris fashion week.

Miguel Ferreras dropped everything, though at this time panic reigns in couture workrooms, and rushed out to Orly airport with his wife.

They had a five-hour wait as the plane was delayed.

Ferreras displayed all the signs of an expectant father, walking up and down impatiently, smoking endlessly.

Then the babies arrived in the care of a Mexican social worker.

me call at their Paris flat to see the twins.

Ferreras was not there to introduce his new son and daughter. He had been detained in his fashion house by the post-collection press of work.

But Mrs. Ferreras proudly displayed them.

She is a small, slender blonde with big blue eyes, great simplicity, and a very gentle manner.

She went off to collect Alejandro from the Provencal rush carry cot, lined with blue gingham, in which she brought him back from St. Maxime.

"It is time for his bottle," she said.

Mrs. Ferreras has no nanny — just herself.

"Yes, it does mean I cannot go out as much," she replied to my query, "but I don't mind at all."

She sat in a deep armchair, hitched up her lovely shocking-pink crepe sheath with a wrapover back (a Ferreras label, of course), put Alejandro in the crook of her arm, and watched him with delight while he solemnly and rather crossly gulped down his feed.

"He doesn't look like a Desmond, does he?" she asked.

He doesn't. He looks entirely Mexican and has an air of age-old wisdom.

But Desmond is a Guinness family name, and Alejandro Desmond Ferreras he is.

Mrs. Ferreras competently upended him over her shoulder and patted his back.

He burped, and she casually wiped the stain from her Paris model.

The other twin, Maria, is every bit a girl, conscious of her charm, and delighted to try out her wiles on all-comers.

She has thick, black curls, and big brown eyes.

"They are being brought up just as I brought up my own children," Mrs. Ferreras said.

"Alejandro is fragile and subject to colic, and I have to put lots of carrot in his feeds.

"That is the only difference."

The babies are now with Mrs. Ferreras in County Wicklow, where the Ferreras home is. They will spend most of their childhood in the large house and gardens.

They will sooner or later meet their grown-up step-sisters and brothers, and their step-nieces and nephews will be their playmates.

Miguel proudly showed me the babies' passports, each with a photograph and tiny fingerprints.

"I found it rather strange to have to get up in the night to comfort the babies," he said, "but it was fun, too."

Ferreras is an American citizen, though he is of Cuban origin, and the twins will be Americans, too.

They'll learn English, Gaelic, French, and of course Spanish.

"I am not going to hide from them that they are adopted," Ferreras told me. "I shall tell them that I love them even more than if they were mine, because I chose them of my own free will, and wanted them."

So for these children, born in Jalisco of parents living in the direst poverty, there is the prospect of a happy, secure childhood.

Mrs. Ferreras had the last word. "In a few months when the twins have settled down I shall adopt another baby," she said. "There is so much misery in the world."

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Hairstyle by Regina Garfield Salon

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● It's hard to imagine Princess Grace of Monaco, or Audrey Hepburn, ever smoothing her hair in public or standing awkwardly when a guest at some important function.

Not only are they among the world's most *chic* women but they have what every woman dreams of, the secret of the two g's—grace and grooming. It takes only one wrong note to destroy the harmony of your whole appearance; what you achieve in one hour of making yourself pretty can be ruined in a few seconds by any bad habits of grooming or ugly mannerisms.

SLUMPING in a chair makes a poor picture, quickly becomes an ugly habit.

GRACEFUL placing of the legs is good discipline, means a restful, natural posture for the whole body.

HOW women *spoil* their LOOKS

A HABIT such as biting your nails or fussing with your hair will call attention to itself and away from you; protruding bra strap or dandruff on your shoulders can ruin any glamorous image you wish to create.

How long is it since you slouched into a chair, filed your nails or applied your make-up in public, or had to delve surreptitiously to retrieve a hanging petticoat?

Some of the habits which annoy other people (especially men) are foot-tapping, sewing in public, necklace-twisting, head-scratching, and raucous laughter.

Grooming lapses such as chipped nail-polish, worn high heels, smeared lipstick, uneven dress hems, and straggly hair are likewise off-putting.

"I think women who apply their make-up in public are the END," said one young bachelor.

"I like to think my girl-friend's beauty is natural. It's so disillusioning to see it peeled off or added to."

Don't despair, though For most women, even those with beautiful clothes and weekly facials and manicures, have at some time had to struggle to break at least one or two of these habits or gestures.

Do you, for instance, *comb your hair with your hands?* The habit is not only unattractive but also it leaves you unkempt. The answer is a hairstyle that is easy to maintain, and then proper maintenance.

Shampoo earlier than you would normally—in other words, when your hair still looks good.

It may seem foolish at first to wash away a perfectly good set, but it pays in the long run, because fussing with your hair usually occurs when it's due for a shampoo and no longer holds a set as well as it could.

More frequent shampooing is often the answer, too, for persistent head-scratching. This may be just an absentminded gesture or affectation, but if your scalp really itches, there's something about it. If extra shampoos don't help, be sure you are rinsing out all the shampoo. Soap residue can cause dry scalp.

Nail-biting is a difficult habit to break. Good grooming can help here by giving you something to preserve: beautiful nails. Start with a good salon manicure and follow this with some simple—but daily—home care. Use a pumice-stone to smooth any rough skin around the nails, emery board to keep your nails in shape.

Always use a pretty-colored polish and reapply as soon as you see it chip.

Spend time on making your nails beautiful and you will want to protect your investment.

Lipstick smeared at the corners of the mouth causes one of the most unsightly gestures. If you ever resort to removing the lipstick with your finger—a gesture that pulls your face out of shape at the same time—here's how to avoid the problem altogether:

Regularly outline your lips with a lipstick brush, ending the lines just short of the corners of the mouth. Or use one of the new-shape lipsticks that give a good outline.

The important point, of course, is to keep clear of the corners. Powder the outline, dust off excess, and fill in with lipstick.

(If you notice a little build-up of lipstick in the corners when you reapply it, use a cotton-tipped swab to dab it away.)

Another face-distorting gesture is the habit of *running your tongue over your teeth*. Try it just once in front of a mirror and you'll be cured for ever, or nearly. You may need the help of a toothbrush after meals. If necessary carry a small one (child-size or collapsible) in your handbag.

It takes only a minute to use.

When there is perspiration on the face, especially across the forehead and round the mouth, you may feel tempted to whisk it away with your fingers. Instead, blot it away with absorbent tissue, which looks better and does a better job.

There is a large category of gestures that you can foresee and avoid by dressing with care and precision.

Fuss a little with your clothes as you put them on and you won't be fussing at them all through the day.

Pin your neck-scarf in place, for instance, and you can forget you have it on.

If your bra or slip straps fall, do you make an awkward probe for them?

Fasten strap retainers to the inside of your dresses and blouses. If you are constantly tucking a slippery blouse back into your skirt, investigate the blouse grippers that are available.

It helps to consider these problems when you are shopping for clothes. "Don't ever buy clothes without trying them on first in the store's dressing-room," advises a store fashion co-ordinator.

"Always ask the sales assistant or a friend to tell you whether the garment sits right."

If you make sure that the jacket is a good fit you can wear it with confidence, knowing you won't be pulling it into place on your shoulders every time you wear it.

And can you sit down in the skirt without having to tug at it to cover your knees?

A new handbag is another item you should test before buying. Place it on your arm to see if you can reach into it without going into contortions.

To avoid the awkwardness of *rummaging* (nothing looks worse than a woman searching for something in an untidy handbag) always keep it arranged in an order that makes sense to you—all cosmetics in a little case, car keys in the change-purse, perhaps.

"My wife collects a lot of unnecessary junk in her bag," said one businessman. "She could probably go away for a weekend with all she carries around every day."

Even if a woman has otherwise excellent posture, an awkward gait or manner of sitting can mar her overall appearance. *Watch your walk* to see if you assume an ungainly stride when wearing comfortable shoes, especially flatties. While wearing heels you may tend to swing your hips.

To see how you look head-on, walk toward a full-length mirror from a distance. Your check-list for a graceful walk should include: straight back, head held high, and one foot placed almost in front of the other, toes pointing ahead, neither in nor out.

Sit "like a lady," with ankles crossed or feet on the floor and placed together with one slightly ahead of the other.

Sitting on the end of the spine is out, obviously. So is the slouch which it's easy to fall into when you're lost in concentration working at a desk, reading, sewing, or just thinking.

DON'T CRAWL or climb into the car. Instead, turn, bend into a sitting position, and slide in sideways like the girl on the right.

But even with the accepted postures there are gestures to be avoided, especially the habit of swinging a leg pendulum-style.

If nothing else can stop you, outwit yourself by sitting with both feet on the floor.

Rising from a chair can look less than graceful when you use your arms as levers in a great heaving motion. If you flex your muscles instead the gesture appears effortless, and younger. The same leg muscles can be used to help you sit down gracefully.

Standing still waiting in line at the market or talking to friends at a party, some women *lean* against the nearest object

LOOKS PRETTY, but all wrong. How much nicer if she straightened up!

—a pose that makes even the best-groomed woman look a bit slovenly.

While wearing flats or rain-boots do you ever take a *one-foot-on-the-other* stance or *rock to the outsides of your feet?* If you stand with weight distributed equally on both feet you will sidestep a lot of fancy footwork and really stand STILL.

Some gestures, just nervous habits, ruffle the surface of your appearance with their continuous and irritating repetition. There's no avoiding them, because you can't see them coming; sometimes you can't see them at all.

Do you crack your knuckle-joints, play with a necklace or earrings, pull at your face, twist or yank a strand of hair, chew at the end of a pencil or your glasses, talk with your hands?

The trick in every case is to develop a look of composure. Since your hands are usually involved, arrange them in a graceful position in your lap.

Find a relaxed pose that you can hold for a while—and hold it. It takes perseverance, but anyone can do this for short intervals and in time it can become a habit worth keeping. It may even have a relaxing effect.

Unattractive *facial expressions* are equally difficult to detect. You can look fine when you face the mirror, but you hardly ever catch sight of yourself when you turn away.

You may be frowning, wrinkling your brow, or using your face to punctuate your conversation. As you listen to or ponder a problem, you may be biting or pursing your lips.

One man told us of a beautiful woman he had known who spoilt her looks every time she spoke.

"It wasn't the way she spoke—it was her facial contortions," he said. "I didn't ever get to know her well. I was always so fascinated by the weird expressions that I never heard a word she uttered!"

As with any gesture, knowing what you are doing, and how often, is half the battle.

But while you're correcting your irritating mannerisms, don't discard the good with the bad. Hold on to the charming gestures that distinguish you and add to your natural attractiveness. *Don't give up your spontaneity and style—just the awkward edges.*

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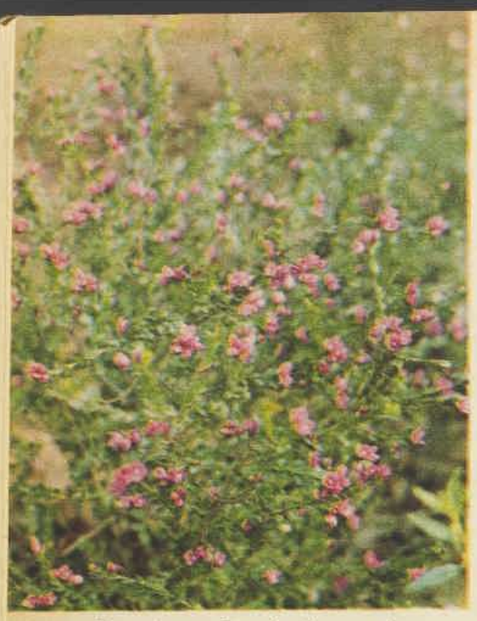
Wildflower



● *Boronia serrulata (native rose).*

● *Helichrysum elatum (everlasting daisy).*

● *Gompholobium latifolium (pea flower)*

● *Ricinocarpos pinifolius (wedding bush).*

● *Pomaderris lanigera.*

● *Epacris longiflora (native fuchsia)*

● *Helichrysum bracteatum (golden everlasting)*

● *Boronia pinnata (pink boronia).*

● *Dillwynia retorta (heathy parrot pea)*

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haven

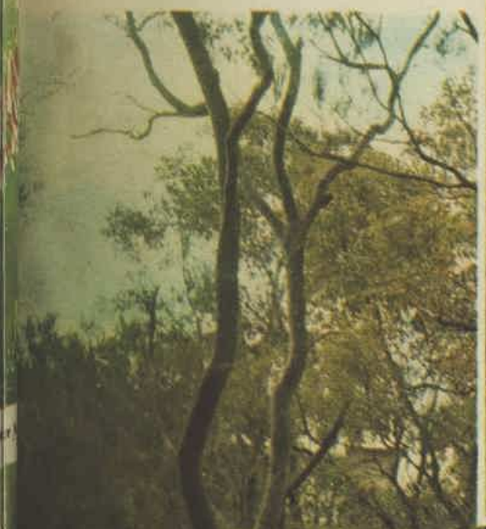
AT STONY RANGE FLORA RESERVE, in the Sydney seaside suburb of Dee Why, visitors wander along a winding "nature trail" through a profusion of wildflowers (some are pictured at left) which they'd normally have to travel far to see.

More than 30,000 Australian native flowers, shrubs, and trees have been planted throughout the reserve to make a seven-and-a-half-acre bushland garden.

"Stony Range" is the project of the Manly-Warringah Flora and Fauna Society, which decided to demonstrate, rather than merely talk about, the preservation of native flowers. It is controlled by a management committee of six. Development of the area (all of which has been by voluntary work) began in 1957.

More than 1500 people, including parties of schoolchildren, visit the reserve each week during the main flowering season. This is from the end of July to October — but there are always some plants in bloom at any time of the year.

As from September 1 the reserve is open to visitors from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. every day except Monday during the spring flowering season (usually about six weeks). For the rest of the year it is open on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and occasionally on Sundays.



● *Visitors to Stony Range Flora Reserve admire the rock lilies (Dendrobium speciosum) and elks (Platycerium bifurcatum) growing in the limbs of a banksia. Native plants from all over Australia have been established on the reserve, and these are distinguished from the local self-sown natives by the word "cultivated" on the botanical nameplates. One of the main reasons why the reserve was established is to encourage wildflower planting.*

● *Mr. and Mrs. R. Graff, of Newport (N.S.W.), admire some flowering bushes. Careful work has transformed the whole reserve in the past seven years; one reward is a growing number and variety of birds.*

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Skin care in the 7 sensitive teenage years

A clean, fresh complexion is one of life's most precious gifts to a girl, but it needs special care to keep it that way. Proper treatment in the seven sensitive teenage years not only helps to avoid skin blemishes, but lays the foundation for a lifetime of natural loveliness.

Teenagers for various biological reasons, are bothered with more complexion troubles than adults. Some teenagers' skin faults are made even worse by simple neglect; *they don't wash often enough.*

Cleansing with any good soap will help in these cases, but regular daily cleansing with Rexona Soap does something more towards solving complexion problems.

Rexona Soap will actually nourish the skin because it contains four medicated oils — oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, and Terebinth. These specially blended beauty oils cleanse deep down into the pores to lift ingrained dirt and stale cosmetics. At the same time, they have a gentle nourishing effect.

Remember that proper care of your complexion in the sensitive years can bring a lifetime of natural loveliness.

This is expressed in the radiant glow of a petal-soft skin. Incidentally Rexona Soap is as mild and fragrant as you could possibly wish.

Make sure you guard *your* natural loveliness with cool, jade-green Rexona Soap. It is one of the most important steps towards becoming the woman you want to be.

If you would like a free sample of Rexona Soap, write to *G.P.O. Box 3359 Sydney, N.S.W.*

RX 1/OBWW141

GAY TRIO: Miss Simone Dekyvere (left), Mr. Brian Wallace, and Mrs. Paul Reader at the Alliance Francaise Fancy Dress Ball held at Princes. Miss Dekyvere went as Irma La Douce and Mr. Wallace as a French gendarme. The president of the Alliance Francaise, Mrs. A. H. Brenac, welcomed the Ambassador for France, Mr. Francois Briere, and Mrs. Briere, who were guests of honor.

AFTER the christening of their three-month-old daughter, Toni Louise, in the chapel of aircraft-carrier H.M.A.S. Sydney, on August 30, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Ken Neave will welcome 50 guests to a reception at H.M.A.S. Kuttabul.

Guests will include the baby's godparents, Captain Richard Humbley, Mrs. Neave's sister, Mrs. Richard Glover, and Mrs. Thomas Patterson, who will stand-in for Mrs. Clem Schmitzer, who is en route to England for a nine-month holiday.

For the ceremony the baby will wear a beautiful 95-year-old handworked lace and lawn christening gown, which originally belonged to her great-grandfather, and was also worn by her elder brother, Christopher, at his christening three years ago.

Toni Louise has received some lovely christening gifts including a pearl bracelet from Mrs. Glover and her husband, but easily the most unusual gift — given by her grandmother Mrs. William Kerr — is a sterling-silver toothbrush!

★ ★ ★

A NOVEL note in church decorations — tiny blue and pink satin slippers — will be introduced by Noelene Hooton at her marriage with John Dickson at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, on September 9. The slippers, filled with white daisies, will be arranged on the pews — one on the bride's side, blue on the bridegroom's — by Noelene and her bridesmaids, Jenny Connolly, Judy Collier, and Christine Knyvett. With her long gown of embroidered white silk organza Noelene will wear an heirloom diamond-and-gold brooch, a gift from her father, Mr. J. H. Hooton, of Vaucluse. John, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Dickson, of "Bandon Grove," Dungog, will be attended by his brother, James, John Payne, and John Hooton.

FROM Canada comes this picture of Mr. Roger Stromsmoe and Miss Helen Scott, who have announced their engagement. Miss Scott is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Scott, of Bondi, and her fiance is the son of Mrs. H. Stromsmoe, of Alberta, Canada, and of the late Mr. Stromsmoe. Miss Scott, who is at present holidaying in Europe, will return to Canada for the wedding in Vancouver later in the year.

★ ★ ★

MEMO all hostesses — at a dinner party I went to last week a guest was asked not to bring his large puppy, who just can't be left by himself. The reason was that Dean Dixon was among the guests and allergic to dogs, although like most conductors (remember what a great zoo-goer Mr. Dixon's predecessor, Tauno Malko, was) he is very fond of animals. The Dixons, by the way, are looking for a home in Sydney, and have their heart on a Paddington terrace. Mrs. Dixon, who recently finished redecorating their house in Frankfurt, Germany, has her own ideas on how a terrace should look, and is looking forward to "doing one up."

★ ★ ★

FROM Melbourne comes the news that Anita O'Donovan and Fraser (Jum) Falkiner, of "Wanganella House," Conargo, will marry at St. John's Church, Toorak, on September 2. Afterwards Jum's mother, Mrs. Dick Falkiner, will give a small family party at her South Yarra home. Anita, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Donovan, of Balgowlah, will have Mrs. Brenda de Hoghton, of Albury, as matron of honor and Jum's 14-year-old daughter, Jane, as bridesmaid.

★ ★ ★

MRS. EDMUND COLLINS is looking forward to a reunion with her sister, Mrs. William Babylon, when she arrives here on August 29 from Williamsport, Maryland, U.S.A., for a three-month holiday. She'll stay with Mrs. Collins and her husband at Artarmon, and will be guest at the wedding of their son, Anthony, to Ruth Coates of Castlecrag, on October 28, at Shore College Chapel.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR that Sir Howard and Lady Beale, who are now living at Rose Bay, expect to move into their new waterfront home at Northbridge early next month. Among their furniture will be Sir Howard's collection of old English silver, much of which he picked up in America when he was Australian Ambassador to Washington. "He's a very sensible collector," Lady Beale told me, "he collects teapots, chocolate jugs, salt- and pepper-shakers, and other pieces which are extremely handy for normal use."

★ ★ ★

BUSY time ahead for Mrs. George Falkiner, of "Hawkes Rig," Warren. She'll entertain house-guests Mr. and Mrs. Claude Renshaw, of "Boogadah," Binnaway, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McLeod, of "Valley Vista," Gladstone, and Mr. and Mrs. John Rowley, of Coonabarabran, for the Warren Picnic Races on September 11, and the following week will leave for Victoria for the Melbourne Show which begins on September 17. She will enter her horse, Hurstwood Sultan, which she imported from Southern England, 18 months ago, in the hackney horse class.

ABOVE: Miss Susanne Haworth and Mr. Martin Coles were among theatre-goers at the opening night of Sumner Locke-Elliott's play "Rusty Bugles" at the Independent Theatre, North Sydney. The opening of the play also marked the 25th anniversary of the theatre in its present building.

AT RIGHT: Mr. John Cooper, of East Horsley, Surrey, England, and Miss Margaret Wise, who have announced their engagement in London and will marry in Sydney next September. Miss Wise, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wise, of Mosman, will return home in October.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By *Ita Buttrose*

AMATEUR MANNEQUINS (from left) Mrs. Freddie Storch, Miss Ferne Lander, and Mrs. Robert Melville, who modelled spring and summer clothes at the fashion parade and lunch which the social committee of the Food for Babies Committee held at The Hunter's Lodge, Double Bay. More than 120 guests attended the lunch.

LEAVING St. Paul's College Chapel, Sydney University, after their marriage, Mr. Nigel Mainwaring and his bride, formerly Countess Fruzsina Teleki de Szek, with youthful attendants George and Dina Waldthousen. The bride is the daughter of Count Geza Teleki de Szek, of Washington, D.C., and of Countess Yolande Teleki de Szek, of Potts Point, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Mainwaring, of Vaucluse.

AT LEFT: Miss Jennifer McKenzie and Mr. Arnold Glass, who were among more than 500 guests at the 1964 Australian Fashion Awards Gala Dinner, which was held at the Chevron Hilton Hotel to aid The Smith Family. Visiting singer Eartha Kitt presented the awards at the dinner.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burton at the St. Aloysius College "A Night in Camelot" Ball, which was held at the Roundhouse, University of New South Wales. Women guests wore Camelot or medieval headdresses to the ball, organised by the College Old Boys' Union and ladies' committee to aid the College Building Fund.

AT RECEPTION: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bakker pictured at the Wentworth Hotel after their marriage at St. Swithun's Church, Pymble, with their attendants (from left), Miss Anne Magrath, Miss Margaret Garner, and Mrs. Michael Yeldham. The bride was Miss Susan Garner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Garner, of Turramurra, and the bridegroom is the son of Mrs. Anton Bakker, of Potts Point, and of the late Mr. Bakker. The bride wore a peau-de-soie gown, and a coronet of chrysanthemums held her veil.

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INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: The Budget's effect on the stock market

By MARY BROKER

● The Budget is one of the most important events in the shareholder's year, as it often contains various points which affect industry in general or certain industries in particular.

NOW that the tumult about the 1964-65 Federal Budget has subsided, I think it is a good time to consider it objectively.

Broadly, the terms of reference (as affecting the stock market) in the Budget brought down by the Treasurer, Mr. Holt, were:—

1. Of importance to the shareholder in person is the abolition of the 5% rebate on income tax. Although this probably caused gasps of disappointment, it is not as bad as it sounds.

For the girl who earns £20 a week, for instance, the extra tax amounts only to £5/6/- per year.

However, taken throughout the community as a whole, the decrease in personal consumption expenditure totals £30.8 million for the current financial year (the abolition of the rebate is to begin on October 1). In a full year, the total would be £35 million.

2. You will remember that sales tax on motor vehicles was reduced in February, 1962, to 22½%. This was after the effects of the "credit squeeze" had begun to be felt, and since the motor vehicle industry is of extreme importance to the economy as a whole, it was felt that some stimulus should be given to this sector.

This sales tax has now been raised to 25%, and if registrations continue at the buoyant rate of 1963/64 (when 400,000 new vehicles were bought), the Government expects to reap £6¼ million from this field in a full financial year.

Uncertainty

Some burden on the automotive industry had been widely anticipated, but the industry is not, as you may imagine, overexcited about it, and predicts a fall in new car sales.

Whether or not this will be the case is debatable, but until figures can be produced, a little uncertainty can be expected round automotive stocks.

3. Customs and excise duties on cigarettes and cigars have been increased by 5/3 lb.; rates on manufactured tobacco by 2/- lb.

Smokers already know that a 3/3 packet of cigarettes has gone up to 3/7.

Taken in conjunction with the lung-cancer scare, this has naturally rather depressed the market for tobacco shares.

4. Licences for television and radio stations are to be reassessed with a view to an increase. This brings heavier overheads for TV and radio companies.

5. And perhaps most important to industry generally and the most unexpected by the stock market: Company tax is to rise by 6d. to 8/6 in the £.

As pointed out by the Treasurer, this is not really such a heavy impost. To use his words:

"It may perhaps be contended that as there has been no reduction of income-tax rates on companies during the period when individuals have had the advantage of a 5% rebate, it is inappropriate to increase rates on companies at this juncture.

"We considered this point. On the other hand we recalled that over recent years companies have had a major share in the benefit of a very wide range of concessions which are still in force.

"It is estimated that in the current year companies would be paying a full £30 million less in taxation because of these concessions."

Therefore, the increase seems to be a case of "robbing Peter to pay Paul," and should not be regarded as too depressing an influence.

On the whole, the Budget was aimed at stability.

Goverment expenditure is to total £2,511.1 million, revenue £2,254.6 million, loan raisings £275 million, giving an excess of receipts over expenditure of £18.5 million.

(By the way, grants to the States and provisions for Federal works have increased considerably, which bodes well for those involved in building and other heavy industries.)

Of particular interest was Mr. Holt's summary of economic activity in 1963/64, "a year of notable economic activity in Australia."

He ran over the main items of national importance such as exports — a boom year — and imports, and increases in manufacturing activity.

As most people feel already, the Government expects a further considerable rise in employment and production. With no major shocks in the Budget, I can agree with most leaders of industry that further stability and growth must ensue.

In last week's investment guide three lines of type were misplaced in the report on John McIlwraith Industries Ltd.

The paragraph should have read as follows:

Results have been good, profit up last year from £588,000 to £615,000, and earning rate on capital increased by takeovers virtually steady at 21.9%.

THE RING

Old and new thoughts on two customs

MANY Australians have wedding rings with messages engraved on them. Some are young wives, so the old custom is not dying.

A contributor to our regular Letter Box page, "Grace" (W.A.), brought replies from all parts of Australia when she asked to hear of such inscriptions.

Among about 30 different inscriptions, the most popular included such old, well-loved pledges as **"Hearts truly tied, none can divide," "Mizpah,"** and **"In love abide till death divide."**

Some of the letters:

In my grandmother's wide 56-year-old wedding ring there is this inscription: **"This ring is like our love—it has no end."** My grandparents say that they are just as dear to each other today as they were the day they married.—**Miss N. Reaburn, Geelong, Vic.**

When I was married, the first thing I did was to look for the inscription on my wedding ring, and I was very disappointed that my husband had not thought to have it done. On our first anniversary I thought for hours about a suitable inscription for the ring I was going to give him. I finally came up with **"God made thee for me,"** and it has always made me very proud when he takes the ring off to show it to our friends.—**"Happy" (name supplied), Bankstown, N.S.W.**

Seventeen years ago in London I was bridesmaid at an Anglo-American double wedding. Before placing the groom's ring on the Bible for blessing, I read the inside inscription: **"My love, my life, my husband,"** and I've never forgotten their happy wedding day.—**Mrs. T. S. Wilson, Gymea Bay, N.S.W.**

My ring has one word, **"Mizpah,"** taken from Genesis 31:49, which has its own story. For me the meaning is associated with the Mizpah Benediction, the closing sentence of a prayer we used at Christian Endeavour meetings when I was in my teens: "May the Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from the other." Another inscription with a lovely sentiment is: **"I will look no more beyond thy face."** It is supposed to be an old French saying.—**"Midge" (name supplied), Wingfield, S.A.**

I still think the inscription inside my wedding ring is the nicest I have ever heard, after 33 years of marriage: **"Love is sure where faith is pure."—Mrs. V. W. Betts, East Brisbane.**

I also have my wedding ring engraved inside, reading, **"Two hearts in love—one contented."** I have yet met anyone with this inscription on her ring, though no doubt there must be many. I found this sentiment quoted in an article in The Australian Women's Weekly shortly before my marriage nearly nine years ago. — **"Engraved" (name supplied), Epping North, N.S.W.**

My mother had hers given to her by my father with the engraving: **"As God hath placed my choice in thee, So move thy** (an inscribed heart) **to comfort me."** That was in 1882.—**L.H.N. (name supplied), Panania, N.S.W.**

Inscribed in my great-great-grandmother's wedding ring was **"Mizpah."** My great-grandmother had **"Bear and forbear,"** my grandmother had **"God guide us."** My mother had her and my father's initials, and **"United in God's love, our will never die."** The gold from that ring has been made into my daughter's engagement ring. My own wedding ring has our initials and the date 6/6/11. My husband died 1/8/[illegible].—**Mrs. Frances G. Pace, Penhurst, N.S.W.**

My husband had inscribed on the inside of my wedding ring **"Death only parts two loving hearts"** when he got it before our wedding day 44 years ago. He has now been dead for 20 years, but I shall never part with my wedding ring, and it never been off my finger.—**"War Widow" (name supplied), Mayfield, N.S.W.**

My eldest sister, a widow, still wears her lovely wedding ring, about 40 years old, inscribed inside with **"Love entire is my desire."—Mrs. M. Perrett, Nanango, Qld.**

. . . and the VEIL

A MELBOURNE milliner has had the idea of reviving an old German wedding custom — one that any modern bride can copy for herself.

She is Mrs. Kay Kleeman, who borrowed from her mother-in-law a gold-framed shadow-box hanging on her bedroom wall at Walla Walla, near Albury, in which is enclosed her wedding portrait of 55 years ago, standing formally with her seated husband.

The picture is wreathed with the bride's veil, orange-blossom coronet, and small sprays worn by herself and her husband, the late Mr. Wally Kleeman.

"My mother-in-law tells me that this old veil box is lined at the back with old ten-shilling notes. It was the custom, probably for a rainy day," said Mrs. Kleeman.

"My husband's family all came from the Barossa Valley, and if you looked round the bedroom walls there you'd no doubt find a few of these shadow-boxes still left.

"It struck me as a charming idea to repeat in modern form for a bedroom decoration. Girls never know what to do with their veils after the wedding, and everybody likes to keep a few decorations from the day.

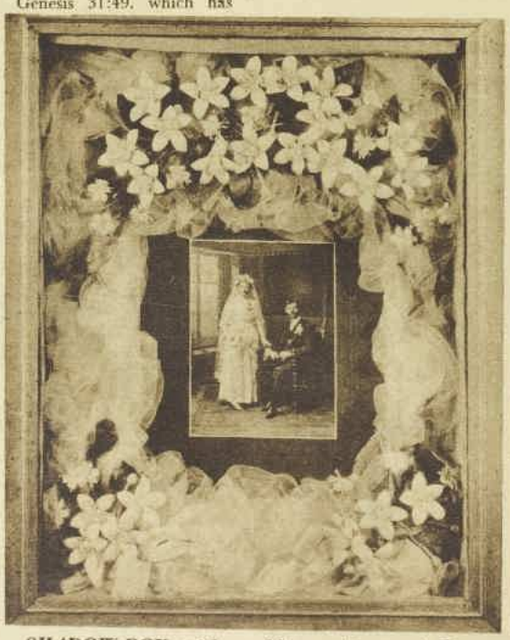
"So we made one up from a modern bride's veil to see if girls liked it today."

Mrs. Kleeman, sen., made her own wedding dress. "Hers was an arranged match, as they always were," her daughter-in-law said.

"They drove off in a buggy from that wedding, which was very grand. Wedding breakfasts were really something. Lots of people made their own wine round Walla Walla, and they had quite a hand with apple strudel.

"It was big families, hard times (people would walk 20 miles if they had no buggy without thinking about it), and a wedding was something to remember."

— CAROL BERTIE.



SHADOW-BOX with wedding picture of Mr. and Mrs. Wally Kleeman surrounded by her veil and orange-blossom coronet, and the small sprays she and her husband wore 55 years ago.

MODERN VERSION of the old German-style shadow-box shows Mrs. B. Reading (formerly Sandra Weedon), of Highett, Vic., surrounded by her veil, headdress, and two lucky charms.

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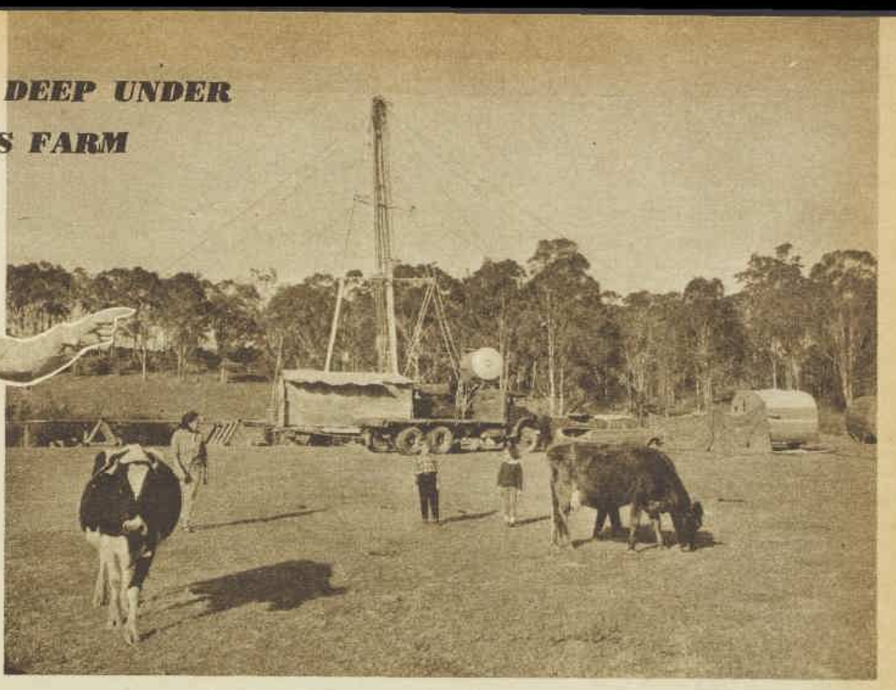
A DRILL IS BITING DEEP UNDER THIS FAMILY'S FARM



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Alberto Usatti with Graziano, Angela, and Paolo. ABOVE: The noise from the drilling rig on their farm is an accepted thing now, and cows graze placidly in the same paddock. RIGHT: Mrs. Usatti at her fuel stove. With her mother and brother, there are seven to cook for.

Gas under the good earth

By *PATRICIA JOHNSON*

● On the Usatti farm at Cecil Park, on Sydney's western outskirts, there are 32 cows, two dogs, a coop of chickens, three children — and a hole in the ground that's costing about £10,000.

INSIDE her tidy little farmhouse Celestina Usatti cooks on a fuel stove while a few hundred yards away engineers are investigating a strike of natural gas which, if it proves to be commercial, could be worth a fortune.

When surveyors from an oil and gas company made a seismic exploration of the area two years ago they discovered promising indications of gas around Alberto Usatti's 29-acre farm.

In June this year the engineers asked permission to erect a drilling rig, and Mr. Usatti leased part of his land to the company for 12 months for £100.

Dick Rolfe, chief geologist supervising the drilling, says the results of the work so far have been "extremely promising."

"There is definitely gas under the ground," he said. "We are down to 2000 feet.

"It will take a little more time to discover whether the strike is big enough to take it into a main gas reservoir."

There is even a chance, if a certain type of moist gas is found, that the small farm could be sitting on oil.

But it still wouldn't make much difference to Mr. and Mrs. Usatti financially.

In Australia all minerals, oil, and gas found on any land (except where it is owned by companies or individuals holding mining licences) belong to the Crown.

The most reward the Usattis can ever hope for is a small rental fee for the area occupied by the rig.

Still, this doesn't bother them too much. Their lives are so taken up with the work and worry of a small farm that they have little time to reflect on unexpected fortunes.

Saved money

Alberto Usatti, who comes from northern Italy, bought his farm four years ago. For eight years before he had worked as a pick-and-shovel laborer to save the money to buy his land and cows.

Celestina Usatti, too, takes no more notice now of the drilling rig in her backyard than she does of the black-and-white stray kittens which sun themselves about the farm.

To the three children, Graziano, 7, Angela, 5, and Paolo, 4, the rig is more of a novelty.

After school they often walk down to talk to the engineers, or to listen to the strange rumblings coming from so far beneath the soil.

They know they mustn't venture too near the large expanse of muddy sludge water behind the rig.

All this time the work routine of the farm hasn't missed a beat.

Every morning at 5 o'clock the Usattis, Mrs. Usatti's 72-year-old mother, Mrs. Dosolino, and her brother, Angelo, get up to tend the cows.

They have to be fed and milked before Mr. Usatti leaves for his job in a chemical factory 15 miles away.

During the day, with the men away at work and the children at school, Mrs. Usatti and her mother work on the property.

Late in the afternoon everyone helps with the cows again, grass is cut for fodder, and the hundred and one other jobs on a farm are attended to.

The only labor-saving appliance Mrs. Usatti has to help her cope with her chores is a washing-machine.

"When my last baby came," she said, "I was sick, and I must have the machine to help me do all my work."

Another luxury the family have permitted themselves is a television set.

With few visitors and no chance to leave the farm it is Mrs. Usatti's one means of learning English.

"I am not so good in English," she says in a shy, fractured accent, "but I want to speak it with my children.

"When they are at school they speak English, then they must come home and speak Italian with me."

No matter how little English she speaks, Mrs. Usatti understands the importance of the engineers' jargon when they talk of "orifice gauges" and "rock pressures."

She knows it means that one day soon these men are going to decide whether the £10,000 hole is worth while.

Meanwhile, it doesn't matter too much.

"I have my family and my work," says Celestina Usatti. "That is all I want."

THE FARMHOUSE. It's a typical close-to-Sydney small farm.

DESIGNER'S LECTURES

THE HON. JOHN SIDDELEY, Britain's leading interior decorator, arrives in Australia in September for a lecture tour sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with David Jones Ltd.

Mr. Siddeley will lecture in five States on interior decorating. His lectures will be entitled "Living for Comfort, 1964" (dealing with the exhibition that will travel with him) and "Art and Architecture, in terms of interior design from then until now."

Here are the details of his lectures in New South Wales:

SYDNEY: October 19-23 inclusive. "Living for Comfort, 1964" at 11 a.m., "Art and Architecture, in terms of interior design from then until now" at 2.45 p.m. on the Sixth Floor, Market Street store, David Jones Ltd. Tickets 10/-. Available from Monday, September 21, at the Booking Office, Ground Floor, David Jones Ltd., Market Street.

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She plays two starring roles

● Australian viewers this week will meet a teenager who has set America by the ears — and eyes — Patty Duke, the double star of TCN9's new series, "The Patty Duke Show."

PATTY DUKE, who plays a dual starring role in her top-rated TV show.

THE Patty Duke Show" starts on TCN9 at 7 p.m. on Thursday, September 3, replacing the sadly unlamented "Grindl."

The "double star" jazz is true — Patty stars twice, by playing herself and her cousin Cathy in the show.

I was staggered to find that the show is a domestic comedy; fixed in my mind was the idea that it was a musical show and Patty Duke simply another teenage singer.

I am delighted and relieved to find she is not. She does sing, although it is one of her minor accomplishments.

Patty's real talent is acting. She has very real goldplated proof of it. On her mantelpiece stands a movie Oscar, the first ever awarded to a juvenile.

She won it for her role as Helen Keller as a child, in the movie about Helen Keller's life, "The Miracle Worker," and carried off the classification previously regarded as strictly adult, "Best Supporting Actress" in 1962.

Patty is a child with a frightening dedication to her work. For "The Miracle Worker" she put in 12 months' solid work preparing for a hoped-for audition for the role in the stage-play.

Her mentor, manager, and "father," John Ross, worked with her on it. Every day he shifted furniture about here and there, while Patty, then blindfold, and later with her eyes fixed in an unseeing stare, groped her way around.

Won role

Her hard work paid off. She won the role for the stage play, played it for two seasons, and went on into the movie.

When she played the role on Broadway, America's "first lady" of the theatre, Helen Hayes, dropped by her dressing-room almost every day and left a rose on her dressing-table.

According to all I have learned, Patty brings the same hard work and intense concentration to her TV show.

It took her five months, "sort of painful months," she says, to build up two sets of mannerisms, for Patty and Cathy.

As Patty, she is a very American girl of 16. Dad is a journalist (as Patty says, "Dad-o, working on a newspaper must be a real blast") and she is supposed to be six months older than her visiting cousin, Cathy.

Cathy's Dad is a journalist, too, but a more glamorous one than Patty's Dad. He is a foreign correspondent, and Cathy has been brought up in foreign parts—mainly all over Europe.

So — there is the new series, American Patty and European Cathy living in the same house. Some of Patty's hometown get-up-and-go rubs off on the more sophisticated Cathy; some of Cathy's effortless European polish rubs off on Patty.

Wonder girl

It sounds like pure corn, but of all the people I've spoken to who have seen it not one has anything but praise for it.

"You'll love it," they say, "you couldn't help it."

I'm dying to see this wonder girl. It seems fantastic that a girl of 16, as she was when this show was made in America last year, could have reached such eminence.

Notice the name of the show — "The Patty Duke Show," called after its 16-year-old star, not titled "Double Trouble," "Mirrored Image," or one of those way-out mile-long things that Drs. Casey and Kildare dote on these days.

Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

What TV executives in America notice is the triumphantly successful run the show had on TV in a season notable for the crashing failure of many expensively cast and produced shows.

The show's consistent high rating was the American viewer's translation of the Helen Hayes gesture of leaving a rose in Patty's dressing-room.

Following American viewing tastes as Australians so largely do, it looks as if Miss Patty Duke's dressing-room could be before long roses, roses all the way.

LAURIE THOMAS

MODERN ART EXPLAINED

● I had a real treat when I attended a preview of a new ABC-TV Lively Arts programme, "Six Modern Australian Painters," which began this week.

I CAN imagine no programmes which will cause greater argument. I found them deeply interesting.

The opening programme deals with the work of Leonard French. The last of them, shown at the preview, features John Olsen.

In between the two come Jon Molvig, Ian Fairweather, Arthur Boyd, and Colin Lanceley.

You see the artists at work, see some of their work, hear their views, and glimpse some of their un-painting lives. You also hear the commentary given by the Director of the Queensland Art Gallery, Laurie Thomas.

Mr. Thomas has quite a following as a TV personality. In this he is not nearly as fluent as he usually is and talks a great flight of interpretative commentary which amused me.

The programmes, Mr. Thomas said, set out to answer a lot of the questions asked by people who are confused by modern art.

Some of them are:

● Can modern artists really draw or is their art just a cover-up for lack of proper training?

● Is their work so subjective that only they can understand it?

● Is it all just a hoax or are modern painters simply contemptuous of public opinion?

I thought Mr. Thomas' unusual hesitancy in commenting probably came from the fact that he got away with so many statements he expected an argument about.

He took it for granted that viewers knew quite a lot about modern painting.

But he really excelled himself in the John Olsen commentary.

He seemed to have double vision, the X-ray type like Superman.

He said Sydney had got into Mr. Olsen's bones, and in his picture he was working it out.

One picture he showed looked to me like an aerial view of the plan for the Warringah Expressway with "Figgie" in it and all kinds of triumphant squiggles.

"Mr. Olsen has this feeling for Sydney inside of him — this could be anything, it could very well be a picture of inside his trunk, he has to get it out, this picture is like a mind working," Mr. Thomas said.

Mr. Olsen "gets it out" in a concentrated athletic painting frenzy. Viewers see an amazing demonstration of his painting.

I like modern painting and those modern artists I have met. Mr. Thomas said "they are not reporters forging from nature" but people putting thoughts on canvas.

I would like to have read Mr. Olsen's thoughts as he sat a row ahead of me through the preview watching, head on hand.

I asked him whether Mr. Thomas' commentary and interpretation matched his interpretation of his pictures.

"Well, largely," he said, "they could be.

"But I think painting is for looking at, not for talking about."

I couldn't agree with him more.

Too Quiet on The Western Front

I'M afraid ABC-TV won't have many viewers left by the time the shooting starts in their new documentary offering "The Great War."

The historical build-up is so painstaking, so wearisome and repetitious that, after two episodes, I can't con myself into watching much longer without some action.

I'm not bloodthirsty, but it has taken 80 minutes so far for the nations to have declared war.

Early publicity went on and on about the necessity and difficulty of "distilling" the 1561 days of the Great War of 1914-18 into 17 hours of TV.

I think they should have distilled the first two episodes into 30 minutes and given 10 minutes shooting at the close of the first 40 minutes.

It is obvious that the research work that has gone into the series is magnificent, but a great deal of the first two episodes have already been seen twice by Australian viewers.

"Time to Remember," the famous documentary of world events of this century, shown and repeated by the A.B.C., dwelt long and heavily on the historic build up to the Great War and the years around it.

In the first two episodes of "The Great War" were again Edward VII's funeral, Russia's Tsar and friends and family cavorting naked on a swimming holiday, and many other occasions made familiar by "Time to Remember."

The B.B.C., the master producer of the documentary, has bent over backwards to be objective about the Great War, giving all sides equal treatment, making an enemy of none.

I think their laudable intention has gone wrong. The documentary is too slow.

A historical documentary need not be wearisome, but "The Great War" certainly has bogged down in the mud of boredom before viewers have ever had a chance to get with it.

I certainly hope it picks up pace and shows some of the previously unseen historical film, said to be so good, while it still has some viewers left.

SULKY SALLY YESTERDAY
Sunny Sally today

Based on a real life story

"Bet I can roll my hoop further than you", says Sally to her friend.
"Sally's full of energy today", says her mother. "But yesterday she was so sulky and miserable I didn't know what to do with her. A good thing her auntie suggested Laxettes."
Children's upsets are often due to constipation. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Not habit-forming. No embarrassing urgency. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative.
When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/3.

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THE FIGHT

The fight was a sellout, the crowd on their toes,
But the champion kept stalling and blowing his nose.
"It's a certainty now that I can't win this fight,
For my throat is red raw and my chest is so tight."
His trainer said, "Champ—cop this quick!
Woods' of course will do the trick."

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See this week's new architect-designed home on Home Plan page.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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Every TV actor must be expected to endure the ordeal of shooting his first Indian, and Dwayne Hickman (at left) is no exception. After a total of 333 episodes as Dobie Gillis and in "The Bob Cummings Show," with not a bullet fired, Dwayne meets his moment of truth in a coming episode of "Wagon Train" just filmed in Hollywood.

DID YOU KNOW?

● Some of the most popular M.G.M. films are likely to reappear on American TV screens — not as reruns, but as a new series in the 1965-66 season.

THE studio's TV division is planning to remake five of its old favorites for television.

They are "Andy Hardy," "See Here, Private Hargrove," "Meet Me in St. Louis," "Please Don't Eat the Daisies," and "Kissin' Cousins."

Two years ago a pilot film of an "Andy Hardy" series was made, but neither M.G.M. nor the N.B.C. network, which co-operated in the project, was satisfied with the result.

Now M.G.M. will try once more. The network believes the problem in reviving the irrespressible "Andy" is that family values as depicted in the original stories of a judge and his son would seem out of date today.

"Andy Hardy," actually a series of 15 films starring Mickey Rooney, was first released in 1937.

Song-and-dance routines will be absent from the television version of "Meet Me In St. Louis," the 1945 Judy Garland musical. In the pilot film it will be a family comedy.

"See Here, Private Hargrove," a World War II story, will be converted to one concerning a young GI in today's Army.

The 1960 Jean Kerr comedy starring Doris Day, "Please Don't Eat the Daisies," and the Elvis Presley movie "Kissin' Cousins" are expected to remain much the same.

★ ★ ★

THE years of practice with the tommy-gun in "The Untouchables" must have helped an already good one. Robert Stack's aim was cool, steady and on target when confronted with an elephant during his recent safari through Kenya. Stack's big-game exploits will be featured in "The American Sportsman" series in the U.S. and

Television

COLUMBIA network officials are attempting to persuade "Music Man" composer Meredith Willson to host a weekly variety show, following the great success of his summer specials. But the "country boy" from Iowa, who made a million dollars on Broadway with his folksy, comedy tunes, is not sure he can fit a weekly TV programme into his busy film and stage schedule.

★ ★ ★

THE three major American television networks spent millions of dollars, transported tons of special equipment across country and employed thousands to cover the July Republican convention in San Francisco. To their dismay, on the second night of their coverage the top rating in the New York area went not to them but to independent stations screening an old Elvis Presley movie, "Loving You," and a telecast of a baseball game between the New York Yankees and the Baltimore Orioles.

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said: "I'm getting a little tired of all those songs about happiness is everything in life, etc. I think that's a lot of propaganda. You know the type: The Best Things In Life Are Free, etc. Oh, it's true you can't buy happiness with money, but you can't buy groceries with happiness either. It's sad but true, I'm afraid, that most of today's comforts cost money. I don't argue with it, but I'm afraid with today's manner of living it's true. And do you know that the main cause of arguments and divorces between husbands and wives is, yes, you guessed it—money or the lack of it?"

Momma's moral: Money isn't everything, but it sure takes the fright out of reading menus from left to right.

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The VIRGINIAN

● The first 90-minute Western TV series ever made, "The Virginian," is scheduled to raise the dust on TV screens throughout the Commonwealth soon. Look closely at that dust, it could be gold — every episode of "The Virginian" costs a quarter of a million dollars to produce.

HOLLYWOOD'S TV approach to "The Virginian" was reverent — the producers realised they were treading on ground sacred to every Western fan since Owen Wister's book appeared in 1901.

Since that date, more than 2,000,000 copies have been sold, four movies and one stage version of it have been made, and every Western fan from five to 105 has snarled its most famous line — "When you call me that, smile!"

Despite their reverence, however, TV producers have tampered with "The Virginian."

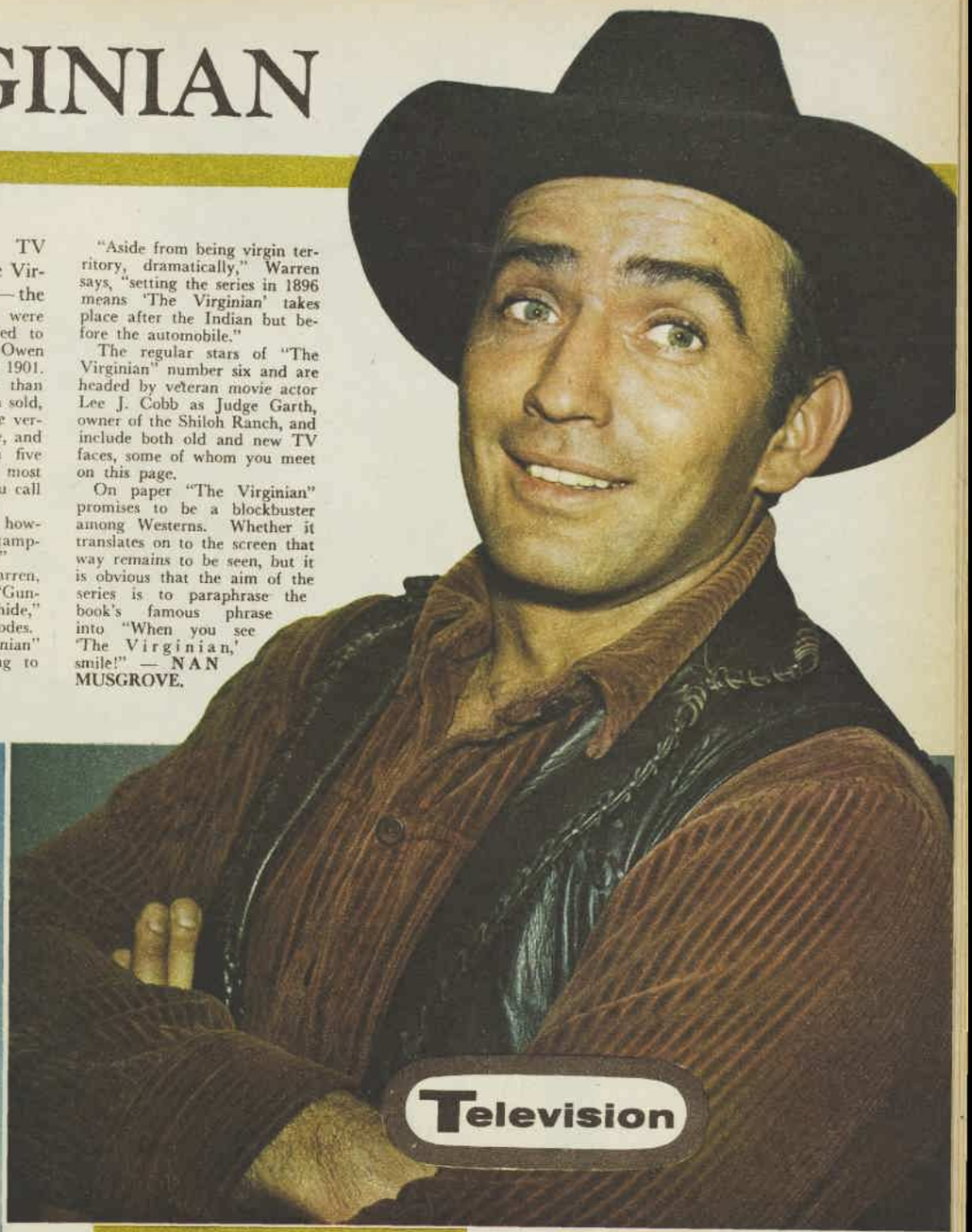
Charles Marquis Warren, who in 1955 launched "Gunsmoke" and later "Rawhide," produced the first 13 episodes.

He moved "The Virginian" from Wister's 1870 setting to 1896.

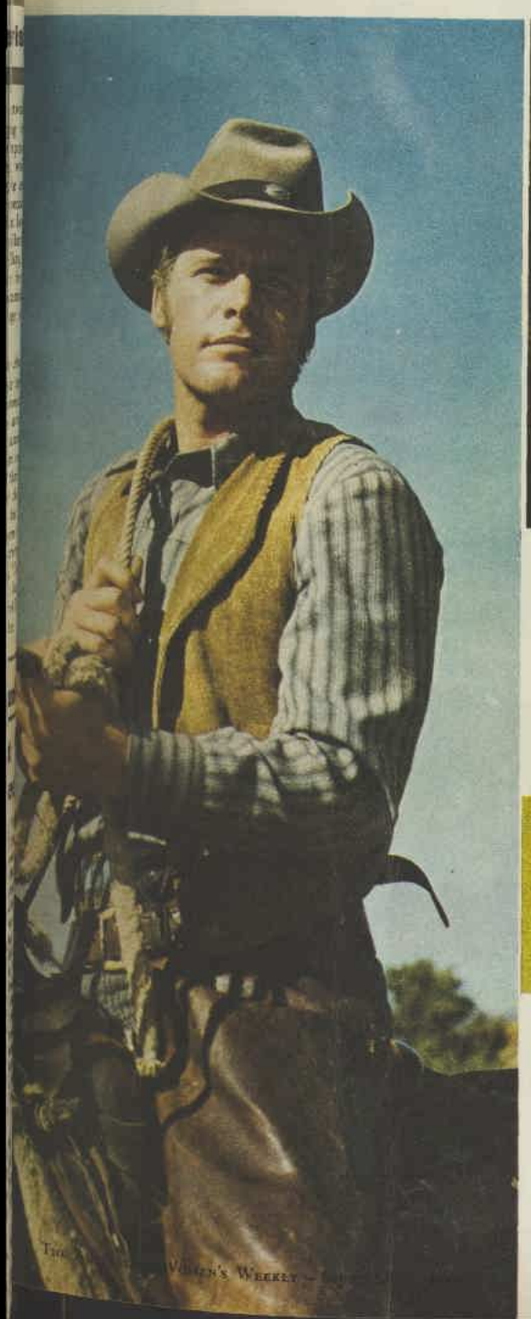
"Aside from being virgin territory, dramatically," Warren says, "setting the series in 1896 means 'The Virginian' takes place after the Indian but before the automobile."

The regular stars of "The Virginian" number six and are headed by veteran movie actor Lee J. Cobb as Judge Garth, owner of the Shiloh Ranch, and include both old and new TV faces, some of whom you meet on this page.

On paper "The Virginian" promises to be a blockbuster among Westerns. Whether it translates on to the screen that way remains to be seen, but it is obvious that the aim of the series is to paraphrase the book's famous phrase into "When you see 'The Virginian,' smile!" — NAN MUSGROVE.



JAMES DRURY, who plays the Virginian, a strong, silent man who works for Judge Garth (Lee J. Cobb), owner of the Shiloh ranch. Always just called the Virginian, his real name and his background are unknown.



LEFT: DOUG McCLURE plays Trampas, one of the Virginian's sidekicks. Different from his boss, he is a good mixer who likes women, has a charm that never fails. Viewers may recall him in "Checkmate" with Sebastian Cabot.

RIGHT: GARY CLARKE, who plays Steve, the Virginian's other sidekick. Steve is younger than the other two, a happy-go-lucky young man, ready for anything. The Virginian and Trampas frequently have to come to his rescue.

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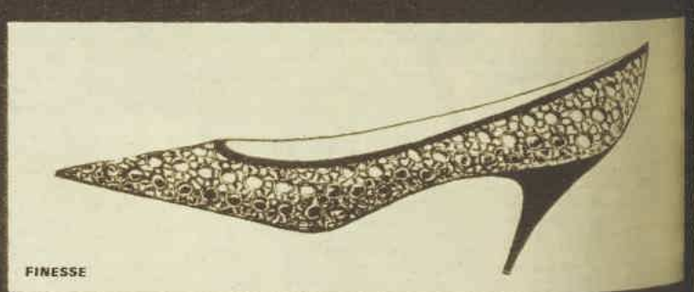

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Odd food tastes

WAS interested to read that "Sugar Baby's" ther liked bread sprinkled ith sugar and bread and ipping. I have heard of ople who eat strange ings, but I think my ughter beats the lot. She s raw potatoes sprinkled ith salt and onion-and-pper sandwiches.

£1/1/- to "Sour Baby" ame supplied), East St. lda, Vic.

* * *

Y sister used to make a mixture of dripping and lden syrup and eat it on bread. It had to be d dripping from roast t. I couldn't imagine one eating the dripping it is bought in the shops day.

£1/1/- to "Gran" (name plied), Lota, Qld.

* * *

DIDN'T see anything unusual about "Sugar ly's" father eating sugar dwiches. My father, too, ed them. But his queerest e was fruit cake sandches, and one of my sisters eferred chocolate-biscuit dwiches.

£1/1/- to "Queer Tastes" ame supplied), Fairlight, S.W.

* * *

WONDER if any readers have tried toast covered th fresh cream and pepper d salt. This has been one my father's favorite treats years.

£1/1/- to Miss Maryan Son, Nth. Bendigo, Vic.

* * *

Y husband eats lemon sandwiches. He slices emon thinly on his bread, dr plenty of salt, and sits wn to his favorite snack.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Jacobs, erpool, N.S.W.

* * *

WHEN my mother went to school her lunch consted of bread soaked in tea d rolled in sugar, but I ther that this was not for oyment but more from essity.

£1/1/- to "Kelton" (name plied), Yarraville, Vic.

* * *

TOO, must have unusual tastes. How tasty bread when it's sprinkled with and sugar. Another one my favorites is when I e golden syrup with tter.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Hamilton, bbo, N.S.W.

* * *

A FRIEND of mine also has an unusual taste in dwiches. She spreads getable extract on bread, en covers it with cream. t another friend likes the mbination of onions and e-cream!

£1/1/- to Miss Annette e, Wallangarra, Qld.

Housework bait

I WASN'T born with a gift for housework. My husband knew this for two years before our marriage and now, after three years of married life, I am a proud wife and mother of two little girls. You see, he leaves small change around the house and in his pockets. When I clean up through the day I find pennies and sixpences behind chairs and under cupboards. It takes a lot of the drudgery out of cleaning for me and I adore him for it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Maria Nicholls, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Cricket while he sleeps

CAN anybody tell me how it is possible to follow the Test cricket while asleep? My husband assures me he can, but I have my doubts. He has the radio almost under his right ear, and all I hear is a gentle snore and the commentator's voice. My very careful attempts to turn it off are met with "Leave it alone, I'm awake. What's the score?"

£1/1/- to "Penny" (name supplied), Torrens Creek, Qld.

Problem of adopted children

MY husband and I have adopted a son and daughter, and each night in their prayers they bless "their other mummy." Are we doing the right thing in constantly reminding them of their adoption? We have told them ever since they were toddlers how we chose them. We feel so grateful to their two unknown mothers that we feel they should be regarded in the children's prayers.

£1/1/- to "Sarah" (name supplied), East Kempsey, N.S.W.

The fur muff puzzled her

RECENTLY my small niece visited me. There was a large old-fashioned muff of black fur lying on the hall table which aroused her curiosity, and she inspected it thoroughly inside and out. She stroked it, shook it, upended it, and then said, "Who pulled the cat out?"

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. M. Playford, Palmerston North, N.Z.

Surrealistic bedspread

MY 11-year-old son read of an artist who gathered worms, covered them with paint, and let them crawl over a sheet of canvas. The finished product was valued at 10,000 American dollars. My son decided he, too, would become rich and he tried the same experiment on a piece of paper on his bed. If the value of these modern paintings is correct then we have the most valuable bedspread in the country.

£1/1/- to Mrs. T. W. Phillips, Camp Hill, Qld.

• In the Equity Court in Sydney Mr. Justice McLelland granted an injunction to restrain building workers from "whistling, singing, and indulging in familiarities with female staff." A firm of accountants had complained that building operations and behaviour of workmen on an adjoining floor disrupted office routine.

Spring is blossoming around us, there are flowers in the park,
And a young man's fancy wanders as he's thinking, "What a lark!"
There's a hint of Cupid calling while the masonry is falling;
Will he, mid the demolition, find a mark?

On the threshold of September let us sing a gay refrain:
"Dreary winter is retreating — one less reason to complain."
Though a carpenter may bristle when he has to curb a whistle,
Spring is something an injunction can't restrain.

— DOROTHY DRAIN

It's in the stars

COMMONSENSE tells me that the stars and their various movements in the heavens have no control over my life. Logic and reason demand that I ignore such forecasts, and I am a logical and reasonable person. However, my stars say (I read them, of course) that today is my lucky day and I am off to buy a lottery ticket!

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Anderson, Sylvania, N.S.W.

Cyclist at 77

MY father-in-law is 77 and still rides his pushbike everywhere. He has been a widower for many years and does all his own housework, washing, ironing, and cooking. His three sons all top 6ft., have cars, and, I'm sure, not one of them could ride the bike to the corner of the street.

£1/1/- to "Young At Heart" (name supplied), Ashfield, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

"THE temperature's going to be 59 tomorrow, Dad. There's a stream of cold air coming."

I was told this by an 11-year-old weather expert. She had been watching television.

Every place with a TV set has its team of home meteorologists now. The weather is a popular entertainment. Thousands like to watch the Highs chasing the Lows across Bass Strait, like the Untouchables.

And yet — does it make you any more comfortable to have this scientific knowledge?

Rain is still wet, even if you call it precipitation. A miserable weekend is no better for being a trough from the Australian Bight.

In some ways I prefer the old plain-spoken way of talking about weather.

You could work off your feelings more when you said: "What a vile day!" Now you are expected to say: "A cyclonic system of moist air is producing showers in the coastal districts."

It is more fun to sing: "Oh, what

HIGH AND DRY

a beautiful morning!" than to remark: "This stable air mass is resulting in mainly fine conditions."

For some reason weather experts hate calling rain rain. They prefer to drag in "showers" or "precipitation."

I can imagine them in gay moments singing: "It ain't gonna precipitate no more, no more." Or "Scattered showers, it's so cosy in the scattered showers."

Another criticism: they are too polite to the weather. When it is sweltering hot they call it "warm." When it is wretchedly cold they call it "cool." They should let themselves go more.

Still, as I have said, one must give the weather boys and girls credit for putting on a good TV show.

Acting is part of a meteorologist's training now. I believe they rehearse them at the Weather Bureau. "Let's run through that part about the cold front again, Norm. Put more expression into it!"

Pretty girl TV announcers have to understand weather talk for their part in the shows. This is a good thing as long as they don't carry it too far.

I heard of one whose boy-friend said: "Why won't you let me kiss you again?"

She replied: "I'm tired of this high-pressure system. It's time for a wedge of cool, dry air from the Southern Highlands."

One thing I am glad to notice. The TV weather shows have had no effect on lift drivers. They still say "It's turned out nice again." I hope they never switch to the "mainly fine, with scattered showers" routine.

Watch the kids when there's gravy around. They know gravy is great, and Gravox makes great gravy. It's so easy, too! Gravox makes the most delicious gravy in seconds — salts, seasons, thickens and browns. Gravox adds that little extra to all meals — treat the kids and Dad to gravy made with Gravox tonight!

GRAVY IN A MINUTE — with the "MORE PLEASE" savour in it!

ECZEMA ITCH

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blemishes and tiness, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

Superfluous Hair Killed Quickly

by "EXHAIR." Perfectly harmless. Guaranteed. Send stamped, addressed envelope for particulars. Confidential.

Janet Glanville, 247 W Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

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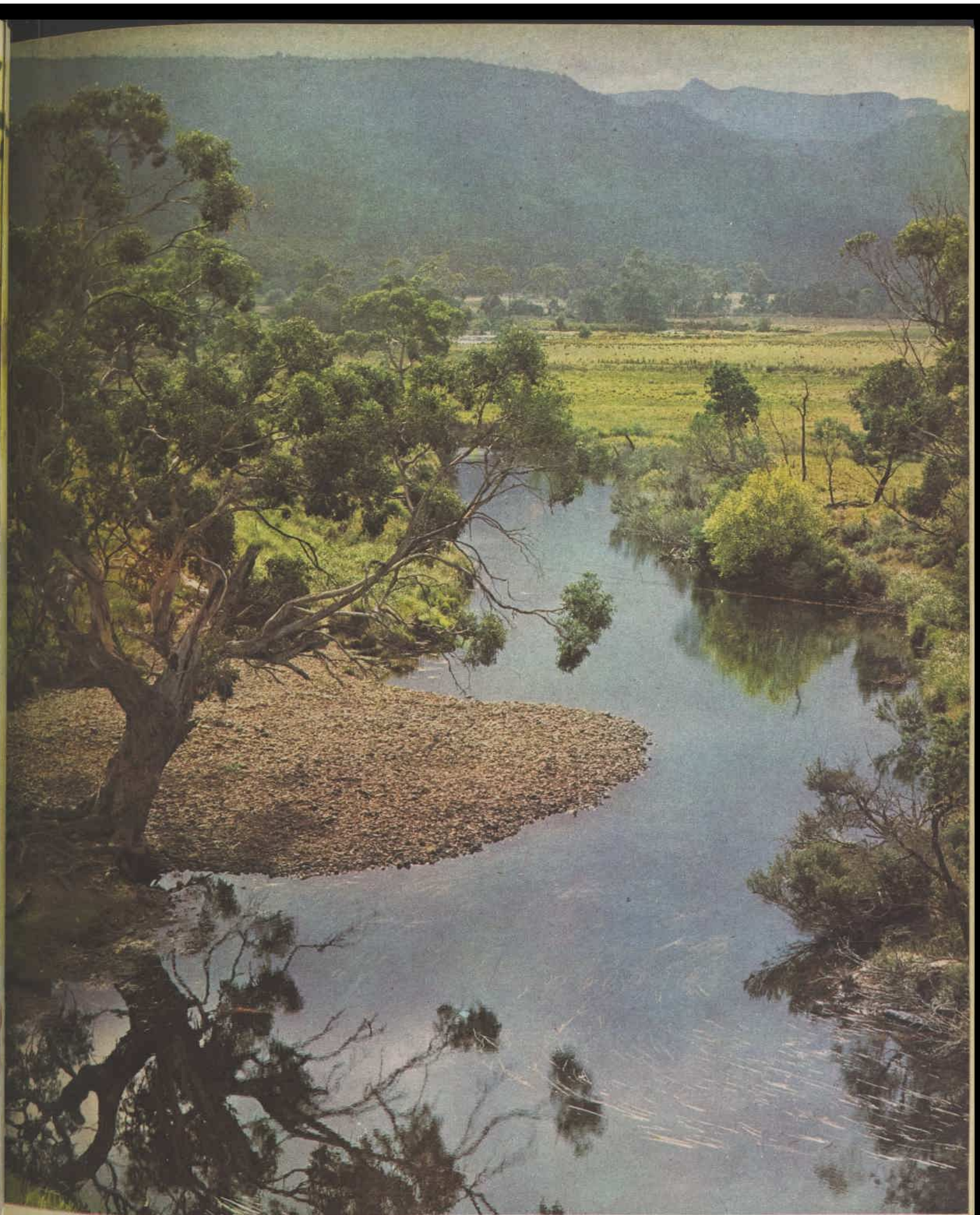

BRIGHT WATER WINDING...

● *One of the many charming scenes on the South Esk River in the Avoca-Fingal district of northern Tasmania. The river rises near Ben Nevis and joins the Tamar after passing through the famous Cliff Grounds and Trevallyn Gorge near Launceston. The South Esk fills the huge dam that supplies power for the new hydro-electric scheme at Trevallyn.*

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

Picture by Adelie Hurley

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Who would know this natural beauty had problems with her skin?

Nobody!—because she uses Revlon's 'Natural Wonder'—the amazing new medicated make-up that helps clear up blemishes and keeps her complexion looking smooth and fresh. 'Natural Wonder' is actively antiseptic—yet it looks so whispery soft and delicate only you will know you're having a beauty treatment. The whole world will say you look naturally wonderful! Choose from three fashion finishes: 'Natural Wonder' Matte Make-up in a tube for extra concealing coverage—'Natural Wonder' Pressed Powder Compact for light coverage—'Natural Wonder' Liquid Make-up for a fresh "dewy" look.

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3-PAGE SECTION: SPRING SEWING

INTERNATIONAL FASHION TRENDS IN VOGUE PATTERNS

HOW TO ORDER

Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. (New Zealand readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie SE6, Auckland.) The patterns are also available from leading stores throughout Australia.

● In this three-page supplement is a collection of eight high-fashion couture Vogue patterns. The designs show the newest trends in spring fashions. Colors and fabrics, as well as designs, are the last word in elegance. There are clothes for late day, formal evening, home entertaining, and general day wear, all styled by famous couturiers. Each pattern is a faithful line-by-line translation of the original garment.

1339.—Soft two-piece has a neckline cowl-draped in front and high at back, and below-elbow uncuffed sleeves. The slim skirt is slightly gathered. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36 and 38in. bust. Design by Guy Laroche. 1339 Vogue Paris original, price 14/- includes postage.

1348.—Patio pyjamas (above) have a sleeveless blouse in two lengths; both designs with a shallow, scooped neckline. The wide pants have a fitted, elongated waist. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. By Emilio Pucci. 1348 Vogue couturier design, price 12/- includes postage.

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VOGUE PATTERN SECTION

1341. — This formal floor - length evening dress with matching stole has a low or high open-front neckline. The flower trim is optional. Stole is long and straight-cut. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Design by Nina Ricci. 1341 Vogue Paris original, price 18/- includes postage.

1317. — Suit and blouse (left). Suit has semi-fit jacket with away - from - the-neck-line rolled collar and sleeves with a ruffled cuff. The blouse is back - buttoned with raglan sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Design by John Cavanagh. 1317 Vogue couturier design, price 14/- includes postage.

1344. — Coat, blouse, and skirt ensemble (right). Coat has away-from-the-neck collar, blouse is back-wrapped and self-belted, and the straight skirt is darted. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Design by Simonetta. 1344 Vogue Paris original, price 18/- includes postage.

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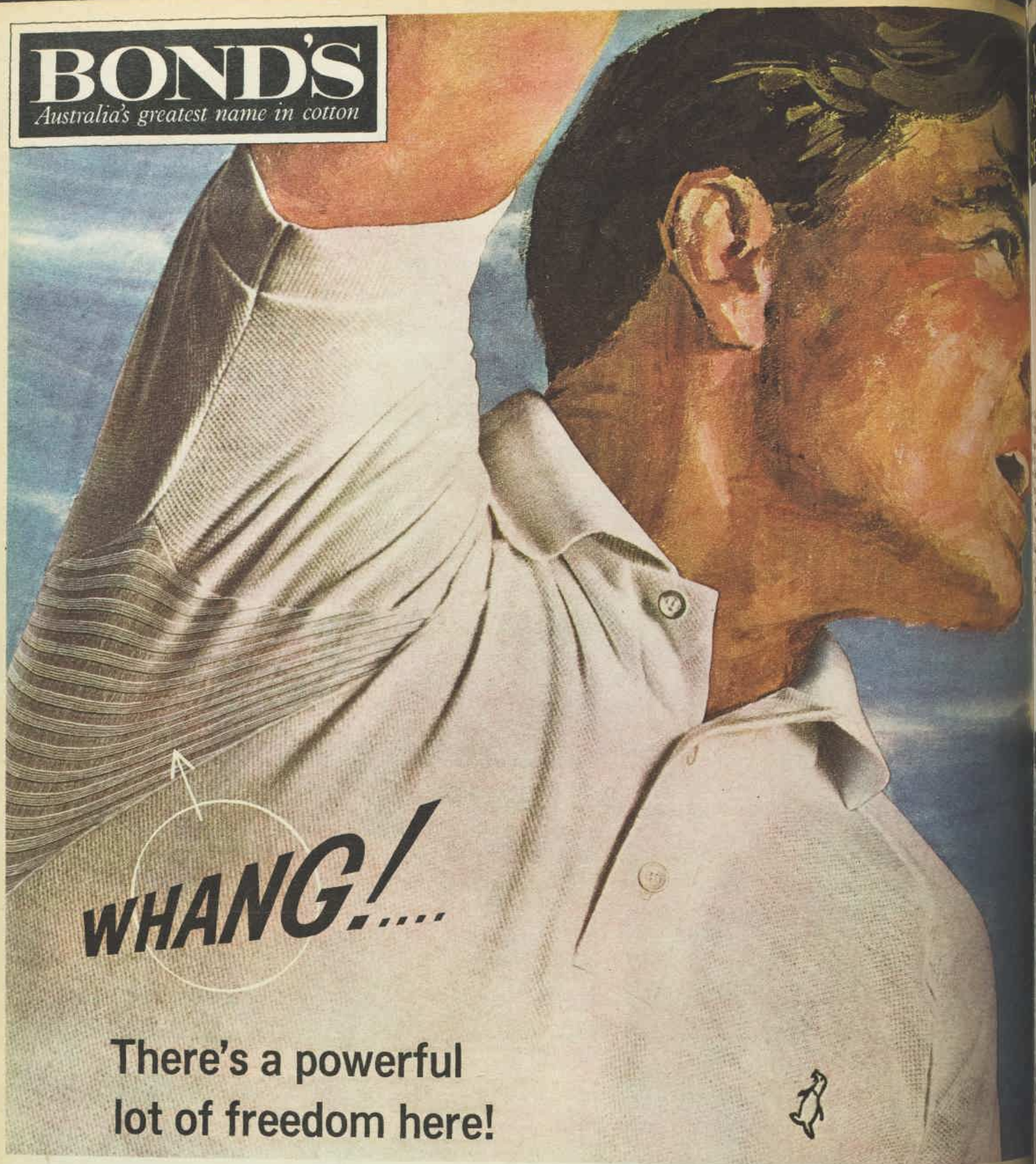
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VOGUE PATTERN SECTION

1342.—Two-piece dress with blouse and scarf. The blouse is back-buttoned, the straight skirt has a centre-front lap. Blouse has long sleeves, scarf is square. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Design by Pierre Cardin. 1342 Vogue Paris original, price 14/- includes postage.

1334. — One-piece dress has a soft, cowl-draped neckline with slightly extended shoulders. The design has a gathered slim skirt and a hidden closing in the centre-back pleat. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Design by Guy Laroche. 1334 Vogue Paris original, price 14/- includes postage.

1330. — Scoop - neck dress with dropped waist and eased slim skirt has a matching easy - fit overblouse. The blouse has a soft draped neckline and a dropped shoulder forming cap sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Design by Michael. 1330 Vogue couturier design, price 12/- includes postage.

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The Keepsake

This was a cherished memento of a past love . . . a charming story

By ANNE MEREDITH

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

MRS. CARTER said firmly as she and her daughter waited for the Captain's arrival, "Now, remember, Dorothea, you will conduct yourself in a modest manner toward your prospective sister-in-law, but you will not allow her to dominate you. When you are married to George, you will take precedence of her."

"Yes, Mamma," agreed Dorothea meekly. She was eighteen years old, and as lovely as the morning. Today she was unusually nervous, which was natural, decided her indulgent mother. This Mrs. Letitia Frost had the name of being a termagant, and doubtless she had been put out when her brother, safely kept a bachelor until his thirty-eighth year, had announced his engagement to a young girl whom she probably stigmatised as Miss Nobody.

Though, come to that, Mr. Carter was a man with enviable city interests.

Mrs. Carter had worked hard for this marriage, and now that it was a bare fortnight away she felt able to relax. She asked nothing more of Fate, except, of course, grandchildren; and doubtless they would appear in the course of time.

"If Mamma but knew," thought Dorothea looking at the lovely sky through the dining-room window. She was dressed for out-of-doors, in a long pelisse of some thin material, covering a dress of the same delightful shade; her hat was an absurd bit of nonsense, and she carried a ridiculous little parasol with an enormous bow on the handle.

Captain George Ruston, driving himself to the door of No. 5, and watched from behind the curtains of half the houses of the square, thought he had seldom beheld a more charming sight. He was by no means undistinguished himself, and his record matched his appearance—a big fair man, impeccably turned out, driving a spanking new equipage, with a pair of glossy brown horses, each with a rosette behind its ear.

His footman sat on a little seat at the back, wearing a chocolate-brown coat and tight white breeches, with a shiny top hat above his saucy dark face.

Standing at the horses' heads, very erect and rigid as a musket, the footman watched the Captain assist his lady-love into her place beside the driver, then sprang to his seat and they were off. The sky was like alabaster, with bouncing clouds like polished cotton-wool.

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"You have nothing to fear," Dendy said to Dorothea as Captain Ruston suddenly appeared on the scene.

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black olive | **CLOUD** | **jamaica**

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new 'Vynex' deerhide fashion colours!

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Here they are! The six, new high-fashion colours just added to the 'Vynex' Deerhide range. These are the trend-setting shades in furniture covering for this year and next. All are colours that will never dull or fade; colours that give a really *modern* note to every unit they cover. Look for them now on all the better makes of furniture.

'Vynex' Deerhide is the *new* furniture fabric that gives you all the luxury of leather at a fraction the cost. In fact, it's more supple and 'plump' than leather itself, because it has a 'cloud of comfort' built into it, in the form of a layer of wonderfully resilient foam that lies between its tough vinyl skin and its s-t-r-e-t-c-h-a-b-l-e elasticised backing. These three layers combine to give 'Vynex' Deerhide the look and feel of fine leather.

You'll love 'Vynex' Deerhide, when you see it and feel it — especially in the new Spectrum '65 colours. Remember there are seven other fabulous colours in the 'Vynex' Deerhide range, Gold, Tan, Green Beige, Red, Blue and Brown. See them all at your favourite furniture store now.

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The good life—1964 style.

A refrigerator in every garage? Good heavens—no! But a modern refrigerator in the home saves a lot of wear and tear on what garages are intended to house.

For instance, this latest Westinghouse combination refrigerator home-freezer that can cut your shopping trips in half.

Here you have two doors to two separate compartments, each operating independently of the other—at just the right temperature for its own particular function. On top, true "deep-freeze" conditions (even ice cubes won't stick together) that will keep 100 lb. of food safely stored in reserve for quick use anytime.

Below, a spacious refrigerator (it never needs defrosting) which incorporates the exclusive Westinghouse moist-cold system. This guards your good fresh food, particularly cooked and uncooked meats, against drying out and discoloration, and preserves goodness and flavour right to your table. Older refrigerators can't do this!

Capacity? Almost pantry proportions and designed to cope with the odd shapes and sizes of all those items, the bits and pieces your family expects its refrigerator to hold.

Remember, too, your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes a new Westinghouse easy to own. It's guaranteed, too, so that . . .

You can be sure if it's

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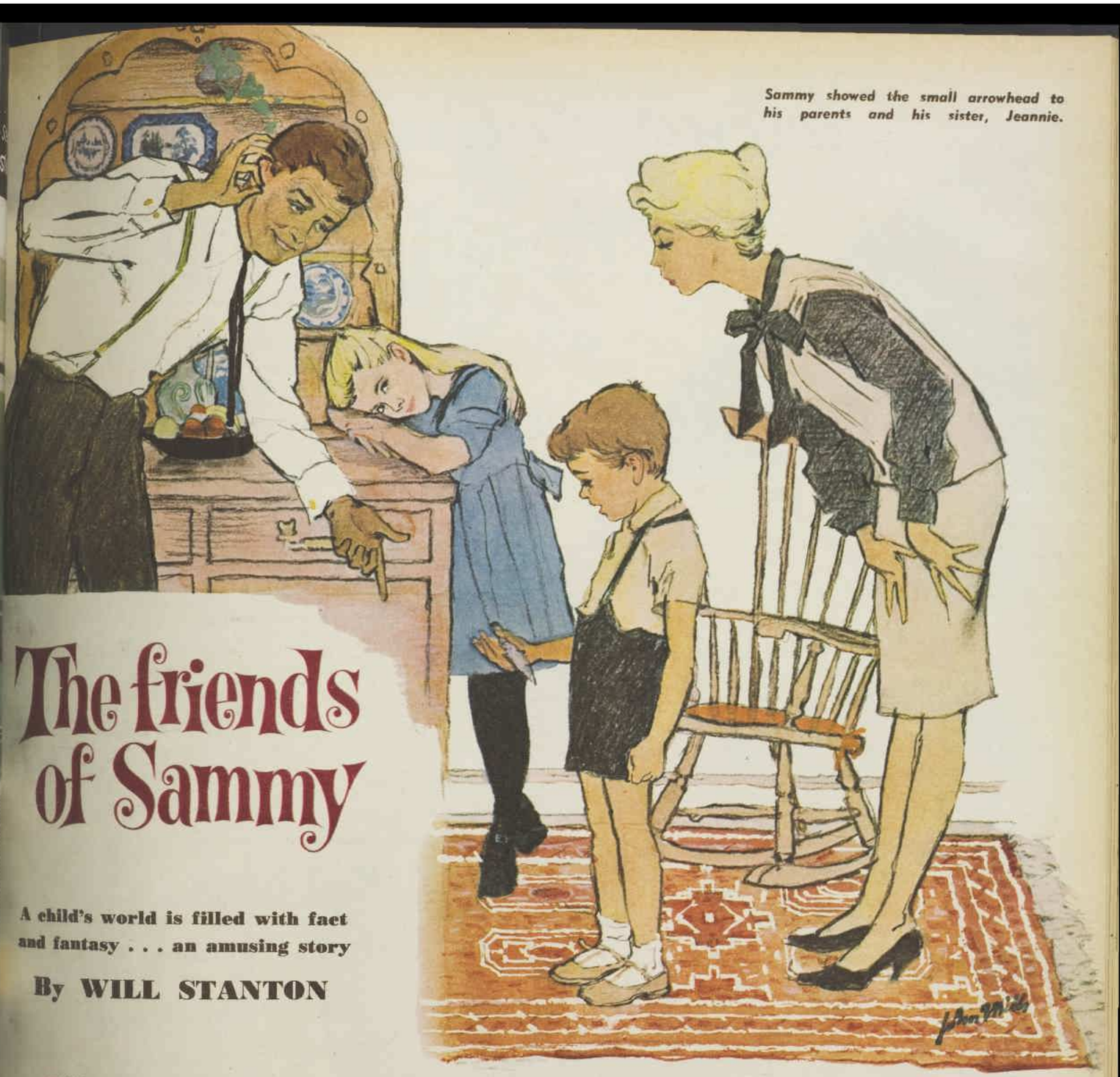

Sammy showed the small arrowhead to his parents and his sister, Jeannie.

The friends of Sammy

A child's world is filled with fact and fantasy . . . an amusing story

By WILL STANTON

I'VE decided there must be something besides heredity and environment that makes children act the way they do. Otherwise, how could two kids in the same family be so different? Jeannie, our seven-year-old, has a wild imagination. Lately she's been having a lot of trouble with burglars. It started a few months ago. She came down to breakfast and told us this fellow had broken into her room. She could tell who he was because he had "burglar" written on his hat. Since then he's been coming back every week or two. He's never found anything to take, because Jeannie keeps all her valuables under her pillow. It makes for rather lumpy sleeping, but she figures it's worth it. Sammy, who is five, has always been matter-of-fact.

One morning, when the burglar had been back for the fourth or fifth time, I asked Sammy if the fellow had been in his room, too.

He shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "I was asleep."

I spoke to my wife, Ethel, about it later. "Doesn't it seem funny that Sammy never makes up any stories? You suppose he just doesn't have much imagination?"

"How can you say a thing like that?" Ethel said. "He has a lively imagination for his age."

"Okay," I said, realising my mistake. "Only, it seems to me the average kid would jump at the chance to outbrag his sister. He'd have had a whole gang of burglars in his room, or a band of pirates."

"Bragging is frequently a sign of insecurity in a child," Ethel said.

"You think Jeannie is insecure?"

She stared at me. "What's the matter with you this morning? Jeannie simply has a very colorful imagination. Sammy, too." She poured herself another cup of coffee. "It's just that Sammy lives everything so intensely that there isn't room in his world for the sort of fantasies Jeannie has. His belief is so complete he doesn't have to make things up."

It still didn't seem natural to me for a kid to be willing to let his sister always have the upper hand. I decided I'd try to draw Sammy out a little. The next morning, Jeannie said she needed money to buy a wedding present for her teacher, who was marrying Captain Kangaroo.

This was my chance. I turned to Sammy. "How come you don't have a lot of unusual friends like your sister's? Don't you know any brownies or giants?"

"I know Mr. Dormeyer," he said. "He's awful big. I don't know if he's a giant, though."

"Don't you know any pixies or Indians or knights or cavemen?—"

"I know a caveman."

"Or cowboys or pirates?—" I stopped. "What did you say?" He was spooning cereal into his mouth. "Did you say you knew a caveman?" He nodded. I looked at Ethel casually. "You're not kidding me? You're not making this up?" As soon as I said it, I realised it didn't make much sense. "That's very interesting," I said. "Know his name, do you?"

Sammy said it was Jim.

"Not Alley Oop or Flintstone or anything like that?"

He said no.

I flashed another look at Ethel. She pretended to be reading the paper. "Does Jim have a wife?" I asked. "Any little cave children around?"

"I don't know," he said. "I've never seen any." The kid was as cagy as a witness before a house committee.

"Tell us more about him," I said. "What does he eat?"

"Sandwiches."

"Does he have a spear or a stone axe?"

Sammy didn't know.

"That will be enough of that," Ethel said. "Come on, children, finish your milk, and run out and play."

I waited until they were outside. "What's the idea?" I asked. "Why did you step on Sammy's story that way?"

"You mean your story. You fed him the lines. All he said was yes and no."

"There isn't room for fantasy in his little world," I said. "Ha!"

"You'll see. By tomorrow, he'll have forgotten all about it," Ethel said.

The subject didn't come up again for a couple of days. It was after supper and the kids were looking at the funnies. "By the way," I said to Sammy, "how is your friend Jim?"

"He hurt his ankle," Sammy said.

"I'm sorry to hear that. How did it happen?"

"He turned it on a stone."

I glanced at Ethel. She was wearing her I-will-not-be-a-party-to-any-of-this-nonsense expression. "Incidentally, Sammy," I said, "if he doesn't carry

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SILK TONE foundation for dry skin.

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The Inhabitants of Venus

Conclusion of a two-part serial

By IRWIN SHAW

Watching the light of the village below, Robert determinedly crawled down the slope.

DECIDING to take one more run, ROBERT ROSENTHAL, a buyer of industrial diamonds, who is holidaying in Switzerland, boards a packed cable-car with his American friend MAC. There is an air of happy camaraderie among the crowd of mixed nationalities brought together with their interest in skiing. Mac, young and single, is particularly intrigued by a beautiful young Italian girl, but has to get Robert, who is an expert linguist, to translate for him.

Then, BARBARA, one of a group of American skiers, takes over the conversation and pretends to be disappointed when she discovers Robert is married with three children. She had been interested to hear he was French-born, although he had been a naturalised American since 1944.

Suddenly through the laughter and general cordiality, Robert hears a harsh German voice, attacking Americans and America in general. At first Robert tries to be tolerant and ignore the insulting words, but when the voice goes on in the same strain, he turns and waits till he can single out the man speaking. He is shocked to realise he recognises the face—icy-blue eyes fringed with pale, blond lashes.

It takes him back over the years to when he was a child of fourteen in 1938, and he had disobeyed his parents, staying out skiing by himself, while his family were on holidays in the French part of Switzerland. He had fallen and broken a leg, and later a German-speaking skier had heard his cry for help. This man, who appeared to have no eyelashes, they were so pale, had taken his name and said he would contact Robert's parents. He also took his skis, saying he would leave them at the chalet, where he would see to it that a sled be sent to get Robert. But after waiting for an hour and a half, Robert had finally given up hope and tried to move on by himself. NOW READ ON:

THE lights of the town guided Robert now, and here and there he could see the marker poles outlined against the small, cosy, Christmasy glow of the lights. It was easier going, too, on the packed snow of the run. From time to time he managed to slide 10 or 15 metres without stopping, tobogganing on his stomach, screaming occasionally when his broken leg banged loosely against an icy bump or twisted as he went over a steep embankment to crash down on a level place below.

Once he couldn't stop himself and fell into a swiftly rushing small stream and pulled himself out of it five minutes later, with his gloves and midsection and knees soaked with icy water. And still the lights of the town seemed as far away as ever.

Finally, after he had stopped twice to be sick, he felt he couldn't move any more. He tried to sit up, so that if the snow came that night there would be a chance somebody might see the top of his head sticking out of the new cover in the morning. He was struggling to push himself erect when a shadow passed between him and the lights of the town. The shadow was very close and with his last breath he called out. Later on the peasant who had rescued him said that what he had called out was "Excuse me."

The peasant had been moving hay on a big sled from one of the hill barns down to the valley, and he rolled the hay off the sled and put Robert on instead. Then, braking carefully and taking the sled on a path that cut back and forth across the run, he brought Robert down to the valley and the hospital.

By the time his mother and father had been notified and reached the hospital, the doctor had given him a shot of morphine and was already setting the leg. So it wasn't until the next morning, as he lay in the grey hospital room sweating with pain, his leg in traction, that he could get out any kind of coherent story for his parents about what had happened.

"Then I saw this man skiing very fast, all alone," Robert said, trying to speak without showing how much the effort was costing him, trying to take the look of shock and agony from his parents' set faces by pretending that his leg hardly hurt at all and that the whole incident was of small importance.

"He heard me and came over and took off my skis and made me comfortable on a tree stump, and he asked me what my name was and where my parents were staying, and he said he'd go to the ski school and tell them where I was and to send a sled for me, and that he'd call you at the chalet and tell you they were bringing me down to the hospital. Then after more than an hour—it was pitch dark already—nobody came, so I decided I'd better not wait any more and I started down and I was lucky I saw this farmer with a sled and—"

"You were very lucky," Robert's mother said flatly. She was a small, neat, plump woman with bad nerves, who was at home only in cities. She detested the cold, detested the mountains, detested the idea of her loved ones running what seemed to her the senseless risk of injury that skiing involved, and she came on these holidays only because Robert and his father and sister were so passionate about the sport. Now she was white with fatigue and worry, and if Robert had not been immobilised in traction she would have had him out of the accursed mountains that morning on the train to Paris.

"Now, Robert," his father said, "is it possible that when you hurt yourself the pain did things to you and that you just imagined you saw a man and just imagined he told you he was going to call us and get you a sled from the ski school?"

"I didn't imagine it, Papa," Robert said. The morphine had made him feel hazy and heavy-brained, and he was puzzled that his father was talking to him that way. "Why do you think I might have imagined it?"

"Because," his father said, "nobody called us last night until ten o'clock, when the doctor telephoned from the hospital. And nobody called the ski school, either."

"I didn't imagine him," Robert repeated. He was hurt that his father seemed to think he was lying. "If he came into this room I'd know him right off. He was wearing a white cap, he was a big man with a black anorak, and he had blue eyes. They looked a little funny because his eyelashes were almost white, and from a little way off it looked as though he didn't have any eyelashes at all."

"How old was he, do you think?" Robert's father asked. "As old as I am?" Robert's father was nearly 50.

"No," Robert said. "I don't think so."

"Was he as old as your Uncle Jules?" Robert's father asked.

"Yes," Robert said. "Just about." He wished his parents would leave him alone. He was all right now. His leg was in plaster and he wasn't dead, and in three months, the doctor said, he'd be walking again and he wanted to forget everything that had happened last night in the forest.

"So," Robert's mother said, "he was a man of about twenty-five, with a white cap and blue eyes." She picked up the phone and asked for the ski school.

Robert's father lit a cigarette and went over to the window and looked out. It was snowing. It had been snowing heavily since midnight, and the lifts weren't running today because a driving wind had sprung up with the snow and up on top there was danger of avalanches.

"Did you talk to the farmer who picked me up?" Robert asked.

"Yes," said his father. "He said you were a very brave

To page 49

What every baby dreams of

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TRAVEL TALK

A romantic short short story

By MARILYN LONGMUIR

VENESSA BROWN had fallen in love with the "Little Book-shop" on her very first day there. Venessa liked the look of books — the feel of books, even the smell of books. She could imagine no other place in which she would rather work.

Mr. Amos, the owner, and she got along remarkably well. He was old and grey and moved slowly around the shop, while Venessa was young and pretty and darted from bookshelf to counter. They made a distinct but agreeable contrast.

Venessa didn't even mind the browsers who wandered into the shop; some of them quite regularly. She believed Mr. Amos when he said that they were just as important stock-in-trade as the books on the shelves. So she just ignored them, until she saw one weaving toward her clutching a book.

If Venessa ignored them, she didn't forget them entirely. She even found herself wondering about one of them in particular—her favorite browser, she called him. He was a pleasant young man, tall and thin, with an easy grin, who seemed to spend all his lunch hours browsing through the travel books in the shop.

Venessa had decided that was the reason why he was so thin. She couldn't see how he ever had time for lunch. She always had an overwhelming urge to offer him a sandwich from her lunch, but she hesitated because he might be offended and go somewhere else to look at books.

Occasionally he would speak to her.

"Any books in on faraway places?" and Venessa would mention a few titles or perhaps tell him about some coming book.

"Now there's an interesting young man," Mr. Amos said to her one day as the man left the shop.

Venessa nodded.

"I've been wondering about him," Mr. Amos added.

Venessa nearly said, so have I, but stopped herself in time.

"It's rather puzzling why he spends so much time here," continued Mr. Amos. "'Crossways' across the street have the best travel book section in the city, but no, every lunch hour that young man comes here instead. There's only one thing here that we have, that 'Crossways' haven't."

"Yes," said Venessa with mounting interest.

"You," said Mr. Amos simply. "He may come here to look at the travel books, but he does notice other sightseeing while he's here as well," he said with a chuckle, "and mark my words, Venessa, one of these days he is going to ask you out."

Venessa blushed and decided that the lady at the crime bookshelf needed her attention.

Of course, Mr. Amos was wrong, she told herself later. It was living with all these books that was

THE SOUP THAT CAUGHT THE FANCY OF CORTEZ

Mexican style Tomato Vegetable

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Colourful, spicy — like Mexico itself! Peppery capsicum, crisp apples, brown onions, sunny red tomatoes! The Spaniards brought their cooking skill, Mexico yielded its tasty harvest and Cortez exclaimed "Bravo!" And so will you when you taste Continental brand's new Mexican Style Tomato Vegetable Soup. It has the same spicy ingredients that delighted the Spaniards, *plus* luscious macaroni shells! Come to Mexico tonight: serve Continental brand's new Tomato Vegetable — it's truly Mexican Style!

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When Bob and Venessa met it was just a casual encounter, but it led to happiness

making him build a romance out of nothing. Still, the very next day when the young man came back, Venessa did catch him glancing at her.

On an impulse she decided to ask him whether he'd read the latest book about the Amazon River.

"No, I haven't read it," he said, "but I'd like to. I'll buy it." As he was getting his change at the counter, he asked. "Like to have a cup of coffee with me after work?"

Venessa said yes, but she knew he was just being grateful to her for showing him the book.

He told her over coffee his name was Bob Anderson, that he worked in an office around the corner, and had an overpowering ambition to see the world; hence his interest in travel books.

"One of these days I'm just going to pack my bags and go," he told her.

"Where?" asked Venessa.

"Anywhere," Bob gave a laugh. "Don't you ever get itchy feet? Why, every time I walk past a travel agency I get that desire to rush in and ask, 'How soon can I have for Timbuctoo?' or some such place."

Venessa couldn't very well tell him how she felt. That she was quite willing to sit there, drinking coffee with him for the rest of her life; or was this feeling too sudden? It had just come over her, as she watched him sitting there talking.

"You know, Venessa," he explained, "I've come to the conclusion those travel books are just a substitute for the real thing."

That was when the idea came to Venessa. She decided that as long as she could make the substitute strong enough, it might delay the real thing forever.

Venessa spent every spare moment in the bookshop searching for books that might interest Bob. She always seemed to have a new book to show him when he came in. Bob was delighted with her discoveries, but the only discovery Venessa wanted Bob to make was that he loved her.

They soon became a regular twosome, but Venessa couldn't feel secure. She might be just another substitute along with the travel books, till Bob was ready to go on his travels.

Venessa had just slipped out of the "Little Bookshop" on a message one morning when she saw Bob coming out of the travel agency ahead. There was no doubt that he was delighted about something. He clutched a bundle of travel brochures in his hand and practically bounded down the street as fast as his long legs could carry him. Venessa had stepped back hurriedly into a doorway so he could not see her. It was all so very clear. He was leaving. There'd be no more travel talk any more. He'd be seeing all those places soon enough. Bob was probably only waiting for the time and place to tell her.

She saw herself at the wharf grasping a streamer as the ship drew away. Bob would be on the deck waving—getting smaller and smaller till he was just one of the throng—indistinguishable from the next person.

A few weeks later, no doubt, she would receive a postcard from some far-distant place with those original words on it, "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here."

But she wouldn't be there. She'd be miles and miles away, and perhaps she would never see him again.

With an effort, Venessa blinked back her tears, and hurried back to the "Little Bookshop." For the very first time she wished she didn't work there. Then she would never have met Bob Anderson. Whatever happened she was not going to let him know how she felt.

Bob came round at lunchtime as usual. He simply ignored the travel section and walked to the practical book corner. Probably he was going to buy a phrase book on foreign languages, Venessa decided.

She was pretending to dust some books at the other end of the room when she saw him coming toward her.

"Venessa," he said, "I'm buying this book as a present for you."

He pressed the book into her hand. It was entitled, "Cookery Hints for the New Wife."

Venessa felt wonderful and terrible all at the same time.

"I hope you're getting my message," Bob said with a smile.

"But, Bob," she said bewildered, "I saw you coming out of a travel agency this morning, and I thought you were about to leave on your travels."

Bob grinned rather sheepishly as he produced a pile of travel brochures from his pocket.

"I know you'll think me a born optimist, Venessa, but just look through these and tell me where you'd like to go for your honeymoon. That's all the travelling I'll be doing for some time, and I don't mind in the least. Personally, I think my travel talk was merely a substitute to keep me happy till I met you."

Venessa kissed him right then and there. She didn't think Mr. Amos would mind at all. It was the romantic corner of the bookshop.

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Donovan's Retreat

His longing for solitude became an obsession . . . a short story

By JAMES ROBBINS MILLER

WHERE so many men are faced with problems they can barely comprehend, much less solve, and are filled with longings they know, more surely every day, will not be satisfied, John Donovan enjoyed an absorbing, honorable, and profitable profession, the companionship of an attractive and devoted wife, robust health, and the suspicion that his son would become a creditable member of society.

Donovan was, as his father had been, a lawyer. He was a partner in the firm of Wheeler, Buzby, and Byrne. He was a graduate of Stanford, a veteran of World War II, and a junior vestryman at St. Matthew's.

Forty-five years old, he still played a hard, smart game of squash. He played poker about once a month; but his gambling stopped right there. He smoked a packet a day, and when his doctor asked him how much he was drinking, he said, "More than enough, but I'm not a problem to anyone but myself."

The doctor laughed; he liked Donovan. And everybody liked Donovan. Indeed, this man had so many blessings and was so fully and decently aware of them that he might seem unworthy of attention. It was as if he already were well on his way to the happy ending.

He was, of course, if you accepted a wholly conventional notion of what is desirable. But not even Donovan could do that. There was something else he wanted—a thing so unusual he didn't have the courage or, as he felt, the right to bring it up, and yet so natural and understandable that he couldn't stop dreaming about it.

And dream was all he did until an evening when he saw that what he wanted he could have—easily and soon.

This knowledge came to him by way of a casual remark made by his wife one evening after dinner.

Helen, a statuesque woman, moved through life with grace and confidence. She knew who she was and what she believed in. She knew that she was fortunate in a world full of misfortune.

She believed she was in debt to the good Lord, and it was her pleasure to pay by being honest, generous, and loyal. It wasn't much of a strain for her, and sometimes she wondered why.

Looking up from her coffee, she asked, "Why should boundaries be so difficult? Are you going to be on that same case for ever?"

Donovan smiled at her. "No, not for ever, but I guess for quite a while. It could be a couple of years." He sat up straight. "You know, it could be a couple of years. That's awful, isn't it?" Yes, it was awful, if you thought about time and only time.

But suddenly Donovan thought about time related, and it occurred to him that an astonishing opportunity lay before him. The thing he had wanted for so long was his for the taking. The boundary case, all but interminable, made it so.

To Helen, it was odd that a man who had just expressed dismay should start walking around the room with an air of satisfaction. Well, men are odd.

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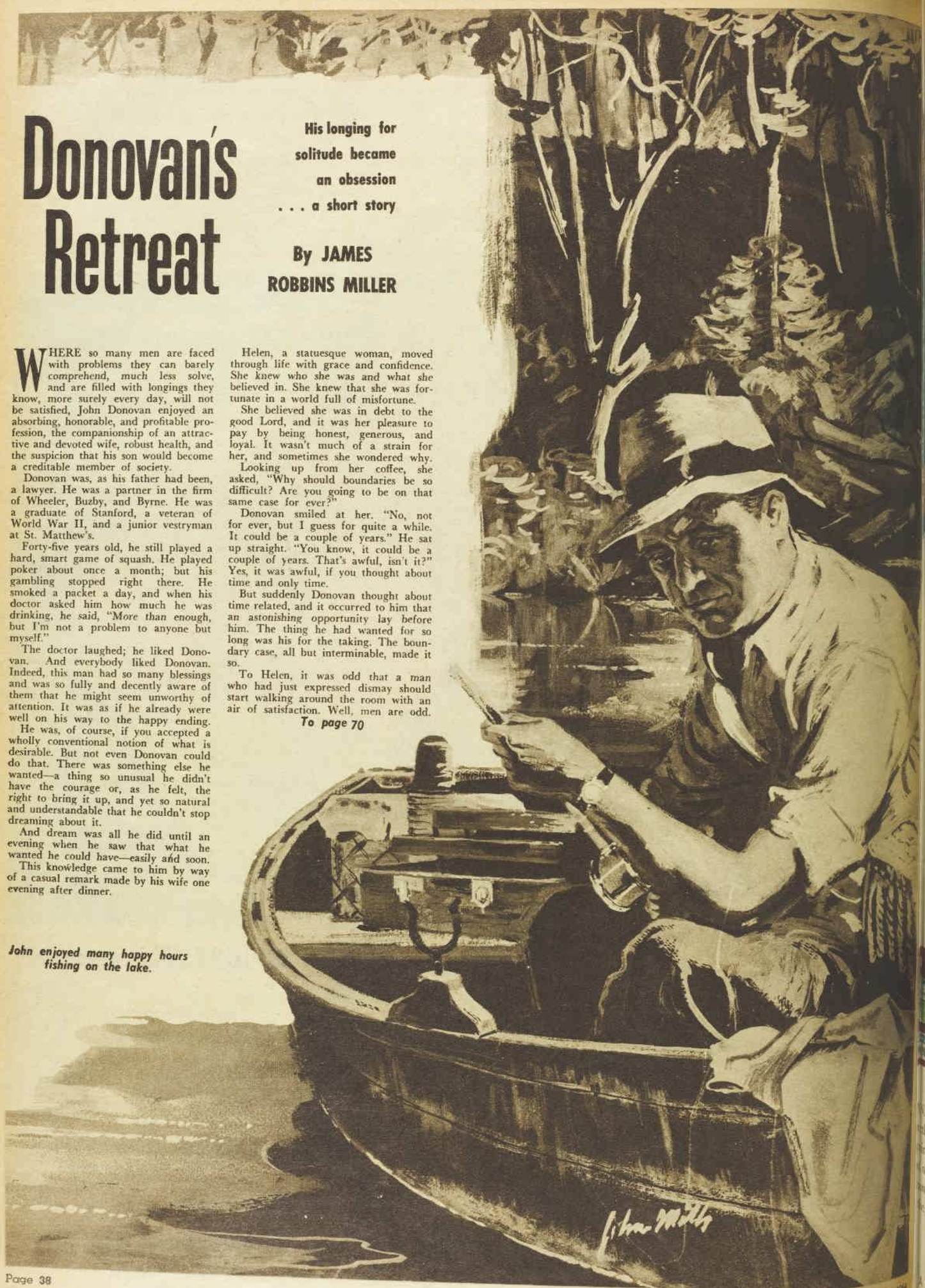

John enjoyed many happy hours fishing on the lake.

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"Housewives just can't win . . . even at home"

● The recent flu epidemic has ruined my hard-won reputation at home. For five patient years I'd worked to create the sombre vision of a depressed housewife, whose head is never lifted from tub or sink, whose hands are ever chapped, whose hair never curls, whose voice is cracked from chastising children. And now all this effort is wasted.

READERS' STORIES
(The writers of the two stories on this page wish to be anonymous.)

YOU see, my husband has just spent a week in bed with flu, and in this time his whole picture of my life changed.

To him I'm no longer the poor, overworked housewife. I've become the spoiled darling of the suburbs, the merry matron, the parasite de luxe.

In the past, my husband had never before allowed sickness to keep him at home in bed for a week, or even few days.

If he had a bad cold or a touch of flu, he preferred heroically to take his germs to the office, and to distribute them through the air-conditioning unit.

But this time he went to the doctor to see how sick he really was, and on finding the doctor more than sympathetic about his symptoms, he hurried home and collapsed into bed.

For him it was a wonderful week. For me it was a week which proved housewives just can't win—even in their own homes.

After sleeping-in for several hours in the morning, he would amble out to the kitchen for morning tea. No appetite ever needed more tempting, and I am proud of the four pounds weight he put on during this lying period because they came via my hot stove.

For the week my husband had fresh bed-linen constantly; beautifully cooked meals all day from breakfast to supper; magazines, newspapers, and science fiction books in endless supply.

He even had the TV set in the bedroom, and he was never bored, not for a minute.

The weather for the week was still and warm, and each day I had the washing out and dried before he knew I'd done it.

Rare peace

The children, two preschool males, were outside all day, every day, coming inside only for meals.

As a result the house did not echo, as it usually does, with maniacal screams from one and my sons as they race round the house brandishing an oyster knife or some equally lethal weapon they should never have laid hands on.

What is more important (and more remarkable, because I don't think it's ever happened before), the lads left me alone to use my labor-saving devices, and I washed, cooked, and cleaned for the time the manufacturers claimed I should take.

I even found myself with enough time to sit down quietly, all alone, and put my hair in curlers, for once, and the result was like a head of hair, for once.

No machine broke down; nobody came to the door to collect money I didn't have.

Money lasted longer, anyway, since my husband didn't hi-jack the housekeeping money each morning.

For a change the garbage collectors came *after* I had put the tin out; the postman brought only long newsy letters from dear friends and not worrying bills or letters requiring urgent action.

And the phone rang. People who hadn't rung me for years rang for a nice cosy chat, till I seemed anchored to the phone.

In my spare time I read any new books I could find round the house, and the days lilted by.

The following week the man of the house went back to work with his eyes opened, so he claimed, to the "trials" of the housewife.

And every day he came home from the office worn-out from telling everyone what a glorious life I had.

Meanwhile, one child caught gastric flu, and so I was off again on that merry-go-round.

We had clean bed-linen constantly; we had gay little tablecloths in the wash to starch and iron; we had the non-ending task of preparing, cooking, and cleaning up after tempting meals.

And suddenly the weather turned sour. Biting westerlies wrapped washing around the clothes-line.

The invalid would occasionally skip outside in his delirium to ride his bike in the bitter wind.

And the TV set just quietly faded and died.

The older child, deprived of playmates AND TV, either plagued me to neurosis or taunted the invalid to near-hysteria.

His behaviour plunged to depths that could only be called anti-social, and I'm sure my apparent failure as a parent would have been discussed by all the neighbors who saw him at that time.

Bills came in every mail; collectors came to the door; the money ran out; and my husband chose this time to settle down at the ridiculous hour of 6 o'clock one night to fill in his income tax return.

In the ensuing pandemonium, I saw him eyeing me in a way that could only have meant he was measuring my uselessness against my deductibility.

Since his peaceful week at home I'm afraid he'll never believe me when, after his hard day at the office, I tell him about my hard day at home.

I'm certainly sorry he ever had that bout of flu.

A "nagger" reforms

● I sat by the fire one Sunday night a few weeks ago after I had put to bed my two boys of 11 and nine years and my girl of two, and wondered why I had such a nagging head.

THEN I realised it was really a headache from nagging at my family all day, making it anything but a day of rest or happiness for them.

The TV set had been turned off, and my husband was asleep in his chair, as he usually is every night after dinner, so I was able to reflect on the day's happenings without interruption.

And I had to admit to myself that my nagging hadn't stopped all day.

The boys had been told to make their beds, dry the dishes, bring in the firewood, put the toothpaste away, take the baby for a walk and get the messages, tell their friends not to make so much noise in the garden, set the table, wipe their feet, blow their noses, stop banging the door, stop arguing, have a shower, and GO TO BED!

They hadn't had a break from this all day, and when I thought quietly about it, I figured that surely they must have enough orders to carry out at school all week to deserve a break at the weekend.

Besides, what does it really matter in the long run if their friends do make a bit of a noise? They are lucky to have friends.

And what about my husband? I've nagged at him because he falls asleep every night after dinner, but I've conveniently ignored the fact that he must be tired because he has been working hard for us all day, while I, more often than not, have been watching TV all afternoon or gossiping to a neighbor.

Three times a year, when there's a long weekend, my husband goes away fishing. I've always hated him going off on these trips, and have made no secret of the fact.

I've sulked and been crabby for the whole week before he has gone, and I've no doubt taken a lot of the pleasure out of these short breaks he well deserves.

So after my session of soul-searching I decided, for the sake of my children, my husband, and myself, too, to reform and stop being a nagger.

I've stopped telling my husband to do all the jobs I can think of round the place every Saturday morning. I've stopped nagging him about the million and one little things that must have made his life a misery.

My elder son can't resist teasing me or his brother, and formerly I used to nag him about it. Now I've learned it's much more fun for all of us if we join in the spirit of his harmless jokes.

Even the baby eats more now that she isn't hurried and nagged about her meals, and my husband has asked me if I'll go with him on his fishing trips.

Perhaps I haven't completely turned over a new leaf yet because very often I have to count to ten when I'm just dying to say "DON'T!" to someone, but I do know my blood pressure has gone down, my nagging headaches have vanished, and I feel much happier and more relaxed.

As well, life is a lot easier for my family, so I can thoroughly recommend an anti-nagging campaign to all housewives.

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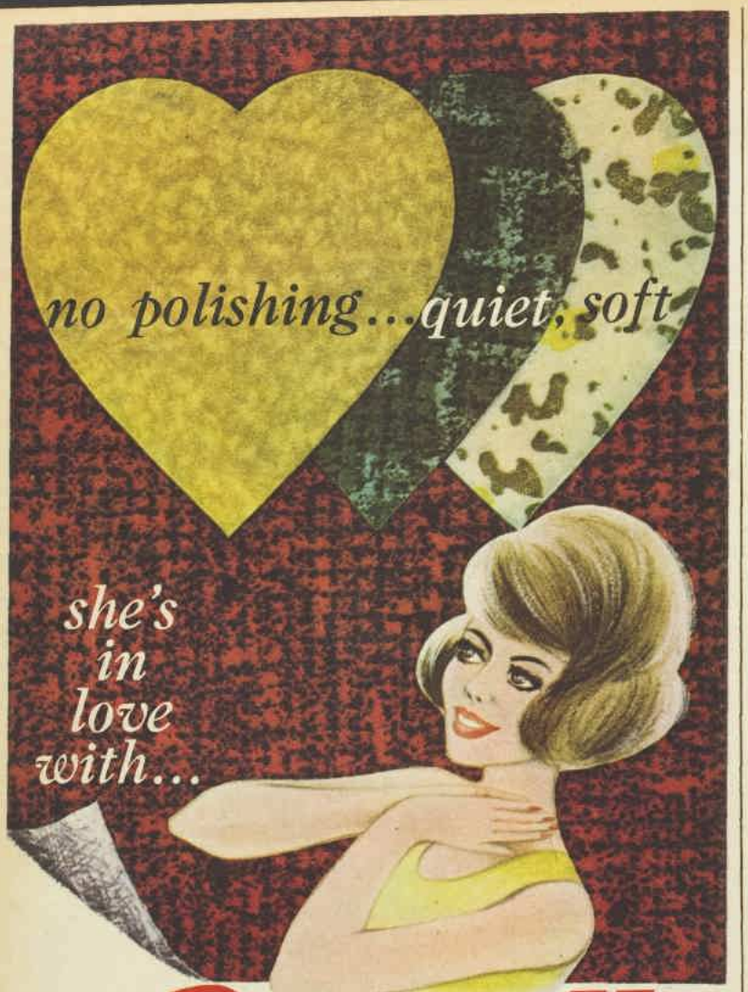

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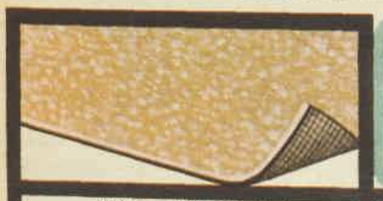

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What to do about lying

● A child came home from school without his school books. Another little boy on the bus, he said, had picked up his schoolbag by mistake and left one that was exactly like his.

By ALTON GOLDBLOOM

NOT wishing to take it home, he gave the schoolbag to the bus driver and asked him to report the loss of his own bag.

A nice, well-told, believable story, told to his mother by a bright, popular, honest, eight-year-old, wasn't it?

No sooner had he told this nicely detailed tale than the local milk bar rang to say that Johnny had forgotten his schoolbag there, and would someone come and get it.

Johnny was given a long lecture on truthfulness. His defence was that he had to think of something to say.

This child was not given to habitual lying, but, like all children of his age, he had occasional flights of fancy when there was a fusion between his dreamworld and reality.

At times it was difficult to know what was truth and what was fancy; like the day he told his teacher that his mother had just had a baby, or when he announced that his mother was taking him to America.

These were dramatised dreams, but not lying in the accepted sense. The story of the schoolbag, however, was a barefaced lie.

This was a child without behaviour problems or complexes or repressions; just an average charming voluble boy with a quick wit and a vivid imagination. Under the supposed threat of his parents' displeasure he told an obvious untruth in order to escape unpleasant consequences.

This is perhaps the commonest form of lying in young children. They do naively what adults constantly do more subtly. The urge is to escape loss of face or humiliation, to be right and to avoid embarrassment or disgrace.

Simple misstatements of fact are not lies. Here wishful imaginings often play a part in distortions. A lie to be a lie must involve a knowledge of the untruth of the statement with the goal of either gaining advantages or avoiding unpleasant consequences.

In all innocence

It may be said, almost as a rule, that all children resort to such wilful misstatements and distortions before they realise, in one way or another, first that they are almost always discovered, and second that the discovery almost always leads to the very unpleasant consequences which the lying was intended to avoid.

Young children may be accused of lying when they are doing no more than indulging in flights of fancy.

They live in a world of make-believe and of fairy tales; their differentiation between fancy and reality, between truth and fiction, is very tenuous indeed.

Out of this may come tales which are palpably purely imaginative and which require no correction or denial or surely no displeasure or threat of punishment.

The dramatic and the imaginative and the creative are dear to the heart of every intelligent child. Out of the more creative and imaginative come poets and novelists.

These imaginings should be treated with an amused tolerance, never with a show of displeasure, for they are no more lies than is a well-written short story. Indeed when such a child learns to read and write, he should be encouraged to write down his fanciful thoughts, which could be the forerunners of a facility in self-expression.

Real lying is a wilful reversal of truth, with a definite object to deceive.

This is the case when a child breaks something and does not know who did it or worse, puts the blame on a brother, sister or schoolmate; when he says that he has no homework for today, or that he finished all his homework at school, when indeed he did none of it.

Time for punishment

These are peccadilloes that require some of displeasure and punishment of some kind (not thrashing) as well as some kind of lecture on truthfulness. Such disciplines may require a number of repetitions before the child learns the futility of such lying tactics.

Children may resort to lying as a means of increasing their status with schoolfellows. They tend to magnify their family's wealth or influence. This, however, may be defensive if they are surrounded by children from wealthier and more influential families.

"My dad can lick your dad" may be countered by "My dad can lick your whole family."

This is boasting rather than lying—only a bit less subtle than similar practices of his elders.

A mild and amused rebuke will often result in the guilty grin and the hung head. "Now you know that this is not so, and why did you say it?"

The answers are often odd and funny, yet none of these forms of untruth are disturbing if parents understand their nature.

Children at first are totally truthful, perhaps too truthful for their parents' comfort, like when a nice little boy, out of the blue and in front of both his parents, said, "My daddy made my mother cry this morning."

When their imaginations are active and given full play, when they fear the consequences of an act they have learned is wrong, then they resort to untruths of varying degrees of seriousness.

There are, of course, abnormal forms of lying which require the help of a psychiatrist.

There are disturbed children, paranoid children, intelligent children suffering from aberrations, and unintelligent children who need help and adjustment rather than anger and punishment.

Too demanding

Then, too—and let us face it—there are parents who, by the very unreasonableness of their demands and by the severity of their punishments, actually foster lying.

The more severe the punishment meted out to the child the greater will be the propensity to protective lying.

To sum up, then, when you say your child tells lies, the statement wants clarification.

What are the circumstances under which he lies? What are the reasons for his lying? Are they really lies or merely flights of fancy or overdramatisation of true events? Are they exaggerations or braggings?

Remember that normal children are usually inherently truthful and that lying is acquired. Who of us has not been guilty of so-called "white lies," and have our children ever caught on?

The protective lie requires moralising and rebukes and simple punishments; the fanciful lie only amused tolerance.

The pathological lie, however, calls for expert handling. But don't run to the psychiatrist—wait until your physician thinks it is necessary.

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AT HOME *with Margaret Sydney*

● A kind and generous reader in South Australia has sent me a brand-new copy of the cookery book I was bewailing the loss of recently.

SOMEHOW it never occurred to me that it might still be available, and in any case I'd remembered its shape, size, and color, but not its name.

It's the "Green and Gold Cookery Book," now in its 29th edition, and nicely tricked out in a new green-and-gold washable cover.

Getting it is like getting back part of my youth, because from a hasty look through it I realise this was the cookery book on which I cut my culinary teeth.

Here, unchanged, are the first stews I ever made, the first Cornish pasties, the first cakes, and the first jams.

What always fascinated me about the book was that the name and town or suburb of each person who had contributed a recipe was printed underneath.

Where three people sent in a recipe, three names appear; where several people sent in the same recipe but one liked to use only half a cup of sugar instead of three-quarters, then her little alteration appears underneath with her name attached to it.

Who could resist trying out a cake recipe contributed by Mrs. Bakewell; and who could read the recipe for Apricot and Pineapple Jam from the Congregational Manse in Kadina without having visions of scones and jam in the minister's study for blushing young couples there to discuss arrangements for their wedding?

In the drinks section there are contributors' names on the recipes for Lemonade, Boston Cream, and Chilli Wine, but the Hop Beer is firmly labelled "Anonymous."

The book was first compiled in 1923, by a group of women who wanted to help raise funds for a boys' school in Adelaide.

Forty-one years later the school is still benefiting from their work, but the latest edition has been brought up to date, so that words like plastic mitts, aluminium foil, detergent, and pressure-cooker (which certainly weren't in the egg-flecked, gravy-stained copy I used) appear in the household hints section.

Tonight I'm going to retire to bed with this and read all my old favorites and remember how adventurous I felt when I tried something new and it came off.

And tomorrow I'll be dieting, because reading recipe books in bed always has the same disastrous effect on me. Round about midnight I'm forced to creep into the kitchen and have a hearty supper chockful of calories.

Why teenagers aren't always tops in popularity . . .

LAST week I promised to quote views from the many "against" letters I received on the question of whether today's teenagers are worse than earlier ones.

Here's part of a letter from a reader in a Victorian town. She writes:

"I am well aware of a certain vogue recently for quoting the bad behaviour of young people in the past, but none of these so-called statistics will convince me, or any observant person, that they are not much more uncontrolled, ill-mannered and destructive than they have ever been . . .

"I have lived here for the past 30 years, within walking distance of a public telephone box. In the last three years, almost every Saturday night, these 'much-misjudged' young people (always the same age group, but different groups) have occupied the phone box, screaming and shouting and drinking in there.

"If anyone approaches, one of them will pretend to be using the phone . . . there was no other phone close that could be used to report them, and when they finally finished up for the night they would wreck the phone before leaving, pulling it right off the wall.

"On Monday, someone who was going into the town would report it . . . I cannot speak too highly of the patience and promptitude of the P.M.G.'s Department, but after some months of this almost weekly repair job, even they lost patience and moved the phone box away.

"This is not a 'middle-aged prejudice.' I am sure the bad ones are much worse than they ever were, but the others are about the same. I don't think they are nicer to us than we were to our friends' parents; they are perhaps more at ease today.

"For instance, I would never have turned off a station on the wireless that my friend's mother was listening to and tuned in to one of my own choice, which frequently happens now with otherwise well-mannered children of young people. Even with these 'better' types, there is a sort of 'unawareness' of one as a person with likes and dislikes."

This is certainly a point of view, but it does raise the question in my mind whether we "oldies" as they so politely call us aren't responsible for a lot of it — and most certainly for things like bad radio and TV manners.

My correspondent's phone-box wreckers are delinquents, but radio-station switchers are just thoughtless youngsters who shouldn't be allowed to get away with that sort of behaviour.

Aren't we, if we don't pull them up with a round turn, acting as though they're some sort of wild beasts that we're frightened of?

Traditionally, older people are supposed to have some sort of authority over the young, especially in their own homes. Why not exercise it, as pleasantly and firmly as possible?

I think in those circumstances I'd say, with as good a humor as I could muster, "I'm sorry, you can't change stations now, because I particularly want to listen to that programme. As soon as it's over, you can tune in to whatever you want to hear."

I still feel there are very few teenagers who wouldn't think that was reasonable. And the ones who didn't could stay away from our house without my losing any sleep.

"Yoo-hoo! Trudy! Sorry I'm late! Forgive me?"

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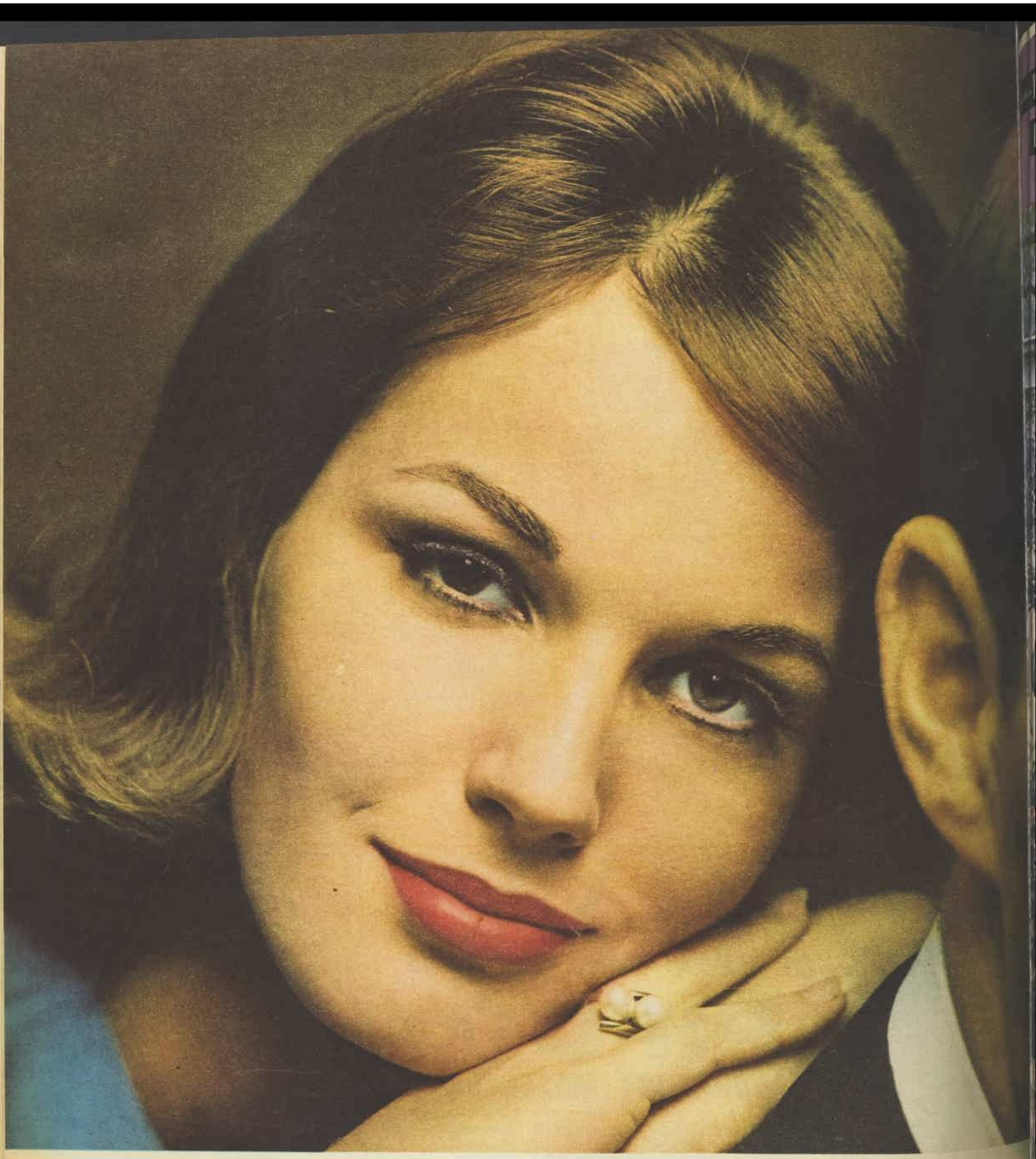

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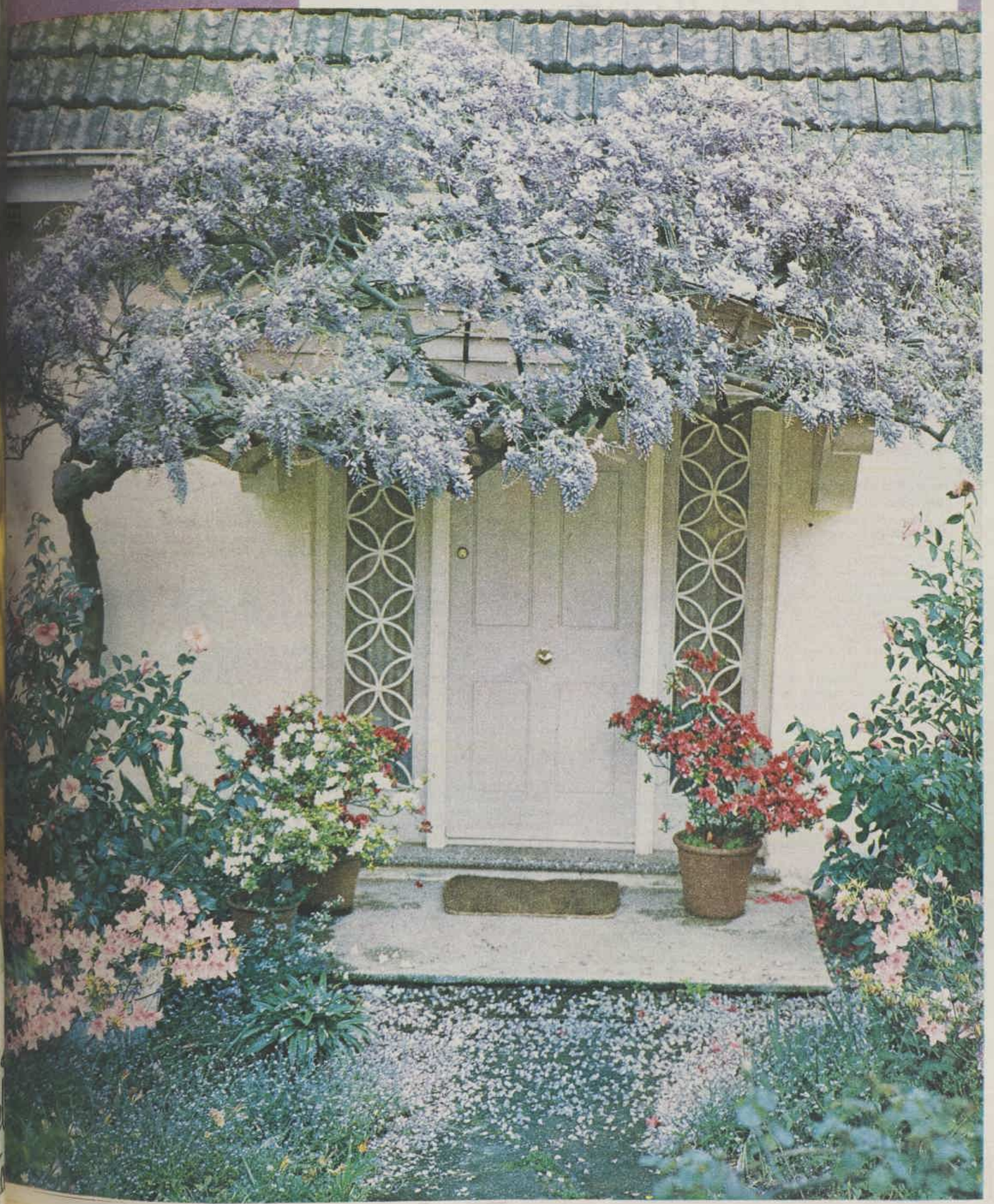
The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents . . .

EIGHT PAGES ON

September 2, 1964

GARDEN CLIMBERS



colorful as some

icing sugar with TULIP. Add desired amount of coffee

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CLIMBING PLANTS

FORMAL GRACE AND WAYWARD LOVELINESS

● Climbing plants are apt to be neglected by the average gardener, or, at least, not used to the best advantage.

Many people are aware of their value in screening ugly fences and walls, in providing quick privacy when grown on lattices, in beautifying pergolas and arches with their festoons of flowers, or in supplying attractive ground cover.

But the tendency is to keep them too much away from the house, whereas they can bring about a charming union of the home with the outside garden.

THEY are a challenge to the landscape designer, as they provide another form of material and another method of expressing his ideas.

They hide and soften unwanted objects, or can be grown by themselves on tripods, pillars, or posts to give unusual beauty.

They can be made to conform to our wishes and kept to a strict pattern, but nothing is better than the careless loveliness with which they can grace a garden.

Most are grown for their flowers (many have delightful fragrance), but some for bold or dainty foliage effects, and others for their colorful berries. A few add to their bounty by providing edible fruits.

All need support of some kind and have different ways of attaching themselves.

Some cling with tendrils, others, like the Virginia creeper, attach themselves firmly to walls by discs or rootlets; some use twining stems, while some have low-trailing stems which need lifting on supports.

Their habit of growth, of course, determines the kind of support required.

Trellises *(see pages 6 and 7)* can be made in various shapes, and the size of material used is governed by the weight and ruggedness of the climber to be grown.

Give the roots a chance

The three requirements for success in growing climbers are preparation of the ground, selection of the right species for the site, and adequate after-care.

Most climbers are deep-rooting and require plenty of well-prepared soil to allow the development of roots for sustaining the large mass above ground.

Don't be niggardly in this respect. A hole at least 3ft. wide and 18in. deep is required, preferably in ground which has been trenched.

Many of the most spectacular climbers come from tropical or sub-tropical countries and resent frost, so it is a waste of time growing them in cold areas.

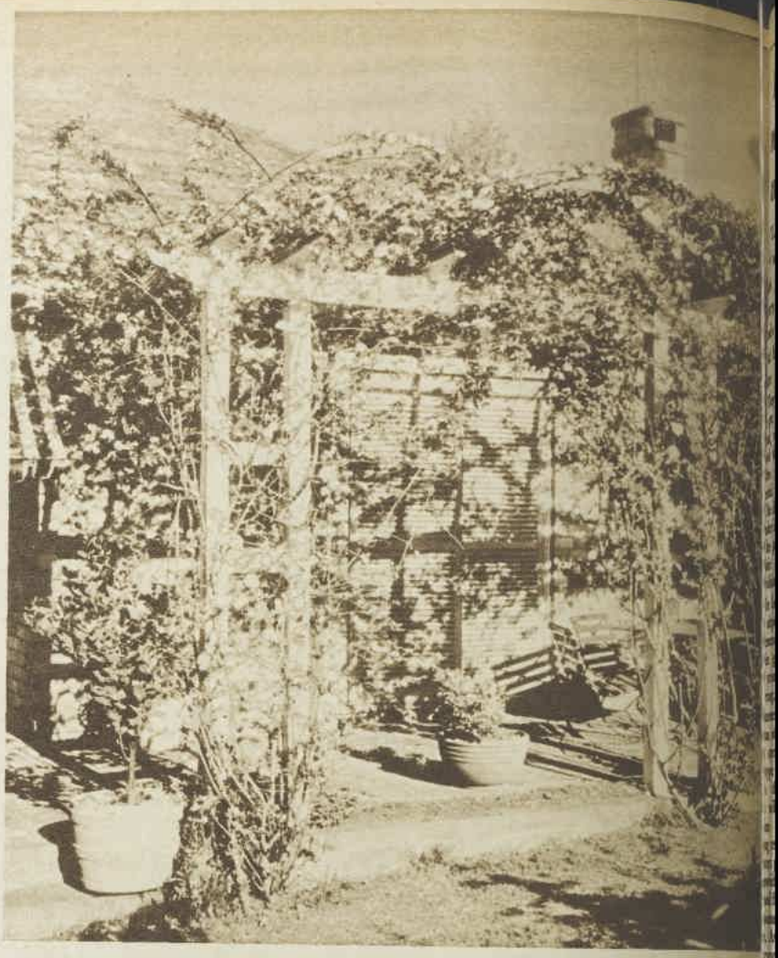
Once the plant is established, some regular fertilising is needed except where the soil is unusually rich. The vine needs guiding and directing to get the required effect, and material used for tying should be soft and flexible.

Most need some pruning, as they can get out of control or become untidy or bare.

—R. H. ANDERSON

OPENING PICTURE: WISTERIA

ONE of the loveliest climbers is the wisteria, which comes into bloom usually in September. The picture on page 1 shows the climber framing the entrance of Mrs. G. D. Gemmell-Smith's home at Killara, N.S.W. The vine has been trained as a standard and is pruned hard each year. Even in winter its stark, gnarled appearance has a beauty of its own. There are several varieties of wisteria, including a white one. This picture taken by Keith Barlow, staff photographer.



BANKSIA LUTEA, a thornless rose, is perfect for pergolas. Its small, yellow, sweet-scented flowers are profuse in spring. Picture was taken at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hebblewhite, Middle Cove, N.S.W.

HERE ARE 55 PROVED

AKEBIA QUINATA — a vigorous but graceful climber grown mainly for the attractive dark green leaves consisting of five leaflets. Flowers fragrant, purple, in spring. Grows well in most districts.

ALLAMANDA CATHARTICA VAR. HENDERSONII — strong-growing spectacular climber with large glossy leaves and bell-shaped yellow flowers up to 3in. across, blooming in summer. Only for frost-free area and prefers tropical or sub-tropical conditions.

ANTIGONON LEPTOPUS (coral vine) — a deciduous open-growing vine with tuberous roots, heart-shaped leaves, and profuse sprays of pink flowers in summer and early autumn. Frost-free areas.

ARISTOLOCHIA ELEGANS (Dutchman's pipe) — a rather small climber with heart-shaped leaves and attractive purple and white flowers. Prefers partial shade in frost-free areas.

BOUGAINVILLEAS — well-known spectacular, strong-growing plants. Magnifica traillii grows in most districts but prefers a warm sunny position; the red is only suitable for warm, frost-free areas.

CAMPSIS (TECOMA) GRANDIFLORA (Chinese trumpet creeper) — deciduous, with strong woody growth, leaves of seven to nine leaflets, and scarlet to light orange-red trumpet-shaped flowers up to 2½in. across, in summer. Most temperate districts.

CLEMATIS — many deciduous hybrids and varieties with large, white, silvery-grey, lavender, purple, or red flowers, often marked with other colors, and generally fragrant. Lovely climbers for cool districts, requiring good soil and plenty of sun. The different varieties flower from spring to autumn.

The two native species of clematis, C. aristata and C. glycinoides, are well worth growing. Evergreen, with white flowers profusely produced in spring, followed by fluffy white seeds. Most districts.

DOXANTHUS UNGUIS-CATI (cat's-claw creeper) — a strong-growing species with many thin stems and yellow trumpet-shaped flowers 2in. long and opening up to 4in. across. The leaves consist of two leaflets with claw-like tendrils. Most districts.

GELSEMIUM SEMPERVIRENS (Carolina jessamine) — climbs by twining stems, leaves simple, 1in. to 3in. long; flowers yellow, tubular, 1½in. long, fragrant, borne in clusters in late winter and spring. Everywhere except mountains.

HOYA CARNOSA (wax flower) — a picturesque climber with thick, glossy, dark green leaves; pale pink, star-shaped, waxy, highly perfumed flowers in large compact clusters. Prefers warm coastal conditions and well-drained light soil.

COBAEA SCANDENS (sometimes called cup-and-saucer vine) — a fast-growing, dense, but rather straggling plant, the leaves consisting of four to six leaflets, the end one terminating in a tendril by which it climbs. Flowers dull rose or purple, bell-shaped with a saucer-like calyx, in spring and summer. A perennial, but often treated as an annual. Will not stand severe frosts.

IPOMOEA LEARII (morning glory) — an easily grown, fast, vigorous climber with slightly lobed leaves and lilac or blue flowers, more or less trumpet-shaped and 4in. across. Can get out of hand, but useful for covering unsightly objects and areas. Most districts except the coldest.

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Most vines need guiding and pruning

CLIMBERS require some pruning, and this should be done every year, as they easily get out of control and become untidy or bare.

They also need guiding to get the desired effect. Dead, weak, or interfering wood should be removed. Often some thinning is needed.

The density at which the climber is left is determined by the purpose of growing, artistic requirements, and individual taste.

The best time for pruning depends on the requirements of the particular species grown. Many are best pruned shortly after flowering.

Summer-flowering climbers can often be pruned in early spring. A study of the type of growth on which the flowers are borne will give some indication of the kind of pruning required.

Always prune so that you are providing good flowering wood for the time when the blooms are expected to appear. Avoid the mistake of removing flowering shoots before the climber has a chance to flower.

BANANA PASSIONFRUIT (Tacsonia mollissima) makes an attractive climber for fence or bushhouse. It is covered first with pretty pink flowers and then the fruit, green turning to canary-yellow. The flavor, although somewhat tart, is excellent. Picture was taken in Mr. and Mrs. John Hemphill's garden, Dural, N.S.W.

AND POPULAR CLIMBERS TO CHOOSE FROM

JASMINUM MESNYII or J. PRIMULINUM (primrose jasmine) — a semi-climbing or arching shrub, fast-growing and hardy, but requires support. Leaves consist of three leaflets, flowers a lovely clear yellow, about 1½in. across, in winter and spring. Hardy in most districts.

JASMINUM POLYANTHUM — a fairly new introduction and most attractive, producing masses of pink buds opening to white, star-shaped, perfumed flowers, in late winter and spring. Will stand light frosts.

JASMINUM AZORICUM — has phlox-like white fragrant flowers in summer and autumn and is of vigorous growth.

LATHYRUS PUBESCENS (blue perennial pea)—a hardy and free-flowering climber, easily grown under most conditions. The lavender-blue, pea-shaped flowers are produced in long sprays in spring. Does best in an open situation.

LAPAGERIA ROSEA (Chilean bell-flower) — open-growing with many slender stems, thick dark green leaves tapering to long points, and waxy tubular flowers, up to 4in. long, rose-red and blooming singly or few together. Cool, temperate areas on good soil and in partial shade.

LONICERA (honeysuckles) — several species, including L. FRAGRANTISSIMA, a semi-shrubby species with fragrant cream flowers in winter; L. HILDEBRANDIANA (giant honeysuckle), with flowers up to 7in. long which open pale yellow but deepen with age, fairly densely growing and prefers tropical or warm temperate districts; L. CAPRIFOLIUM, a semi-shrub with fragrant yellow and pink flowers; and L. JAPONICUM, a species with several varieties, including AUREO-RETICULATA, which has attractive heart-shaped leaves veined with gold.

MANDEVILLA SUAVEOLENS (Chilean jasmine) — a deciduous climber with more or less heart-shaped leaves up to 3in. long and beautiful pure white highly fragrant flowers, funnel-shaped and 2in. across, borne in clusters. Has a rather open, sparse habit of growth. Does best in warm, temperate districts or sub-tropics.

MANETTA BICOLOR — a low-growing climber with thin stems and dense foliage and red-tipped tubular flowers about ¾in. long. Flowers mainly in summer, but is fairly constantly in bloom. Many districts, but will not stand cold.

MILLETIA MEGASPERMA (Queensland wisteria). This native climber resembles the ordinary wisteria but is evergreen, with handsome glossy foliage and long sprays of purplish-white flowers.

MUEHLENBECKIA COMPLEXA (wire vine or maidenhair creeper) — has slender, wiry stems which intertwine and form a dense mat with small leaves less than ¾in. long. The flowers are small but fragrant. Useful for foliage screens, bank cover, and hanging baskets.

PANDOREA (TECOMA) JASMINOIDES — a strong-growing native climber with many slender branches coming from the base, dark green leaves of five to nine leaflets, and white flowers with a pink throat, up to 2in. long. All districts except mountains.

PANDOREA PANDORANA (wonga wonga) — another attractive Australian with handsome glossy leaves and cream flowers spotted with violet.

PANDOREA OXLEYI — a hardy native plant from the inland, has cream flowers marked with brown.

PARTHENOCISSUS TRICUSPIDARIA (small-leaved Virginia creeper or Boston ivy) — an attractive deciduous climber with small three-lobed leaves which color red, purple, and yellow in autumn. It is self-clinging, attaching itself to brickwork, stone, and wood. All districts except tropical. There are several varieties including LOWII, which is small-growing and suitable for pillars.

PASSIFLORA EDULIS (common passionfruit) — this climber with its glossy three-lobed leaves, white and purple flowers, and edible fruit has many uses, but does best in well-drained, light sandy soil with a warm aspect and free from severe frosts.

PASSIFLORA MOLLISSIMA (banana passionfruit) — a useful fast-growing creeper in warm climates; will cover big areas. The leaves are deeply cut into narrow lobes and are softly hairy on the under-surfaces. Flowers about 3in. long, rose-pink. Fruits edible, about 2½in. long.

PASSIFLORA QUADRANGULARIS (granadilla) — has winged stems, heart-shaped leaves, fragrant white flowers with purple and white crown, about 3in. across, and yellowish-green, oval, edible fruits up to 10in. long.

PASSIFLORA COERULEA (blue-crown passion flower) — a strong-growing hardy plant but may need pruning to control it. Leaves of five leaflets. Flowers slightly fragrant, beautifully formed, pale pink or bluish with a white-and-purple crown. Useful for screens and ground cover. Most districts except the coldest.

PELARGONIUM PELTATUM (ivy geraniums) — excellent for ground or bank cover, for window-boxes, or for gracing the top of low walls.

PHAEDRANTHUS BUCCINATORIUS (Mexican blood-trumpet)—a very showy climber with large crimson flowers with yellow base up to 4in. long, in clusters in summer. The leaves consist of two leaflets and a terminal tendril by which the plant supports itself. Warm districts free from frost.

To page 6

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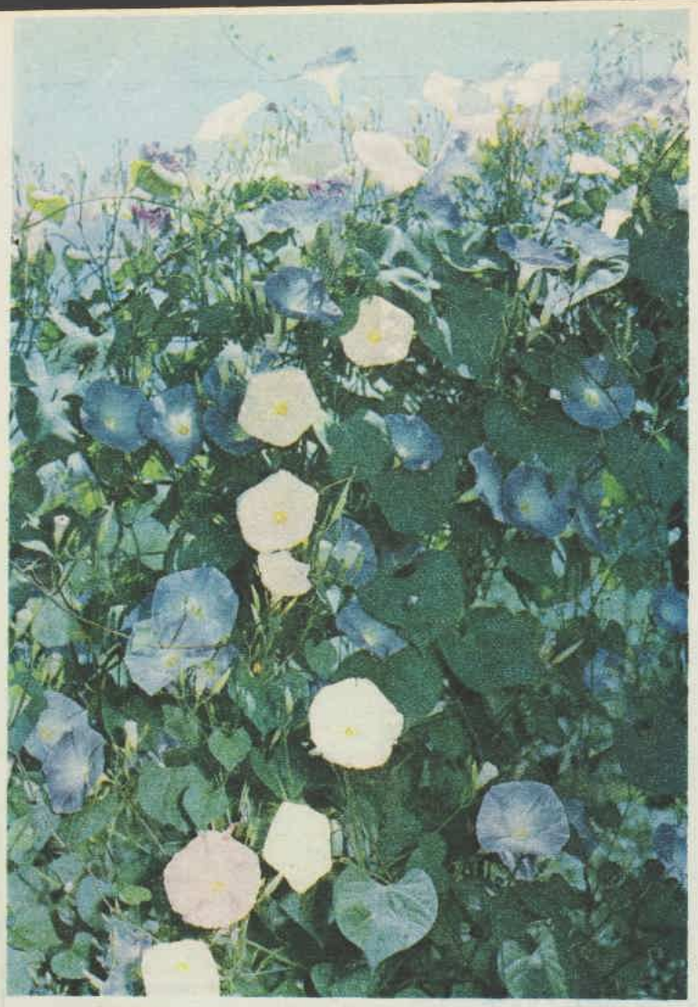
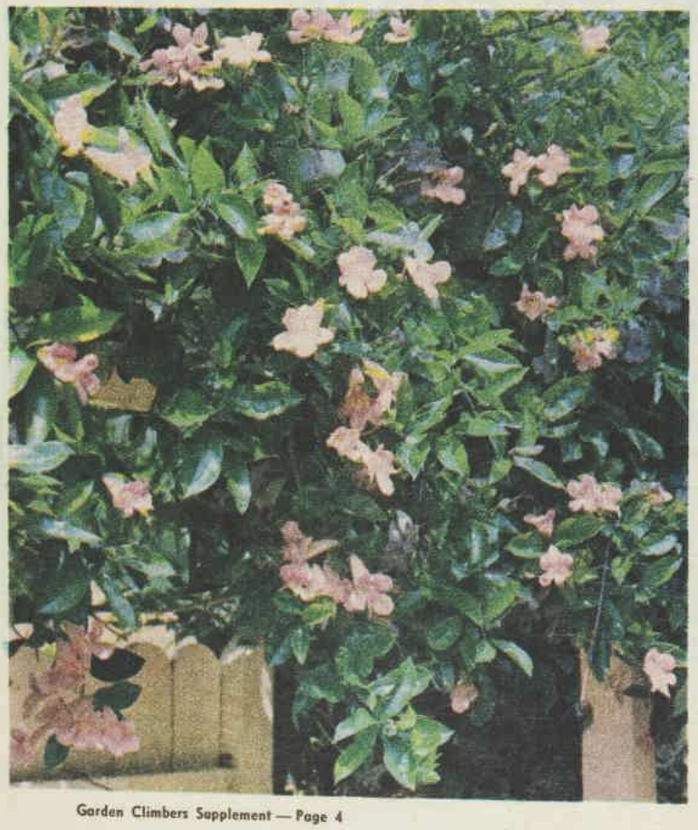


CONVOLVULUS, variety "Heavenly Blue-and-white Magic", is a quick growing annual. Picture at Yates Trial Grounds, Castle Hill.

CLEMATIS JACKMANII at Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Helms' home at Canberra. Clematis montana is one of the hardiest of the family.



AT LEFT: Clytostoma callistegiodes (previously known as Bignonia lindleyi). It needs plenty of sunlight. Picture taken at Sir Robert and Lady Webster's home, Clifton Gardens, N.S.W.

AT RIGHT: Antigonon leptopus, summer - flowering, suitable for warmer climates. The young plants die down the first year but shoot again in the spring. Good for cut-flower decoration.

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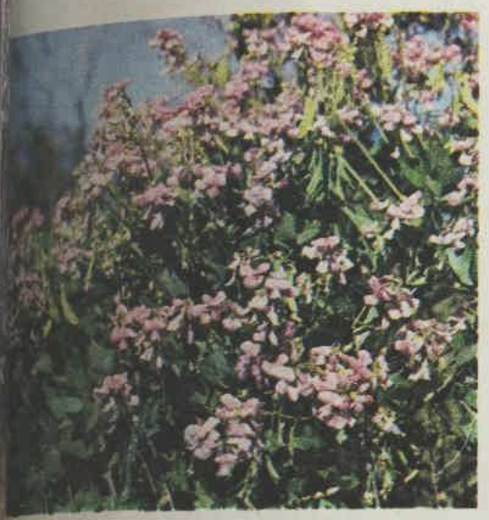
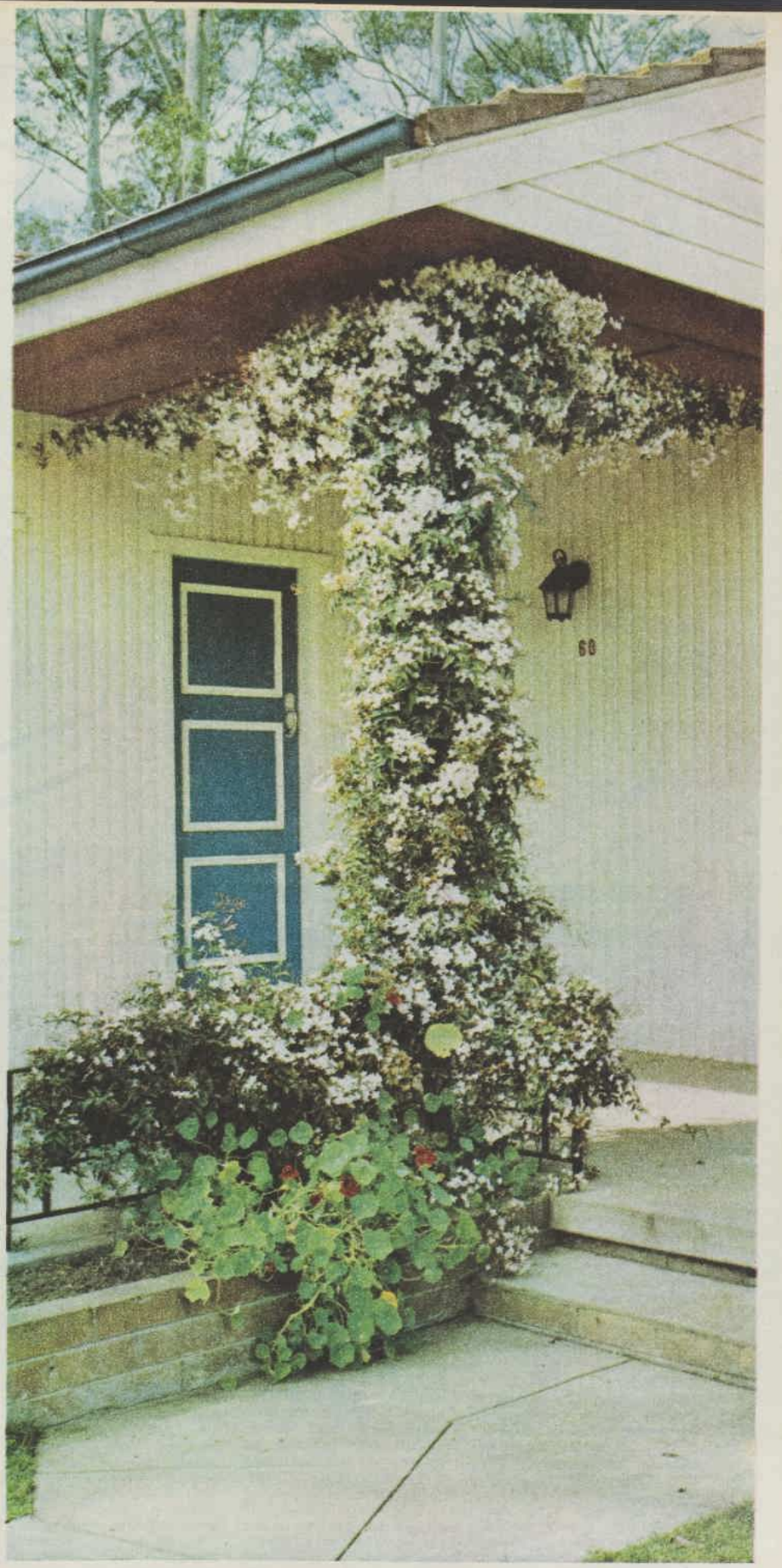
GARDEN CLIMBERS



DOLICHOS LIGNOSUS, a vigorous perennial vine, withstands drought, grows freely even in poor soils.

PELARGONIUM PELTATUM (ivy geranium) is wonderful for covering old paling fences or tree stumps.

LONICERA caprifolium (honeysuckle), scented, likes most climates, can be trained as a shrub.



JASMINUM POLYANTHUM has large panicles of pure-white sweetly scented flowers. This jasmine grows at Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wilson's home at West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

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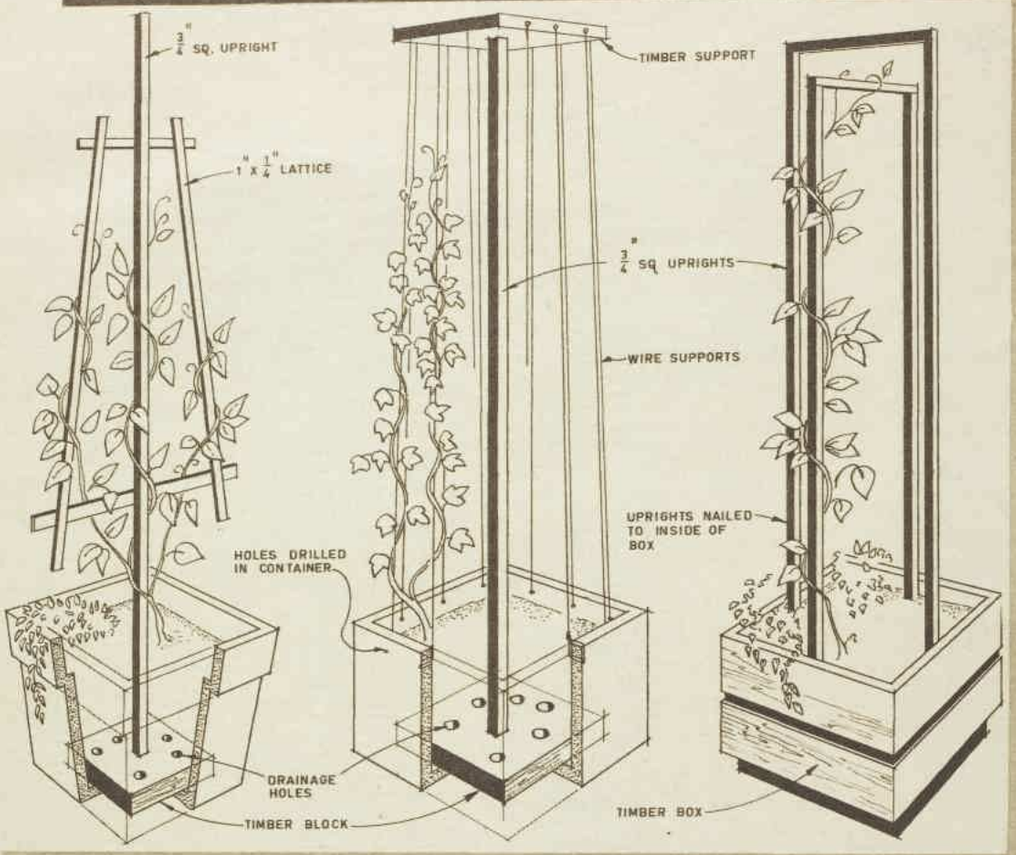
HANDSOME, PRACTICAL SUPPORTS FOR



DO-IT-YOURSELF gardeners, when making trainers for their favorite climbing plants, should take care above all to see that the construction is strong and the timber oiled or painted. On these pages are designs for seven kinds of support.

There's a wider-than-ever range of materials in the stores. Fairly new to the market is enamelled aluminium, of various colors, in strips 2in. wide, ideal for making lattices (you weave it as in basketmaking). It costs from 15/- per 100ft.

The gardening departments offer a wide range of ivy-trainers of various shapes and sizes, in painted or unpainted wood, ranging in price from about 9/6; or of wrought iron, 27in. by 10in., 6/11 upwards. More ambitious trainers with a wrought-iron stand, to hold the pot, cost upwards of 27/6.

Expanding wooden lattices cost from 7/6 for a 6ft. by 1ft. section. Wire lattices cost from 8/9.

Split-bamboo trellises are sold in rolls, sizes from 4ft. by 8ft., prices from 89/6.

Arches, sold in two halves, are obtainable in galvanised wire from 3ft. wide, 7ft. high, for £7/9/6. These are excellent for training roses.

An effective garden-divider to grow a climber on consists mainly of heavy galvanised-wire mesh. It is available in sizes from 6ft. by 1ft. at 6/- upwards (the mesh size is 3in. by 1½in.).

CLIMBERS TO CHOOSE FROM

From page 3

PHASEOLUS CARACALLA (snail flower) — a fast-growing twining plant with bean-like leaves and fragrant light purple or white flowers resembling the shell of a snail, produced in summer. Used as a novelty in landscaping. Warm districts free from frosts.

PYROSTEGIA IGNEA, previously known as BIGNONIA VENUSTA (orange trumpet creeper) — a vigorous densely growing plant climbing by tendrils with adhesive tips. Leaves consist of two to three leaflets, each 1in. or 2in. long. Flowers brilliant orange, tubular, in large clusters of 20-30, and freely produced in winter. A good climber for screening or growing against large walls. Warm positions free from heavy frosts.

QUISQUALIS INDICA (Rangoon creeper) — a strong-growing climber suitable for warm frost-free areas, where it makes a magnificent display in summer and autumn. The tubular flowers are 2in. to 3in. long, rather like those of a bouvardia, pink to deep crimson and heavily scented. Leaves 3in. to 6in. long, oblong with painted tips. Requires a warm frost-free site.

SOLANDRA NITIDA (chalice vine or cup of gold) — a striking strong-growing climber requiring plenty of space, with large oval leaves and golden-yellow trumpet-shaped, very fragrant flowers up to 12in. long and with brown or purplish stripes. Requires a warm position free of frosts.

SOLANUM JASMINOIDES (jasmine nightshade or potato climber) — a fast - growing climber with slender, rather delicate stems suitable for providing easy cover. The flowers are star-shaped, tinged with blue, and about 1in. across, borne in clusters. Requires a frost-free position.

SOLANUM WENDLANDII (Costa Rican nightshade) — a shrubby climber with prickles, divided leaves up to 10in. long, and large trusses of lavender-blue flowers in summer and autumn. A striking plant for warm districts.

SOLLYA FUSIFORMIS (SOLLYA HETEROPHYLLA) — a Western Australian climber with small flowers, brilliantly blue. Suitable for covering small fences or banks.

STEPHANOTIS FLORIBUNDA (Madagascar jasmine) — a fairly dense climber with handsome dark green leaves and white star-like waxy flowers, funnel-shaped, 1in. to 2in. long, borne in small clusters and very fragrant. For warm frost-free districts.

● Supports for creepers in containers can be made from short lengths of scrap timber or lattice. To provide rigidity the centre support is mounted into a timber base block. The base and part of the support in contact with the potting compound should be painted with two coats of wood-preserving oil. The base is drilled to provide drainage.

STIGMAPHYLLON CILIATUM (Brazilian glory vine)— a fast-growing climber with many slender stems and heart-shaped bright green leaves 2in. to 3in. long. Flowers bright yellow, profusely produced from late spring to early winter, in clusters of three to six. An attractive climber for warm frost-free districts.

THUNBERGIA GIBSONII (golden glory vine) — a lovely climber with bright orange, rather bell-shaped flowers which are produced profusely during most of the year. It requires a warm sheltered frost-free area.

TRACHELOSPERMUM JASMINOIDES (star jasmine) — a densely growing plant, neat and contained, with thick oval leaves and sweetly perfumed white star-like flowers, produced from spring to autumn. Suitable for trellises, pergolas, ground cover, and tubs. Most districts except the coldest. A variegated form is green-and-white, tinted pink.

VITIS species (ornamental grapes) — these resemble the common grape, are deciduous and grown for their brilliantly colored autumn foliage. The variety "Cante Bouchet" is the one most commonly seen. It can be grown in most places.

WISTERIA SINENSIS — a beautiful and well-known deciduous climber, particularly effective on large walls and pergolas. Will grow under most conditions except severe cold.

Two small trailing plants useful for rockeries, window-boxes, and banks are CONVOLVULUS MAURITANICUS and LOTUS BERTHOLETII. The former is a hardy plant with blue flowers produced freely in the summer, the latter with silvery leaves and masses of pea-shaped bright red flowers in spring, but requiring a warm well-drained position.

And last, but not least, on our list are the CLIMBING ROSES, giving pleasure and variety to the garden, when grown on trellises, pillars, fences, or tripods. Most are at their best in spring.

Many suitable varieties are available, ranging from Black Boy, which has maintained itself in popular favor since 1919, to more recent ones such as Climbing Sutter's Gold and Climbing Queen Elizabeth.

THE STRAWBERRY THAT CLIMBS

● "Sonjana," the strawberry that climbs, shown here growing on a light trellis, was bred by Reinhold Hummel, a West German nurseryman. Available in Australia.

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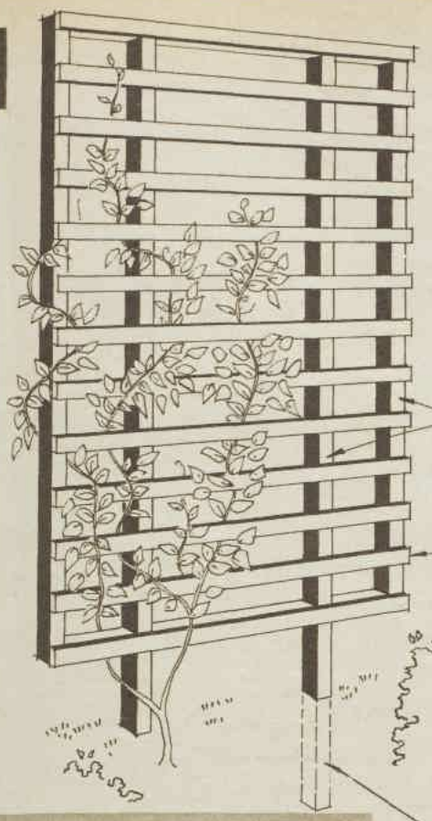
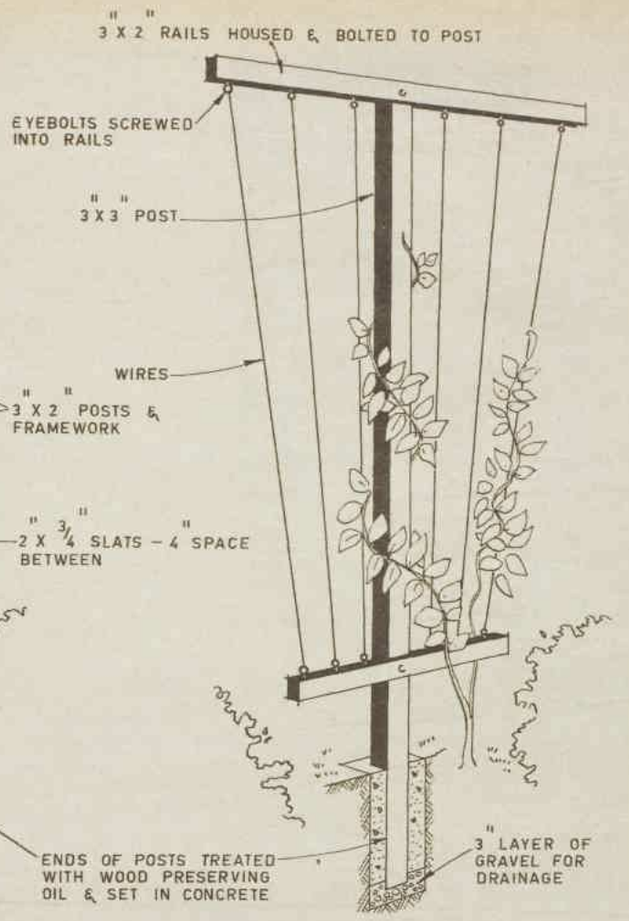
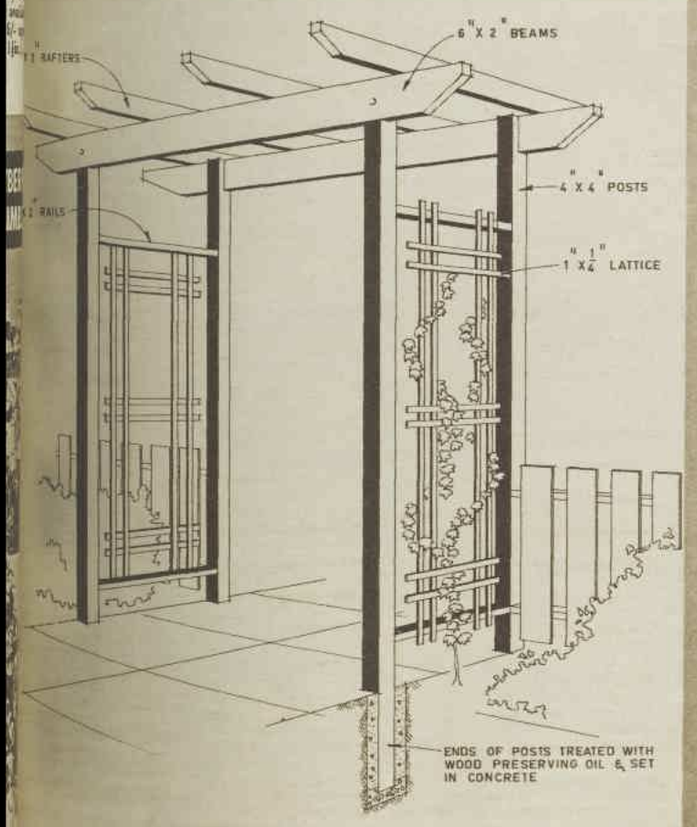
CLIMBERS

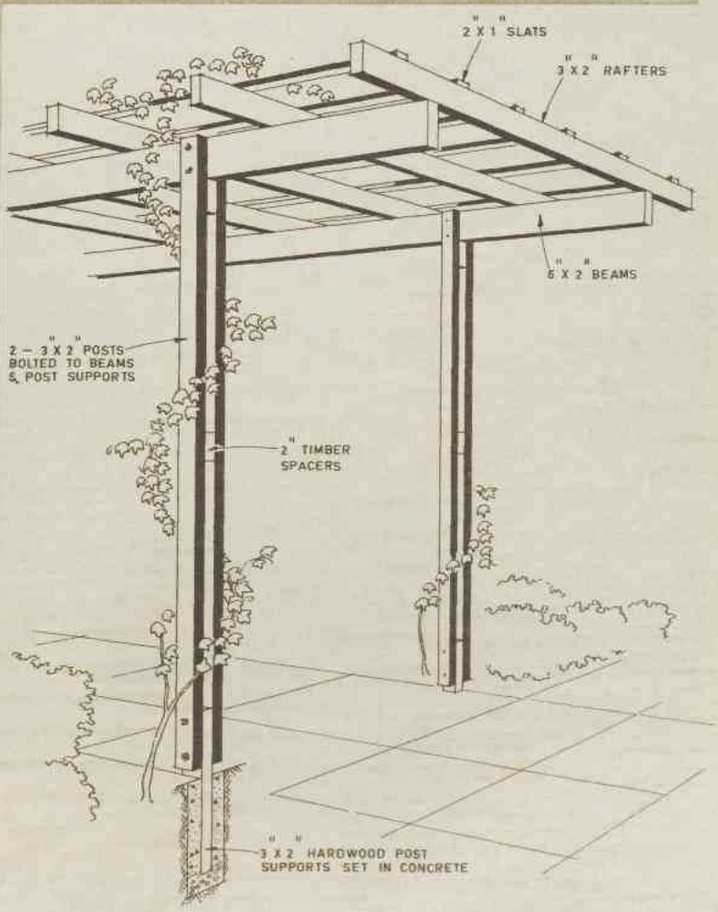
● *Here are two of the many ways to build a trellis or creeper frame. The posts should be dressed hardwood and painted with wood-preserving oil before setting in concrete. All timber should be primed, undercoated, and finished with two coats of exterior paint. Painting will be easier if the timber is dressed.*





● *Vine-covered archway provides an inviting entrance to a home or garden. Six-inch by two-inch beams are bolted to the posts, with the rafters securely skew-nailed to the top of the beams. The posts should be hardwood and the remainder of the timber can be hardwood or oregon.*





● *Pergola with open timber slats and vine cover makes an inviting spot for summer relaxation. The posts can be solid 3in. by 3in. or paired 3in. by 2in. as shown. Spacing of the slats can be varied to provide different amounts of shade and different shadow patterns. "Built-in" bracing can be obtained if the structure is meant to be attached to one wall of the house.*

that his imagination was not as | desspns: coffee essence, evaporated milk. METHOD: Combine

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BOUGAINVILLEA MAGNIFICA TRAILLII climbs exuberantly at the home of Mrs. H. C. Hack, at Avalon, N.S.W. Pots of geraniums, Joan Fontaine, Queen of the White, and Charles Richet, flower profusely in the foreground. Bougainvilleas need plenty of sun to flower well.

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THE FRIENDS OF SAMMY

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a spear or an axe, how can you tell he's really a caveman?"

"He lives in a cave."

"I see. And what does he wear? Leopard skins?"

Sammy turned a page. "He wears short pants."

"That's all? No shoes, no hat?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I don't know what he wears when it gets cold."

Ethel inhaled for about twenty seconds, exhaled in two, and went to the kitchen.

"All right, you kids," I said, "go out and get some fresh air. Why you want to stay in the house all the time in this nice weather beats me. Why, when I was your age—" I suddenly realised I was alone in the room. I lighted a cigar. "They practically had to drag me into the house," I concluded.

Ethel came back in, rubbing her hands with lotion. She seemed in a better mood.

"I didn't mean to annoy you," I said.

"It isn't that. You wanted to prove that Sammy has as much imagination as Jeannie. Okay. I never doubted it. But don't you see, he really isn't interested. He never volunteers anything. All he does is answer your questions."

I took a long pull on my cigar. "The trouble is, he doesn't know enough about cavemen to make it realistic. He should have picked out a cattle rustler or a racketeer — something he's more familiar with. Maybe I can pass on a few hints — give him a fresh start."

"Oh, heavens," Ethel said.

. . . . . .

I waited a few days before bringing up the subject — or rather, I forgot about it until Jeannie brought it up.

JEANNIE wanted me to buy her a suitcase, because she said she was going to be away over the weekend. She had to baby-sit for Princess Grace.

"Cut it out," I said. "You're too young to baby-sit. We have to get a sitter for you."

"But I promised," she said, her voice starting to quaver. "She's expecting me."

"Well, it's her own fault," I told her. "She ought to have better sense than to ask a seven-year-old to sit for her."

"Caroline baby-sits and she's only six. She gets seventy-five cents an hour."

"She gets no such thing. No sitter is worth more than fifty cents. Now, I don't want to hear any more about it. Eat your lunch."

Ethel hadn't taken any part in this exchange. She was gazing at the ceiling with a thoughtful expression.

"Sammy," I said, "don't you know any kings or queens? Any explorers, any gangsters, any men from outer space, any magicians, any —" I stopped. "What was that you said?"

"I know some people from outer space."

"Why don't you tell us about them?"

Sammy said he knew them; that was all.

So I kept asking questions and he would give me short answers. He was in Treadwell's pasture when the spaceship landed and some little men got out. They asked him who he was and where he lived. They spoke some form of English, apparently; Sammy said they sounded sort of funny. He went inside the spaceship and looked around, but there wasn't much to see except a big dashboard. Then he got out, and they got in and took off. That was it.

If Jeannie had been telling it, she would have flown to Buckingham Palace for tea and then to Mars to watch television, and things like that. Not old Sam. I had to admit that his imagination was not as colorful as some.

A few days later Jeannie said she

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• Australian place names

Shellharbour (N.S.W.)

Was named by Bass in 1797. It was near here that Bass and Flinders had been washed ashore and, the natives making threats, Flinders showed them a pair of scissors and persuaded some to have their hair cut, thus amusing them while Bass mended the boat.

Milparinka (N.S.W.)

From native word signifying "water to be found there." The goldfields warden reported on January 22, 1882: "Many persons are camping near Milparinka waiting for rain. A great deal of sickness exists, such as fevers, dysentery, scurvy, and deaths are frequent."

Glenorchy (Vic.)

Native name, Janukin. Formerly Four Posts Inn. The Gaelic meaning of Glenorchy is "tumbling waters." Marcus Clarke, author of "For the Term of His Natural Life," a story of convict days, worked here on an early station.

Pinkenbah, New Farm (Qld.)

Pinkenbah is an aboriginal word, "Place of fresh-water turtle." Some authorities claim it should be pronounced Binkenbah.

The aborigines knew what is now New Farm as Pinkenbah and Doomben. The first stalk of Queensland sugar-cane was produced at New Farm, the cane being grown as a hedge for a vegetable garden.

Wallaroo (S.A.)

Aboriginal: Walda-waru. This name was twisted to Wallawaroo, but was eventually found too long for stamping on wool bales and was shortened to its present form.

Holdsworth St., Fremantle (W.A.)

This was originally Doonan Street, after a controller of the prison. Holdsworth was a shipowner whose sister-in-law was a famous early Fremantle personality, Mary Oliver, who invariably drove about the town in a low carriage with coachman and two white ponies. She set off for London at the age of 89 and died en route at Teneriffe.

Conara (Tas.)

A native word for coal.

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TULIP

Make this special Prune Cake for Father's Day with Tulip, Australia's quality margarine.

TENNESSEE PRUNE CAKE: 4 ozs. TULIP, 8 ozs. pl. flour, 1½ cups sugar, ½ cup sour milk, 1 level teaspn. (each): baking powder, bi-carb. soda, cinnamon, all spice, nutmeg, coffee pdr., 2 eggs, 1 cup cooked prunes, drained, stoned and chopped. **METHOD:** 1. Cream TULIP and sugar together — add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. 2. Sift together all dry ingredients and fold into creamed mixture alternately with prunes and milk. 3. Bake in mod. oven in an 8" deep round cake pan for 1 hour.

COFFEE ICING: 10 ozs. icing sugar, 2 ozs. TULIP, 1-2 desspns. coffee essence, evaporated milk. **METHOD:** Combine icing sugar with TULIP. Add desired amount of coffee essence and sufficient evaporated milk to make a soft spreading consistency. Cover top and sides of cake reserving some to fill the centre of the eleven cooked and stoned prunes. Place evenly around top edge of cake.

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Continued from page 45

THE FRIENDS OF SAMMY

had to have a new dress. It was for Jackie Cooper's birthday party. She'd been watching his old movies on TV; she thought he was eight years old. She said she was invited, but Sammy wasn't.

"That's okay, Sam boy," I said. "I bet Jim will give a party and invite you and the rest of his friends."

"That stupid old Jim doesn't even have a friend," Jeannie said.

Sammy said he did so.

"What's the name of his friend, if you think you know so much?" she demanded.

Sammy thought for a minute. "Throw."

"What a dopy name," Jeannie said.

"It's probably Throw the Rock," I said, "or Throw the Spear. That's a fine name for a caveman."

"What good is a caveman, anyhow?" Jeannie wanted to know.

"He's a good friend," Sammy said. "He gave me an arrowhead."

"He did not," she said. "I bet a million dollars he didn't."

Sammy didn't answer her. I felt a little sorry for him, sticking his neck out. He should have said Jim had given him a banana or candy.

"Prove it," Jeannie said.

He ignored her.

I turned to Sammy, "I expect you've lost it by now."

He shook his head. "I've got it."

I never saw a kid so stubborn. "Good," I said, still trying to put the topic out of circulation. "Maybe you'll let me see it some time."

"Okay." He reached in his pocket and handed me a small arrowhead in perfect condition.

"Well," I said.

Ethel reached out and took it, turning it over in her hand. "Where in the world —"

Jeannie sat there with an expression of stunned betrayal.

Ethel was looking at me with a puzzled frown. "Sammy, did one of

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"We do not know how to pray as we ought, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us."***

— Romans 8.26.

your friends give you this? I don't mean somebody like your friend Jim. I mean —" she glanced at me helplessly — "I mean somebody who lives in our street."

"He lives in a cave," Sammy said, "back in Allendorf's woods."

I gave Ethel a little nod, meaning let it go for now. "Well, that's certainly a fine present," I said. "I hope you remembered to say thank you."

He said, "Sure."

As soon as the children were out of earshot, Ethel said, "Well, Doctor Frankenstein, how do you feel now?"

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about his creation of yours — his imaginary caveman who passes out real Indian arrowheads.

"Sammy probably found the thing somewhere and then said Jim gave it to him."

"Jim!" she said. "For heaven's sake, you act as if he were a real person. A caveman. Honestly."

"He isn't any worse than Jeannie's burglar."

"Besides, arrowheads aren't that easy to find, are they?"

"I don't know," I said. "I have never found one."

Then the phone rang and it was for her. I stepped outside.

It was a pleasant evening and I decided to take a little stroll. I went through the vacant lot back of our house, across the road, and into Allendorf's woods. I hadn't been there in a long time, and it was all growing up in thorn apple and briars. I remembered there was some sort of cave about a quarter of a mile back from the road.

It was rough going through the brush, but after a few minutes I stumbled on to a path that seemed to lead in the direction of the cave. I noticed some of the bushes had been freshly cut. I followed the path cautiously, and then around a little bend I saw the cave.

A man was standing in front of it wearing shorts. His ankle was bandaged and he limped. I walked over to where he was standing.

"You're Sammy's father," he said. "I saw you with him the other day. I'm Jim Hoskins."

We shook hands. "I've heard about you," I said. There was a canvas awning fastened to some trees, a cook-stove, sleeping-bag, and other camping equipment. "Sammy said he had a friend who was a caveman."

Jim laughed. "He has a literal mind. A caveman is a man who lives in a cave. Fair enough."

"It's a nice spot," I said. "Quiet."

"That's why I picked it," he said. "I'm working on my thesis."

This struck me as being a little suspicious. "I should think you would want to be closer to the library."

"I was," he said. "Too close. I got all the facts and also quite an accumulation of dust. I decided I needed some air — especially since my thesis is on Thoreau."

"Thoreau," I said: Throw. Sammy had said it; we just hadn't been listening right. "By the way, Sammy showed us an arrowhead he said you'd given him."

"Yeah. I've carried it around for years. It was a sort of gesture, giving it to Sammy. You see, when Thoreau was at Walden he had a couple of rocks on his table. One morning he decided his life was getting too cluttered, so he threw out the rocks."

"It was nice of you, just the same."

"A grown man doesn't have any use for arrowheads," he said.

"Look," I said, "I don't want Sammy disturbing your work. If he gets to be a nuisance, send him home."

"I like to talk to him," he said. "He has such a straightforward way of looking at things. Gives me a fresh point of view." He knelt down to light a gasoline lantern.

"Getting dark," I said. "I'd better be heading home."

"I'll lend you a flashlight. Sammy can bring it back tomorrow."

I thanked him and took the light. When I'd been walking for a few minutes I started to chuckle. After all Ethel's complicated theories, it turned out that Sammy was still the down-to-earth kid we'd always thought he was. If Sammy said a man living in a cave gave him an arrowhead — well, that's exactly the way it was. If Sammy said he'd seen some little men getting out of a space —

I stopped dead. The flashlight slipped from my fingers. Sammy didn't make up stories. He couldn't be bothered. If he said he'd seen something —

I grabbed the light and started for home, walking fast. Far in the distance a shooting star flashed across the horizon.

At least, I supposed that's what it was.

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METHOD: 1. Cook cod in usual way, remove skin and bones. Chop finely. 2. Add potatoes, parsley and pepper. Form into croquettes. 3. Coat with flour, dip in beaten egg, then breadcrumbs. 4. Deep fry in hot FRYMASTA until golden brown and crisp. Serve hot or cold.

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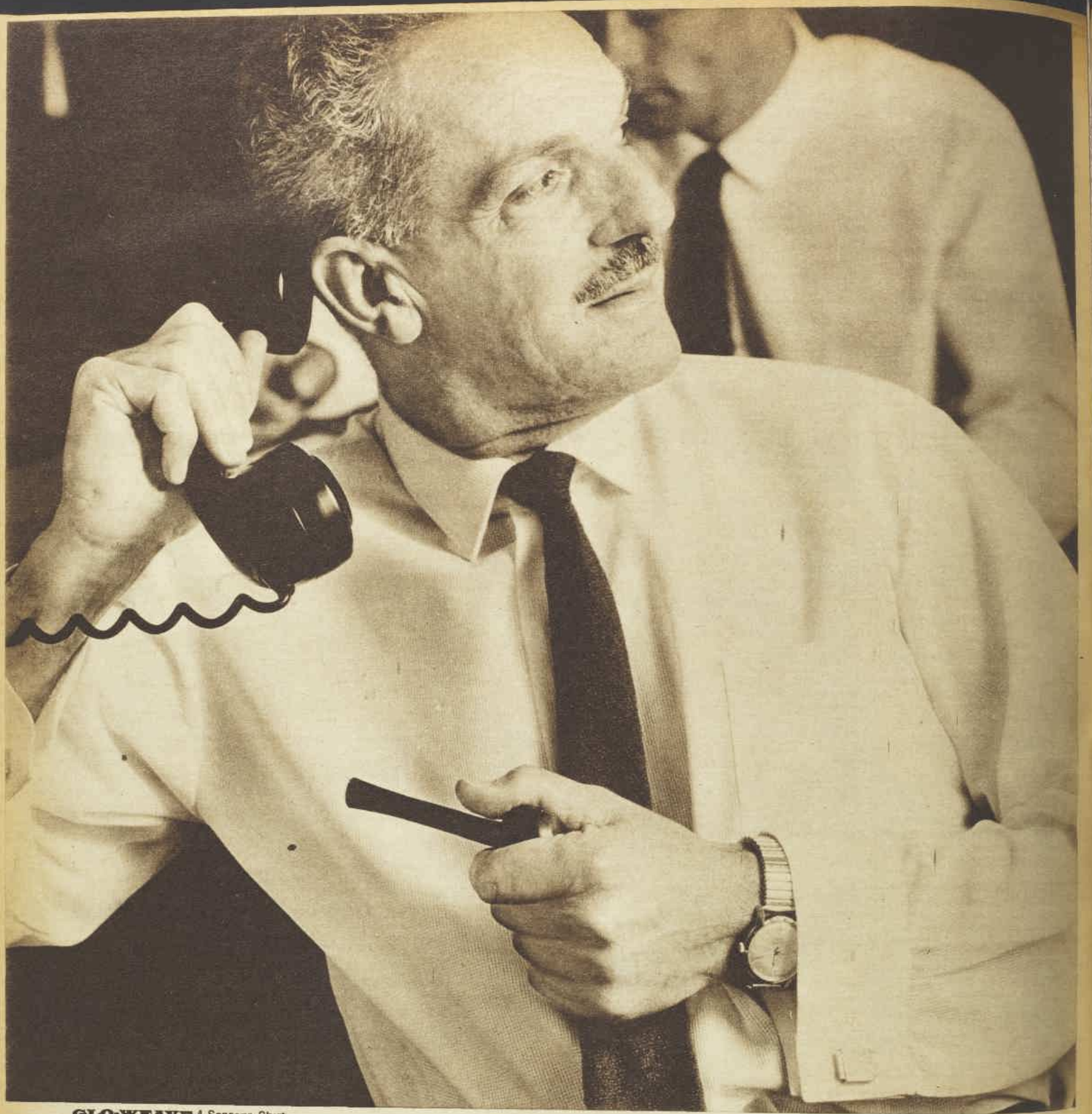

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Continued from page 35

THE INHABITANTS OF VENUS

little boy. He also said that if he hadn't found you you couldn't have gone on more than another fifty metres."

"Sssh." Robert's mother had the connection with the ski school now. "This is Mrs. Rosenthal again. Yes, thank you, he's doing as well as can be expected," she said, in her precise, melodious French. "We've been talking to him, and there's one aspect of his story that's a little strange. He says a man stopped and helped him take off his skis last night after he'd broken his leg, and promised to go to the ski school and leave the skis there and ask for a sled to be sent to bring him down. We'd like to know if, in fact, the man did report the accident. It would have been somewhere around six o'clock."

She listened for a moment, her face tense. "I see," she said, and listened again.

"No," she said, "we don't know his name. My son says he was about twenty-five years old, with blue eyes and a white cap. Wait a minute. I'll ask." She turned to Robert. "Robert, what kind of skis did you have? They're going to look and see if they're out in the rack."

"Attenhofer's," Robert said. "One metre seventy. And they have my initials in red up on the tips."

"Attenhofer's," his mother repeated over the phone. "And they have his initials on them. 'R.R.' In red. Thank you. I'll wait."

Robert's father came back from the window and doused his cigarette in an ashtray. Beneath the holiday tan his face looked weary and sick. "Robert," he said with a rueful smile, "you must learn to be more careful. You are my only male heir, and there is very little chance that I shall produce another."

"Yes, Papa," Robert said. "I'll be careful."

His mother waved impatiently at them to be quiet and listened again at the telephone. "Thank you," she said. "Please call me if you hear anything." She hung up. "No," she said to Robert's father, "the skis aren't there."

"It can't be possible," Robert's father said, "that a man would leave a little boy to freeze to death just to steal a pair of skis."

"I'd like to get my hands on him," Robert's mother said, "just for ten minutes. Robert, darling, think hard. Did he seem—well—did he seem normal?"

"He seemed all right," Robert said, "I suppose."

"Was there any other thing about him that you noticed? Think hard. Anything that would help us find him. It's not only for us, Robert. If there's a man in this town who would do something like that to you, it's important that people know about him before he does something even worse to other boys."

"Mama," Robert said, feeling close to tears under the insistence of her questioning. "I told you just the way it was. Everything. I'm not lying, Mama."

"What did he sound like, Robert?" his mother said. "Did he have a low voice, a high voice, did he sound like us, as though he lived in Paris, did he sound like any of your teachers, did he sound like the other people from around here, did he—"

"Oh," Robert said, remembering.

UNABLE to wait, his mother asked, "What is it? What do you want to say?"

"I had to speak German to him," Robert said. Until now, what with the pain and the morphine, it hadn't occurred to him to mention that.

"What do you mean, you had to speak German to him?"

"I started to speak to him in French, and he didn't understand. We spoke in German."

His parents exchanged glances. Then his mother said gently, "Was it real German? Or was it Swiss German? You know the difference, don't you?"

"Of course," Robert said. One of his father's parlor tricks was giving imitations of Swiss friends in Paris speaking first French and then Swiss German. Robert had a good ear for languages, and, aside from having heard his Alsatian grandparents speak German since he was an infant, he was studying German literature in school and knew long passages of Goethe and Schiller and Heine by heart. "It was German, all right," he said.

There was silence in the room. His father went over to the window again and looked out at the snow falling like a soft, blurred curtain outside. "I knew," his father said quietly, "that it couldn't just have been for the skis."

In the end his father won out. His mother wanted the police to try to find the man, even though his father pointed out that there were perhaps 5000 skiers in the town for the holidays, a good percentage of them German-speaking and blue-eyed, and that trains arrived and departed with them five times a day. Robert's father was sure that the man had left the very night Robert broke his leg, but during the remainder of his stay in the town Mr. Rosenthal prowled the snowy streets and went in and out of bars searching for the face that would answer Robert's description of the man on the mountain.

He said it would do no good to go to the police and might do harm, because once the story got out there would be plenty of people to complain that this was just another hysterical Jewish fantasy.

"There are plenty of Nazis in Switzerland, of all nationalities," Robert's father told his mother in the course of an argument that lasted for weeks, "and this will just give them more ammunition—they'll be able to say, 'See, wherever the Jews go they start trouble.'"

Robert's mother, who was made of sterner stuff and who had relatives in Germany who smuggled out disturbing letters, wanted justice at any cost, but after a while even she saw the hopelessness of pushing the matter further.

Four weeks after the accident, when Robert finally could be moved, as she sat beside her son, holding his hand, in the ambulance that would take them to Geneva and then on to Paris, she said in a dead voice, "Soon we must leave Europe. I cannot stand to live any more on a continent where things like this are permitted to happen."

Much later, during the war, after Mr. Rosenthal had died in occupied France and Robert and his mother and sister were in America, a friend of Robert's, who had also done a lot of skiing in Europe, heard the story of the man in the white cap and told Robert he was almost sure he recognised the man from the description Robert gave.

It was a ski instructor from Garmisch, or maybe from Oberndorf or Freudenstadt, who had a couple of rich Austrian clients with whom he toured each winter from one ski resort to another. Robert's friend didn't know the man's name, and the one time Robert got to Garmisch it was with French troops in the closing days of the war, and of course nobody was skiing then.

Now the man was standing just three feet from him, on the other side of the pretty Italian woman, his face framed by the straight black rows of skis, looking coolly, with insolent amusement, but without recognition, at Robert from under his almost-albino eyelashes. He was approaching 50 now, and his face was fleshy but hard and healthy, with a thin, set mouth that indicated control and self-discipline.

Robert hated him. He hated him for the attempted murder of a 14-year-old boy in 1938; he hated him for the acts he must have condoned or collaborated in during the war; he hated him for his father's death and his mother's exile; he hated him for what he had said about the pretty little American girl in the lambskin hat; he hated him for the impudence of his glance and the healthy, untouched robustness of his face and neck; he hated him because the man could look directly into the eyes of someone he had tried to kill and not recognise him; he hated him because he was here, bringing the idea of death and vengeance into this silvery bubble climbing through the placid holiday air of a kindly, welcoming country.

AND most of all he hated the man whose cap was black now because the man betrayed and made a sour joke of the precariously achieved peace that Robert had built with his wife, his children, his job, his comfortable, easygoing, generously forgetful Americanism since the war.

The German deprived him of his sense of normality. Living with a wife and three children in a clean, cheerful house was not normal; having your name in the telephone directory was not normal; lifting your hat to your neighbor and paying your bills was not normal; obeying the law and depending upon the protection of the police was not normal.

The German sent him back through the years to an older and truer normality—murder, blood, flight, conspiracy, pillage, and ruin. For a while Robert had deceived himself into believing that the nature of everyday things could change. The German in the crowded cabin had now put him to rights. Meeting the German had been an accident, but the accident had revealed what was permanent and non-accidental in his life and in the life of the people around him.

Mac was saying something to him, and the girl in the lambskin hat was singing an American song in a soft, small voice, but he didn't hear what Mac was saying, and the words of the song made no sense. He had turned away

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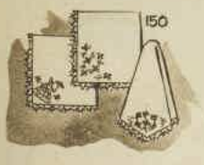

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THE INHABITANTS OF VENUS

Continued from page 49

from the German and was looking at the steep stone escarpment of the mountain, now almost obscured by a swirling cloud.

He felt confused and battered, and the images that raced through his mind were shadowy, veiled, like his glimpses of the mountain through the cloud—the man in the black cap lying in the snow, in a spreading red stain, himself standing over the man with a pistol in his hand (where could he find a weapon on this peaceful mountain?), the man struggling beneath him, the feel of the crushed, gasping throat between his strangling hands, the last terrified look of recognition and understanding, the man in the black cap sliding, skis flailing, hands clutching at the icy surface, going toward the brink, screaming as he went over and whirled down toward the rocks below.

And he himself? What? The plotter of a perfect crime? The joyous murderer? The just executioner? The prisoner in the dock explaining his justifiable crime? Condemned and waking, morning after morning for the rest of his life, in a prison cell? Or exonerated and going back, as though nothing had happened, to his neat white house and ordering his wife and children to believe that nothing had changed, that although there was blood on his hands, he was still the same husband, the same thoughtful father he had always been?

Murder. Murder. Men killed every hour for much less reason. They killed in the course of burglaries in which the loot was no more than 10 or 15 dollars. They killed in bars for differences of opinion. They killed in support of abstract political ideas; they killed for love, for religion, jealously, out of exasperation.

In other times men had killed for a slight, for a glass of wine thrown in the face. Was he civilised beyond the point of avenging slights? What had to be thrown in his face before he acted, what sneers was he prepared to endure?

Was it cowardice that made him hesitate? Was he like his father, holding back because he was worried about the opinion of neighbors who said Jews made trouble wherever they went?

Other Jews had killed without compunction, careless of all opinion. The Stern gang terrorists in Palestine, Jewish gangsters in the United States. Not all Jews were like his father.

And in Europe and Africa and Asia there was constant slaughter — Algerian revolutionaries shooting policemen on the bustling streets of Paris, a student in Japan running a sword throught a political leader, Congolese sergeants bayoneting tribal opponents. After all, murder was a commonplace event. Even in the United States, every hour of every day in the year, a murder was reported to the police.

During the war he had been ready enough to kill — for an ideal, for a country, for the safety of men who wore the same uniform he did. But it was harder to think of killing for himself, to avenge a wound out of his own past. Was it modesty on his part?

Did he feel that he was not important enough for so grave and irrevocable an act? Was he finally the victim of his mother's fussing and tender love, of nannies saying "Naughty boy," of polite schools, of rabbis dreaming about Jerusalem, of children's books, of coaches on long-forgotten athletic fields talking about fair play, of that vague, comfort-shaped, false, all-pervading doctrine by which Americans lived, whose key word was "arbitrate"?

What was there subject to arbitration between him and the man in the black cap who had left him on the mountainside to die?

It was not even a terribly special case. In the world of hatred and agony that the Germans had created, meetings between persecutors and victims were unavoidable. There had been so many persecutors, and for all their zeal they had left so many victims alive.

There were the stories, so frequent in Europe, of men who had been in concentration camps who had confronted their torturers after the war and turned them in to the authorities, and had the satisfaction of witnessing their execution. But to whom could he turn this German over — the Swiss police? For what crime, under what criminal code?

He could do what an ex-prisoner had done in Budapest three or four years after the war when he had met one of his former gaolers on a bridge over the Danube and had simply picked the man up and thrown him into the water and watched him drown. The ex-prisoner had explained who he was and who the drowned man was and had been let off and treated as a hero. But Switzerland was not Hungary, the Danube was far away, the war had been finished a long while ago.

Robert moved tensely in the crowded cabin. He could feel the sweat running unpleasantly down his ribs under his heavy sweater. The presence of so many people, chattering away with nothing on their minds but lunch or how to perfect the new Austrian ski technique disturbed him and made it difficult for him to think. And he had to think.

In a few minutes they would be on top of the mountain and a decision would have to be made, a decision which would change the course of his life.

No matter what he did, he had to get rid of Mac. This was something he could only solve alone. With Mac out of the way he could follow the man and wait for events to push him to one action or another. He might even surprise the man alone somewhere on the slopes and contrive a murder that would look like an accident. Maybe the man would insult him, enrage him to a point where instinct would take over, swamping all hesitation.

Whatever he did that day, Robert knew that he was not going to make it any kind of a duel. It was punishment he was after, not a symbol of honor. He closed his eyes and envisaged himself finishing the man off in a quiet

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RIVETS

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

LOW-PITCHED ROOF and deep eaves give ample shade to the house.

● This week's plan, No. 506, is of a house built in Perth. It is designed for a corner site, preferably with a view, and presents an attractive appearance from three angles.

THE attractive elevations on three sides of Plan No. 506 mean that this house is best if built on a corner site, and the patios on two sides of the house would benefit from a site with a good view.

One patio runs the length of both kitchen and dining-room. It is situated under the main roof, which gives it both shelter and shade for outdoor entertaining, thus providing a delightful private outdoor extension to the dining area.

Entry to the house is by way of the small front patio; immediately to the right is the living-room, with the master bedroom and two smaller bedrooms to the left.

A 5ft. 6in. screen wall separates the family room from the entrance, and there is a glass and brick screen on the dining-living side, giving a very spacious air to this whole section.

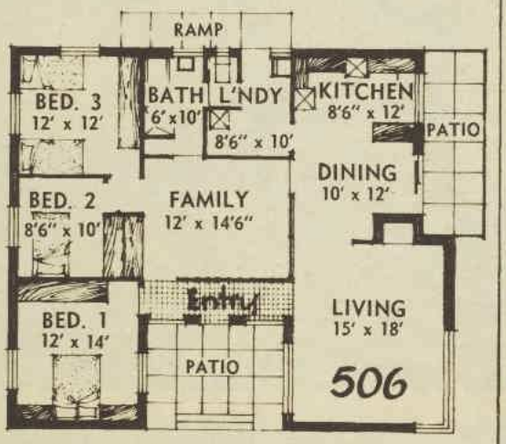
Bathroom, laundry, and kitchen are adjacent, saving plumbing costs and steps in a family house such as this. All these rooms have plenty of space and modern fittings. From the laundry there is direct access to the ramp and yard outside.

A large-sized family room gives children space in which to play and it is separated from both the living and dining areas for privacy and quiet.

Two of the three bedrooms are large enough to accommodate two beds each, making this an ideal family-sized house. All bedrooms have fitted wardrobes and in the main bedroom there is a wall-hung fitted unit with a built-in bedhead.

The low-pitched roof is covered with blue-black concrete tiles which form a good contrast against the white silica bricks and natural varnished woodwork.

The width of this plan area in timber construction is approximately 43 feet.



FLOOR PLAN showing patios at front and side.

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OLYMPIC YACHTSMAN'S HOME

PAVED COURTYARD of sandstone (above) leads up to the entrance of "Hopton Lodge," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Northam at Bayview, N.S.W. The house, which is painted white with grey shutters and a grey tiled roof, is set among beautiful gardens which are Mrs. Northam's pride and joy. Other side of house looks over Pittwater.

● Magnificent waterfront views blend with the formal beauty of "Hopton Lodge," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Northam at Bayview, N.S.W. The house, with its own private jetty and boatshed on the shores of Pittwater, is particularly suited to the interests of its owners, both of whom are keen sailing enthusiasts. Mr. Northam is skipper of the crew which will represent Australia in the yachting section at the Tokyo Olympic Games. More pictures on page 55.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

ENTRANCE HALL (left) is dominated by black and white tiled floor and the beautiful multicolored circular rug which was made in Hong Kong especially for this hall. Walls are covered with Japanese grass paper and the Chinese scroll is 18th century. At the bottom of the staircase is a bronze Chinese temple bell. Painting at the end of the entrance is by Phillip Sutton.

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SUPERB VIEWS of Pittwater can be seen from the balcony (above), which overlooks sweeping lawns and beautiful gardens stretching almost to the water's edge. The charming balcony rail is creeper-covered and has steps leading on to lawn. Above the balcony is a series of terraces used for outdoor entertaining and summer parties.

STUDY (below) reflects Mr. Northam's greatest love, sailing. Cups and trophies decorate the bookcases and mantelpiece and there is a model of a sailing vessel beside the portrait of Mr. Northam painted by noted Australian artist William Dargie. Desk is mahogany veneer and chairs are of hide.

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Polyurethane is one of the most perfect insulating materials modern science has yet discovered. It is twice as efficient as ordinary insulation used in standard refrigerators. It therefore takes less space, increasing storage space inside. Polyurethane is injected in foam form between the walls of the refrigerator. Then it solidifies, bonding together the cabinet walls and liner as one piece, adding superior structural strength to the whole refrigerator cabinet. This new thin-walled polyurethane insulation gives the ASTOR SPACEMAKER 15% extra storage space inside, better life-long insulation, greater strength.

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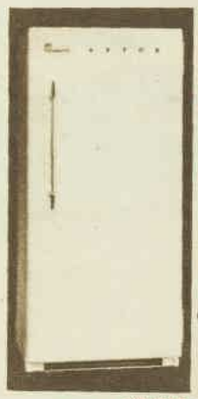

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OLYMPIC YACHTSMAN'S HOME . . . continued

LIVING-ROOM (above) is a subtle combination of elegance and informality needed in a waterfront home. Silk curtains hide a huge window which looks out over wonderful view of Pittwater. Citron curved lounge is scattered with silk cushions. Sofas and armchairs are of floral printed chintz. Round table has a red leather top, coffee tables are of marble on brass frames. Cabinet contains Mrs. Northam's jade collection.

LOVELY MASTER BEDROOM (above), where the all-white painted furniture is a foil for the clever toning of greens and yellows. Lemon walls blend with green silk day bed, end stool, and chair. Curtains are a delicate floral print. A bathroom leads off at right and a dressing-room and walk-in wardrobe are at left.

BRIGHT DINING-ROOM (above) is a pleasing combination of soft tangerine and olive-green. Suite is pickle-finished wood with orange leather chairs, and the buffet is black lacquered wood with hand-painted orange doors. Olive-and-white striped curtains match carpet and wall. Painting over buffet is by Sali Herman.

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HAZEL . . . . . . by Ted Key

"Ingenious, but . . ."

Hazel can be seen on Launceston's Channel 9 at 6.20 p.m., Thursdays.

Continued from page 50

THE INHABITANTS OF VENUS

and isolated place, hidden from all eyes by the enveloping cloud—how the finish would come he didn't know. Somehow. Then he would pull the body off into the forest, leave it there for the snow to cover, for weeks, months (VICTIM OF SKIING ACCIDENT DISCOVERED BY FARMER TWO MONTHS AFTER DISAPPEARANCE), then get out of the country fast, divulging nothing to anyone.

Robert had never killed a man. During the war he had been assigned by the American Army as part of a liaison team to a French division, and though he had been shot at often enough, he had never fired a gun in Europe. When the war was over he had been secretly thankful that he had been spared the question of whether or not he was capable of killing. Now he understood—he had not been spared. The question was still open. His war was not over.

And if he didn't kill—then what? Get the man alone, beat him to the ground, kick in his head with the big, heavy ski boots, leave him disfigured, marked for life with a broken face to bear witness to the vengeance he had so thoroughly deserved.

Maybe that, Robert thought; maybe that. Let him go to the police and complain. I would like that. He had a feeling that no matter what happened, the man would keep the police out of it if he could.

So, Robert decided, follow him. See what develops. Don't let him out of your sight. Let what happens happen.

And swiftly—it had to happen swiftly, before the man realised that he was the object of any special attention, before he began to wonder about the American on his tracks, before the face of the skinny 14-year-old boy on the dark mountain in 1938 emerged in his memory from the avenging face of the grown man before him now.

"Say, Robert." It was Mac's voice finally breaking into his consciousness. "What's the matter? I've been talking to you for thirty seconds and you haven't heard a word I said. Are you sick? You look awfully queer, lad."

"I'm all right," Robert said. He made a great effort to make his face look like the face of the man Mac had skied with every day for a week. "I have a headache. That's all. Maybe I'd better eat something, get something warm to drink. You go ahead down by yourself."

"Of course not," Mac said. "I'll wait for you."

"Don't be silly," Robert said, trying to keep his tone natural and friendly. "You'll lose the Contessa. Actually, I don't feel much like skiing any more today. The weather's turned lousy." He gestured at the cloud that was blanketing the mountain. "You can't see a thing. I'll probably take the lift back down."

"Hey, you're beginning to worry me," Mac said anxiously. "I'll stick with you. You want me to take you to a doctor?"

"Leave me alone, please, Mac," Robert said.

HE had to get rid of Mac. If it meant hurting his feelings he'd make it up to him some way later. "When I get one of these headaches I prefer being alone."

"You're sure now?" Mac asked.

"I'm sure."

"OK. See you at the hotel for tea?"

"Yes," Robert said. After murder, he thought, I always have a good tea. After murder—or whatever. He prayed that the Italian girl would put her skis on and move off quickly once they got to the top so that Mac would be gone before he started off after the man in the black cap.

The cabin was swinging over the last pylon now and slowing down to come into the station. The passengers were stirring, arranging clothes, testing bindings in preparation for their descent.

Robert stole a quick glance at the German. The woman with him was knotting a silk scarf around his throat with little wifely gestures. She had the face of a cook, splotchy, with a red nose. Neither she nor the man looked in Robert's direction. I will handle the problem of the woman when I come to it, Robert thought.

The cabin stopped and the skiers began to disembark. Robert was close to the door and was one of the first out.

Without looking back he walked swiftly away from the station and into the shifting greyness of the mountaintop. The mountain dropped off in a sheer, rocky face on one side of the station, and Robert went over and stood at the edge looking out.

If the German for any reason happened to come near him, to see how thick the cloud was on that side or to judge the condition of the snow on the Kaisergarten, which had to be entered farther on, but which cut back under the cliff lower down where the slope became more gradual, there was a possibility that a quick move on Robert's part would send the man crashing down to the rocks 100 metres below, and then the whole thing would be over. Robert turned and faced the station exit, searching the crowd of brightly

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

57 It does matter whose baby foods you buy

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dressed skiers for the Afrika Korps cap.

He saw Mac come out with the Italian girl. He was talking to her and carrying her skis, and the girl was smiling warmly. Mac waved at Robert and then knelt to help the girl put on her skis. Robert took a deep breath. Mac, at least, was out of the way. And the American group had decided to have lunch on top and had gone into the restaurant near the station.

The Afrika Korps cap was not to be seen. The German and the woman had not yet come out. There was nothing unusual about that. People often waxed their skis in the station, where it was warm, or went to the toilets downstairs before starting down the mountain. It was all to the good. The longer the German took the fewer people there would be hanging around to notice Robert when he set out after the man.

Robert waited at the cliff's edge. In the swirling, cold cloud he felt capable, powerful, curiously light-headed. For the first time in his life he understood the profound, sensual pleasure of destruction. I think I can do it, he thought; I really think I can do it. He waved gaily at Mac and the Italian girl as they moved off together on the traverse to one of the easier runs on the other side of the mountain.

THEN the door to the station opened again, and the woman who had been with the German came out. She had her skis on, and Robert realised that they had been so long inside because they were putting their skis on in the waiting-room. In bad weather people often did that so they wouldn't freeze their hands outdoors on the icy metal of the bindings. The woman held the door open, and Robert saw the man in the Afrika Korps cap coming through the opening.

But he wasn't coming out like everybody else. He was hopping, with great ability, on one leg. The other leg had been cut off at mid-thigh. To keep his balance the German had miniature skis fixed on the ends of his poles, instead of the usual thonged baskets.

Through the years Robert had seen other one-legged skiers, veterans of Hitler's armies who had refused to let their mutilation keep them off the mountains they loved, and he had admired their fortitude and skill. But he felt no admiration for the man in the Afrika Korps cap.

All he felt was a bitter sense of loss, of having been deprived at the last moment of something that had been promised him and that he had wanted and desperately needed, because he knew he was not strong enough to murder or maim a man already maimed, to punish the already punished, and he despised himself for his own weakness.

Now he understood something else, too. He understood why the German had been so carelessly loud in expressing his contempt for the

Continued from page 58

THE INHABITANTS OF VENUS

Americans in the cabin. His severed leg conferred on him a cripple's immunity, and, cynically, he had enjoyed it to the full.

Robert watched as the man made his way across the snow with crab-like cunning, hunched over the poles with the infants' skis on their ends. Two or three times, when the man and the woman came to a rise, the woman got behind the man silently, and pushed him up the slope until he could move under his own power again.

The cloud had been swept away, and there was a momentary burst of sunlight. In it Robert saw the man and the woman traverse to the entrance of the steepest run on the mountain. Without hesitating, the man plunged into it, skiing skilfully, overtaking the more timid or weaker skiers who were picking their way cautiously down the slope.

Dully, Robert watched the two of them descend the mountain, the man hideously graceful, wounded and invulnerable, and soon the couple became tiny figures on the white expanse below. Now Robert knew there was nothing to be done, nothing more to wait for except a cold, hopeless, everlasting forgiveness.

The two figures disappeared out of the sunlight into the solid bank of cloud that cut across the lower part of the mountain.

Then Robert went back to where he had left his skis and put them on. He did it clumsily. His hands were cold because he had taken off his mittens in the cabin of the cable-car in that hopeful and innocent past ten minutes ago when he had thought the German insult could be paid back with a few blows of a bare fist.

He went off fast on the run that Mac had taken with the Italian girl, and he caught up with them before they were halfway down.

It began to snow when they reached the village, and they went into the hotel and had a hilarious lunch with a lot of wine, and the girl gave Mac her address and said he should be sure to look her up the next time he came to Milan.

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"Fight, team, fight!"

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Rumour: "Inga and The King of Siam?"

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Dana Crestlon comes in a rich range of weights and textures — tweeded or waffled or carved. All stain resistant, washable and drip-dry.

As Inga finds herself in the very best of circles, it's highly likely she and the King of Siam will meet. Even so, Inga is not just for export — she graces local interiors, too. To make her acquaintance yourself just ask for Inga by Danish De Luxe; but only at the very best furniture stores.

Danish DeLuxe

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The two-piece dress illustrated below is specially chosen for a reader who requested a suitable design to wear to a formal 4 p.m. wedding.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"I am attending a formal afternoon wedding and wish to make a new outfit for this occasion. Could you suggest a style for which I could get the pattern? I take a size 12 fitting and like tailored styles. I would also like you to tell me the most suitable fabric for the style you suggest."

A two-piece dress is very much in fashion and I suggest a design in this category. The dress could be made in shantung, crepe, jersey, or sheer wool. A soft beige looks very pretty in any of these fabrics.

If you decide on this color, have the accessories in a matching shade. The all-beige look is very effective.

The design is illustrated below. The easy-fitting overblouse has a cowl neckline in front, and buttons at centre back. The slim skirt has front gathers. Under the picture are details and how to order.

"Is it correct for a bride to wear a gown with a low scooped-out neckline? I wish to follow this style because I want to convert my wedding gown into a dress for the ballroom after the wedding is over."

It is perfectly correct to have a wedding dress finished with a decollete neckline. Have you thought of having a detachable train fastened to the shoulder-line of the dress? This idea will simplify the conversion of the wedding gown into a ballroom dress.

"I want something really new and smashing for at-home entertaining during the summer. I am very fashion-conscious and love smart, striking clothes."

Patio pyjamas are very much in vogue for entertaining at home. This fashion is particularly suited to the Sydney climate and way of life. The newest designs in this category have bell-bottom trousers and matching short-cut sleeveless top. The material can be quite formal; Italian designer, Pucci, who is famous for his resort fashions, suggests at-home pyjamas in white lace.

6105. — Two-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16, for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6105, price 7/6 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Could you advise me about an ugly figure fault, which is a roll of fat above my waistline? I purchased a sheath frock, as I thought it would disguise my fault, but it seems to show it up."

Unless a dress is semi-fitted it will not disguise a roll of fat. My advice is to check your weight, you may need to lose a few pounds. I also advise some stretch exercises.

FOLLOW the SUN!

these winter week-ends with this new GOLDEN CIRCLE dish

ISLAND ROAST

Have finely minced and blend together 2lb. beef steak and 1lb. fresh pork. Add 1 tspn. each browned gravy flour, salt, mixed mustard and ¼ tspn. pepper. Shape into roast about 7" diameter. Place in foil-lined pan, sprinkle with melted butter, bake in moderate oven (350 degs. F.) about 1 hour. Place on warmed platter surrounded by papaw pumpkin and rice-filled capsicum halves. Serve with generous helping of Golden Circle Sweet-Sour Sauce. Sauce: Place in saucepan 15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Crushed Pineapple, ½ cup vinegar, 2 tspns. soy sauce, thin slice green ginger, ½ cup shredded raw carrot. When boiling, stir in 2 tspns. cornflour blended in ¼ cup water. Simmer for few minutes, then serve. (All spoon measurements are level.)

Golden Circle TROPICAL SLICED PINEAPPLE

PEEL A CAN TODAY

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

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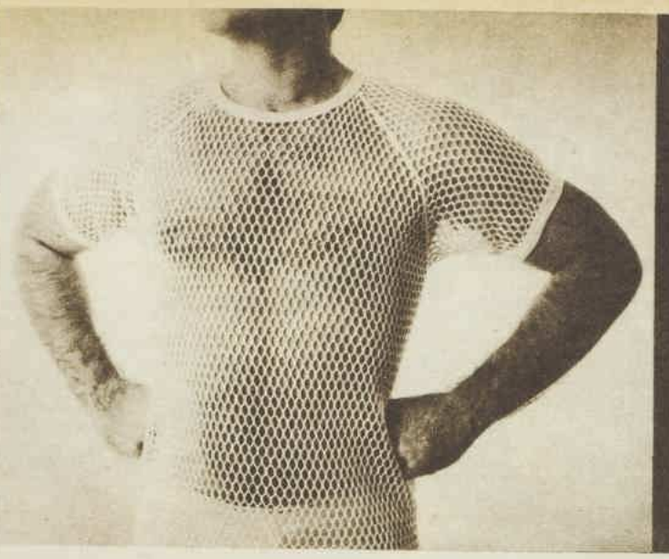

It's FATHER'S DAY
6th SEPTEMBER
But Mother Knows Best!

Sutex® NORDIC UNDERWEAR

Amazing new Nordic Healthwear keeps him cool when it's hot, cosily warm when it's cold. It's the only effective all weather underwear ever invented. In pure soft cotton. The T-Shirt $2.50 (24/11). The Briefs $2.00 (19/11). The Athletic Singlet $2.00 (19/11).

It's FATHER'S DAY
6th SEPTEMBER
But Mother Knows Best!

Sutex® KNITWEAR

Here are just three of the many smart knitwear styles for your man. From left: "Elite" — fully fashioned pullover in finest merino wool, featured with new saddle shoulders. Latest colours. From $11.95 (£5/19/6). "Smart Set" — a fully fashioned jacket with the casual look in pure wool. Twin pockets and latest five button front from $15.00 (£7/10/0). "Hi-Fashion" — a full fashioned stitched raglan styled pullover in finest merino wool. All wanted colours. From $11.95 (£5/19/6).

1910

BRI* NYLON

It's FATHER'S DAY
6th SEPTEMBER
But Mother Knows Best!

Sutex® SOCKS

Sutex socks are everywhere right now! They're just **that** good! Choose from these styles. From left: Sutex Super Support Socks, the fashionable answer to leg fatigue $3.00 (30/-). Sutex "Banlons" for fit and comfort $1.18 (11/9). Sutex "Classics" wool and Bri-Nylon stretch socks $1.25 (12/6). Sutex "Stayflex" Terylene and Bri-Nylon socks in new weaves $1.25 (12/6).

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SWIMSUIT BY Catalina, STYLE 760

The cutest bit of nonsense that ever went to sea!

Nautical number from the new 'BRI-NYLON' swimwear collection! Never before such lively fashions □ never such fabulous jiffy-dry fabrics □ with the beauty-bonus of shape-retaining 'BRI-NYLON' stretch □ and all that 'BRI-NYLON' genius for colour. So much fashion — and jealously-guarded 'BRI-NYLON' quality, too □ No maker can use the 'BRI-NYLON' name until his product has been tested and approved by Fibremakers Ltd., founders of the great Australian man-made fibres industry □ ruthlessly tested for fabric . . . making . . . colour . . . laundering . . . lasting □ tested for integrity.

Look for the BRI before you buy!

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Continued from page 29

THE KEEPSAKE

"Do not tremble, my dearest," the Captain encouraged her. "You must concede that the weather at least is favorable."

"I always hoped the end of the world might look something like this," was Dorothea's rather startling reply.

"I hope it may be half so pleasant," the Captain murmured. "Still, it's a poor compliment to my sister to compare a visit to her house with the end of the world."

"What did she say when you told her — about me?" Dorothea asked, her eyes, like that of the poet, in a fine frenzy rolling. "She did not approve, I am sure."

"Why should she not?" the Captain asked.

"She will think me very light upon the scales, and so I am. And then to lose an unattached brother, with she herself a widow with an only son . . ."

"Then you must let her see that she is gaining a sister," said the Captain, fondly. "But I think you wrong her. She is not a dragon." Though, to be candid, he told himself, there are those, and not the least hardy among us, who might prefer an encounter with this mythical beast.

Nothing he could say, however, could reassure his pretty love; she fidgeted and fidgeted until she had worked loose a ribbon from her dress, discovering which she uttered a kind of moan.

"Come, there's no great harm done," George soothed her. "My sister will provide you with needle and thread . . ."

"No, no," cried Dorothea. "First impressions are so important." She had a proposal to make. Madame Rene, Mamma's dressmaker, lived in a small house, almost a cottage, near by. They were now passing through the delightful village of Kensington, with its large houses and secluded gardens, set about with open spaces. The cottage in question was in Barton Avenue, and there Madame or her apprentice would supply the missing stitch . . .

Indulgently he agreed to her whim, and turned the horses' heads. Madame Rene described herself as a Court dressmaker, and though it was improbable that any of her confections had actually been seen at Court, she was, in Mrs. Carter's opinion, quite good enough for a Miss Chit who could make any rag appear a thing of beauty. Of all her youthful clients, and Mrs. Carter was by no means alone in her opinion, Dorothea was Madame's favorite.

The Captain drew up in front of the neat little house, its pocket-handkerchief lawn and stunted laburnum tree at the front, its scrap of garden at the back, and assisted his love to dismount.

"Remember what I have told you, Dorothea," he counselled her. "My sister is a dragon for punctuality, a torn ribbon would be forgotten long before a lost five minutes escaped the memory."

"Oh, George," she said, and for one astounded instant he thought she was about to throw herself into his arms, there on the open pavement under, you may be sure, a dozen pair of eyes watching from behind discreet lace curtains.

As though aware of the conspicuousness of the whole, Captain Ruston drove on a short distance after he had seen his love disappear and paused beside a Green. The footman stood at the horses' heads; the Captain smiled and became lost in reverie. He was remembering exactly what his alarming sister had said when she heard the news of his engagement.

"If you have to clutter yourself with a wife are there not sensible women enough of your own period, that you must speak for a gel twenty years your junior, and I daresay without two ideas to rub one against the other? What will you do for conversation when you're not entertaining of an evening or being entertained?"

THE Captain forbore to point out that a young man does not normally marry to ensure sensible after-dinner conversation.

The striking of a clock on the Green brought him back to the moment. It was as he had feared. Dorothea's attention had been so much engaged with frills and furbelows that she hadn't a thought to spare for the man waiting patiently outside, to say nothing of the ordeal just ahead.

He strode back to No. 14, but the lace curtains masked the windows and he could hear no sound. So he opened the gate and thundered on the knocker.

A little maidservant, looking sheet-white, opened the door.

"Be good enough to let Miss Carter know that I am here," he asked her.

The scrap put a folded fist against her mouth in a curiously childish gesture.

"Oh, sir!" she said. And waited.

The Captain waited also.

"Oh, sir!" she said again, and burst into tears. Captain Ruston was suddenly alarmed.

"Now, my girl, no snivelling, if you please," he observed briskly. "Has aught happened to Miss Carter?"

And he remembered the fairy tale of the girl pricked by a needle, who fell asleep for a hundred years.

Madame Rene was fitting a most distinguished client when the sound of Betty's unrestrained weeping and the Captain's parade-ground tones came thundering through the door. With a murmur of apology she left her client, and came into the neat little hall.

"Yes, sir?" she said, slightly awed by her visitor.

"Oh, Madame. it's Miss Carter," sobbed the unfortunate Betty.

"Miss Carter? I have no fitting arranged with Miss Carter for today."

"No, Madame. But . . ."

Madame ignored her, turning to the Captain. "I can assure you, sir," — she was at her most regal — "you will not find Miss Carter here."

To page 69

What is the most natural way to bottle-feed baby?

Baby authorities agree that rubber teats remain the best of present-day feeding methods if two essential features are present. First, rubber with the tender softness of a mother's breast. Second, a teat of natural shape. Maw's Anti-Colic Teats meet both essentials. Maw's Teats are made by a 'dipping' process — which gives a beautifully soft teat, nearer to nature than hard, moulded teats. Maw's Teats are cherry-shaped for correct feeding action. Maw's Teats in four hole sizes fit any bottle with the Maw's Adaptor. Maw/Milton Sterilizing Unit is the positive way to keep teats and bottles clean, germ-free. From your family chemist. T11

FRECKLES

can be faded quickly, easily with fast-acting Masque — a new medicated cream. Enjoy a clear, radiant complexion. Write now, enclosing 5d. stamp, for full information to: Rice Research Laboratories Pty. Ltd. Dept. 300 Box 7, George St. North P.O., Sydney.

Fashion **FROCKS**

● ***Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.***

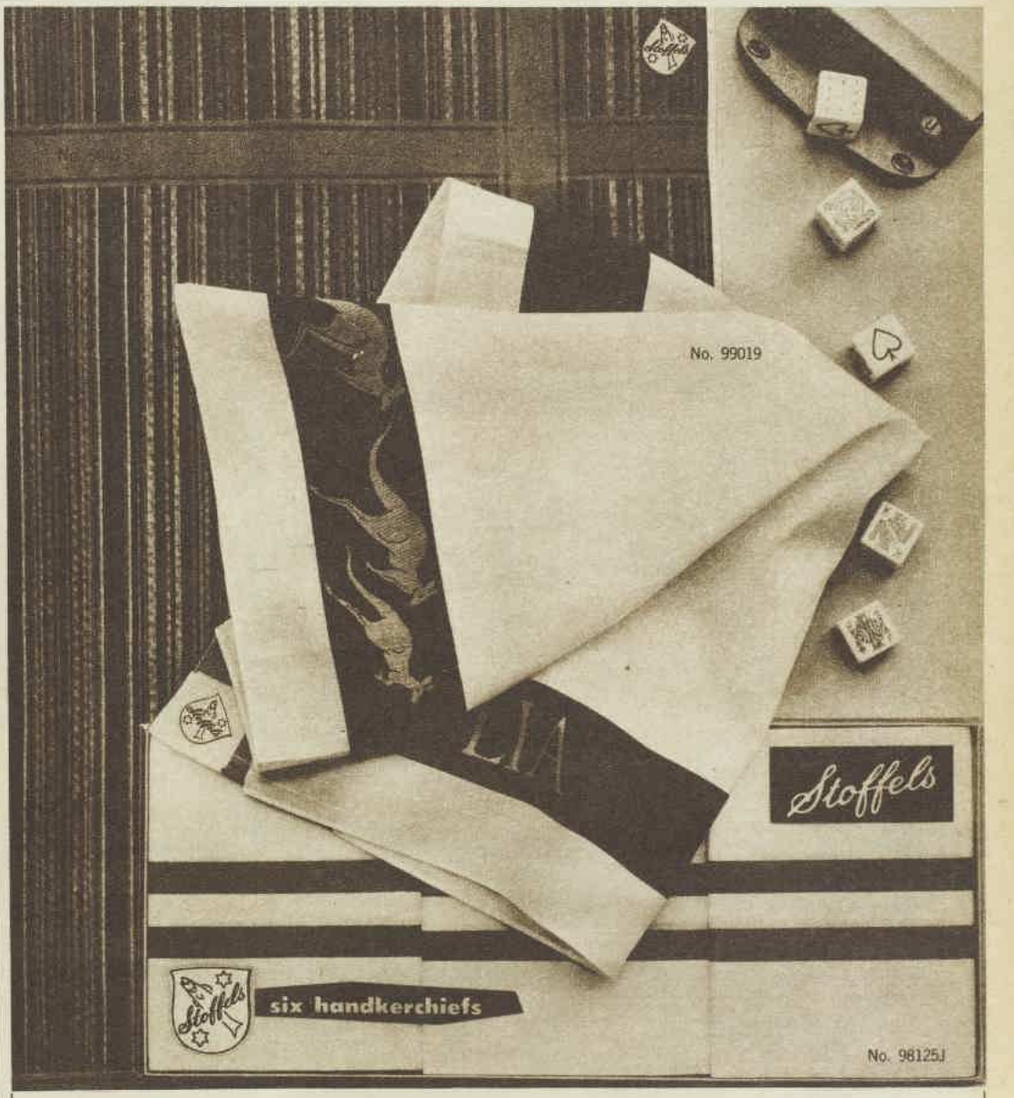
"MONICA." — This smart outfit, featuring a dress with a scoop neckline and a dainty bow - trimmed jacket, is made from a rayon-cotton mixture. It is available, with full making instructions, in white, pale pink, lemon, pale blue, and black.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £7/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £7/15/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/7/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/9/6.

Postage 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address given on page 49. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Give STOFFELS for FATHER'S DAY...

Stoffels Swiss Handkerchiefs have always been "ace-high" with well-dressed men of the world. A handsome new box, containing six men's handkerchiefs, has been added to Stoffels range. Stoffels Handkerchiefs are, of course, also available singly and in boxes of threes — superb in quality and superb in design. At all Stores.

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Swing into spring with a new Kelvinator

Spring is bustin' out all over. And so are we. To celebrate our 50th year as leaders in design and engineering, we are offering this new exciting 2-door model — *years ahead in refrigeration.*

So swing into spring with a new Kelvinator. This is your best time to buy. Right now your Kelvinator retailer is celebrating our 50th Anniversary by giving you a very special trade-in offer.

Choose from 4 spectacular models — Model 694 (illustrated above), 14 cu. ft. 'NO FROST' — 315 gns. Model 693 (as above), 14 cu. ft. Cyclic Automatic Defrost — 299 gns. Model 493 — upright doors, 'NO FROST' — 359 gns. Other models from only 129 gns. Prices slightly higher in some areas. Available with left or right hand door.

Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama with exclusive 'NO FROST' system

At the top a big separate deep freeze that safely stores up to 98 lbs. of frozen foods for months at a time. And, for the first time in Australia, it has exclusive 'NO FROST' system. There's never any frost on walls, shelves — not even on frozen food packages! And packages just can't stick together.

Below, there's a big, family-size refrigerator that's frost-free, too. Packed with features that make life easier. Little wonder this 2-door Foodarama is called "fabulous". It opens up a whole new world of luxurious living. And, its 2 separate doors give faster freezing, better refrigeration.

CHOOSE **Kelvinator** FOR BETTER LIVING

REFRIGERATORS • WASHERS • FREEZERS • AIR CONDITIONING

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RECIPES FROM OUR

LEILA HOWARD

TEST

KITCHEN

Oven Meals

• Well-planned oven meals are an economical way to cook. In addition to a main dish, vegetables and soup, or a sweet, can cook in the oven together, and save you much time and fuel.

IN this feature are five menus, each containing at least two dishes that can be cooked in the oven at the same time. They are all tempting, satisfying meals that the family can enjoy.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes.

MENU 1

Casserole of Pork Chops

Green Salad

Buttered French Bread

Macaroon Pears

CASSEROLE OF PORK CHOPS

Six medium pork chops, 1½ cups rice, 1 pint chicken stock, pinch mixed dried herbs, 2 onions, salt and pepper, 3 ripe tomatoes, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute.

Heat butter or substitute in frying-pan and brown chops on both sides. Put rice in bottom of greased casserole; slice vegetables, lay browned chops on rice, top with sliced tomatoes and onions. Sprinkle over the herbs, salt and pepper, then pour over the stock. Cover, bake about 1 hour in moderate oven. Serve with green salad, french bread, and butter.

MACAROON PEARS

Half cup melted butter, ½ cup brown sugar, 2 cups coarse dry breadcrumbs, 1-3rd cup honey, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 6 medium-sized pears, cream or custard.

Combine butter, sugar, crumbs, honey, and cinnamon. Peel pears and coat outside of each with crumb mixture. Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Serve hot with cream or custard.

MENU 2

Steak and Kidney Ragout

Fluffy Rice *Oven Carrots*

Baked Lemon Pudding

STEAK AND KIDNEY RAGOUT

Two pounds round steak, 4 sheep's kidneys, seasoned flour, ¼lb. mushrooms, 1 onion, ½ cup chopped celery, 2 rashers bacon, 3 tomatoes, 1½ cups stock, salt and pepper, rice.

Cut steak into cubes, skin and chop kidney. Roll in seasoned flour and place in large greased casserole. Add the sliced mushrooms, onion, celery, and the bacon, cut into squares. Top with sliced tomatoes, add stock, salt and pepper. Cover, bake 1½ hours in moderate oven.

Serve with rice which has been put into a casserole with stock (allow 2½ cups stock to ½ cup rice) and baked until tender.

OVEN CARROTS

Four shallots (chopped), 2 tablespoons butter, about 1 dozen baby carrots (scraped), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, little pepper, ¼ cup cream or top of milk.

Fry the shallots in the heated butter until soft and golden. Add the carrots, parsley, salt and pepper and spoon into greased casserole. Pour over cream, cover, and bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

BAKED LEMON PUDDING

Three eggs, 2oz. fresh white breadcrumbs, 2oz. sugar, ¾ pint milk, juice and grated rind of 2 lemons.

Separate eggs. Combine crumbs and sugar in saucepan and pour over boiling milk. Add a little hot milk to beaten egg-yolks and stir into crumb mixture. Heat gently, stirring until thick. Cool, stir in lemon rind and juice. Beat egg-whites stiffly and fold into mixture. Pour into greased ovenproof dish, bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve hot.

MENU 3

French Lamb's Fry

Mashed Potatoes *Ginger Carrots*

Rhubarb and Rice Cream Dessert

FRENCH LAMB'S FRY

Two young lamb's fry, seasoned flour, 8 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 large onion, 2 egg-yolks, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and freshly ground pepper, ½ pint stock or water, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 3 bacon rashers.

Soak lamb's fry in cold salted water 1 hour. Drain, skin, and dry. Cut into serving-sized pieces, about ½in. thick, coat with seasoned flour. Mix breadcrumbs with grated onion, parsley, salt, pepper, and egg-yolks. Divide mixture over meat slices. Cut bacon into dice. Place meat slices in greased baking-dish (crumbed sides facing up), cover with bacon pieces, pour on stock and sauce. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes or until meat is tender. Serve with fluffy mashed potatoes and ginger carrots (see below).

GINGER CARROTS

Six large carrots, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon grated green ginger, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Wash and peel carrots, slice very thin. Place in greased casserole, cover with combined mixture of milk, sugar, ginger, salt and pepper. Dot with butter. Cover casserole tightly, cook in moderate oven approximately 1 hour or until carrots are tender. Sprinkle with parsley, serve hot.

RHUBARB AND RICE CREAM DESSERT

One bunch rhubarb, 1 cup water, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 tablespoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup cooked rice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter, ½ cup milk, 1 egg.

Clean rhubarb, cut into 1in. pieces. Put into saucepan with water and ½ cup sugar; cook gently until tender. Turn into ovenproof dish, sprinkle with orange juice, sugar, and ¼ teaspoon cinnamon. Spoon rice topping on top of hot rhubarb, cook in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes.

CASSEROLE OF PORK CHOPS is easy to prepare and tastes delicious. See Menu 1 below left.

Rice Topping: Combine rice and milk with egg-yolk, add to sifted flour, salt, and ½ teaspoon cinnamon; add melted butter. Beat egg-white until stiff, beat in sugar. Fold into rice mixture, pile on top of rhubarb.

MENU 4

Baker's Shoulder of Lamb

Tomato Pie

Parisian Baked Apples

BAKER'S SHOULDER OF LAMB

Medium-sized shoulder of lamb or mutton, 8 potatoes, 3 onions, 1 clove garlic (slivered), salt and pepper, little butter or fat, ½ cup stock.

Peel potatoes and onions, slice thinly. Make incisions in meat with sharp pointed knife, press garlic slivers into incisions. Grease large ovenware dish, arrange potatoes and onions in layers, leaving a space in centre for the meat. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, put in the meat. Put piece of butter on top of meat, moisten vegetables with stock. Place in moderate oven, cook about 1 hour, adding more stock if vegetables become dry. Sprinkle over chopped parsley before serving.

TOMATO PIE

Four or five large tomatoes, 1 small onion (peeled and grated), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, sugar, salt and pepper, fresh breadcrumbs, 1oz. butter.

Place layer of peeled and sliced tomatoes in greased ovenproof dish. Top with little grated onion, little chopped parsley, and sprinkling of salt, pepper, and sugar. Continue in this manner until all tomatoes are used; top with a layer of fresh breadcrumbs. Dot with butter, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Continued overleaf

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OUR LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

● Although this delicious, low-calorie dessert is specially planned for dieters, it will be enjoyed by the whole family.

COFFEE MOUSSE

One tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1 large can evaporated milk, 2 teaspoons liquid sweetener, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee powder.

Place cold water in small saucepan, sprinkle over the gelatine. Stir over moderate heat until gelatine is dissolved. Stir in 1 cup of the evaporated milk, instant coffee, liquid sweetener, and vanilla. Chill mixture until it reaches consistency of unbeaten egg-white. Meanwhile, pour remaining milk into refrigerator-tray and freeze until ice crystals form round edges. Beat until thick. Beat into gelatine mixture. Pour into serving-dish, chill until firm.

Serves 6; calories per serving, 85.

OVEN MEALS . . continued

MENU 5

Baked Veal with Tomatoes and Potatoes

Buttered Peas

Apple Pandowdy

or

Passionfruit Citrus Pudding

BAKED VEAL WITH TOMATOES AND POTATOES

Two and a half pounds veal (cut from shoulder or leg), vinegar, salt and pepper, 2 onions (finely chopped), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 2 tablespoons butter, 3 large tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 1 bayleaf, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 cups diced potatoes, 1 cup veal or beef stock.

Have meat tied in a neat shape for roasting. Rub with about 1 teaspoon vinegar, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Fry onion in heated butter until transparent, then add tomatoes and garlic; simmer gently 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Pour mixture into greased casserole, add bayleaf and parsley. Place meat in casserole and cover; bake in moderate oven 40 minutes, turning once. Then add diced potatoes and stock. Cover, bake further 45 minutes. Transfer meat to serving-dish, arrange potatoes round. Spoon over the tomato gravy.

Serve with fresh peas which have been cooked in a casserole with a little salted water and butter.

APPLE PANDOWDY

Two cups peeled and sliced apples, lemon juice, grated rind of half a lemon, ¼ cup brown sugar, 4oz. sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, ½ cup milk, ¼ cup melted butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg.

Sprinkle apples with lemon juice, stir in lemon rind. Place in layer in bottom of greased ovenproof dish, cover with brown sugar. Sift dry ingredients, add milk, melted butter, and egg. Mix well, pour batter over apples. Bake in moderate oven about 35 minutes. Cool slightly, then invert on large serving-plate. Cut into squares, serve warm with a bowl of whipped cream.

PASSIONFRUIT CITRUS PUDDING

Four ounces sugar, 3oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. plain flour, grated rind ½ lemon and 1 tablespoon lemon juice, pulp 2 passionfruit, ½ pint milk, 2 eggs (separated).

Beat sugar and butter to a cream, add flour, lemon rind and juice and passionfruit pulp. Separate eggs, mix in egg-yolks, milk. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold into mixture. Fill into greased ovenware dish, bake in moderate oven until set. Serve hot.

MENU 4 . . . continued from previous page

PARISIAN BAKED APPLES

Four large juicy red apples, 4 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons melted butter, water, 4 teaspoons finely chopped crystallised ginger, 2 tablespoons finely chopped blanched almonds, 6 macaroons (crumbled), extra butter, 1 cup cream, 2 tablespoons icing sugar, ½ teaspoon almond essence.

Remove cores from unpeeled apples, place in ovenproof dish. Melt butter, combine with honey and fill into centres of apples. Add ½in. water to dish; bake apples in moderate oven until tender, basting now and then and adding water as needed. Meanwhile, brown the chopped almonds in little butter, add macaroons and work into a paste. Remove apples from oven, place 1 teaspoon of chopped ginger inside each, spread tops with macaroon mixture; brown quickly in hot oven. Serve with the cream which has been whipped and flavored with the icing sugar and almond essence.

LITTLE EXTRAS FOR THE OVEN

WHILE the oven is on and you have a little room to spare, why not mix up a quick cake or biscuit to use for the lunchboxes the following day.

SULTANA NUT LOAF

One cup sultanas, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cold water, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon spice, 8oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

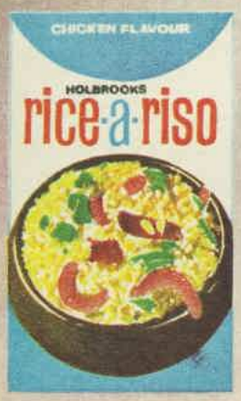
Boil together about 5 minutes the sultanas, sugar, water, syrup, butter, and spice; allow to cool. Add sifted flour, soda, and salt, and, lastly, chopped walnuts. Fill into greased and lined loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven about 1 hour.

CHOCOLATE OAT BARS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 2½ cups rolled oats (or 2 cups rolled oats and 1 cup coconut), ½ teaspoon vanilla, chocolate icing.

Melt butter in saucepan, add brown sugar, and cook about 2 minutes over low heat. Fold in oats, coconut, and vanilla. Press into greased shallow tin, bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes. When cool, ice with chocolate icing and cut into bars.

Send us your own Rice-a-Riso Recipes and win a Sunbeam Gourmette frypan!



— to cook all those scrumptuous, sumptuous, goluptious, delectable, exciting, appetizing, luscious, delicious, oh-so-easy, Rice-a-Riso meals in!

50 first prizes!

Recipe for success: Buy a packet of Rice-a-Riso. Prepare delicious meal as directed. Eat it all up. Buy another packet. Toss in a few ideas of your own. Make your family very proud of you. Send us this coupon with your recipe and the box top of your favourite Rice-a-Riso.* And there are 50 Sunbeam Gourmette Frypans to be won for the 50 best recipes. Entries close October 31st, 1964. Results will be published in the Women's Weekly, issue dated Nov 25th.

To: Holbrooks Pty. Limited, P.O. Box 80, West Ryde. N.S.W.

I wish to enter the Rice-a-Riso Recipe Contest. I have attached my recipe & Rice-a-Riso Box Top.*

Name .....

Address .....

..... State.....

* *Not necessary where this contravenes State laws.*

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PRIZE RECIPES

● A recipe for crisp sugar-coated and ginger-flavored biscuits wins the main prize of £5 for a Victorian reader.

A RICH family-style beef casserole combined with sliced vegetables and cooked in a little wine and an easy jiffy biscuit win consolation prizes of £1 each.

All spoon measurements are level.

SHAH GINGER BISCUITS

Eight ounces plain flour, ½lb. castor sugar, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 very small egg, 1 teaspoon golden syrup, extra sugar if desired.

Sift into basin the flour, castor sugar, soda, cinnamon, salt, and ginger. Rub in butter until mixture is very fine crumb consistency. Beat egg with golden syrup, add to the dry ingredients. Work into a firm dough with hands. Roll into small balls about size of half a walnut, place on greased oven-slides about 2in. apart. Bake in moderately slow oven about 15 minutes. Loosen, cool on trays. Store in airtight tin. If desired, biscuits can be lightly sprinkled with sugar before baking.

First prize of £5 to Miss Heather Swift, 941 Punt Rd., South Yarra, Vic.

BEEF RAGOUT

Two pounds chuck steak, seasoned flour, 3 rashers bacon, 2 medium-sized potatoes, 3 onions, 3 carrots, salt, pepper, thyme, 1 cup skinned chopped tomatoes, 1 cup stock or water, ½ cup dry wine, hot cooked rice, parsley.

Cut steak into service-size pieces, coat with seasoned flour. In large saucepan fry bacon until transparent, remove, add meat and saute until lightly browned. Drain on absorbent paper. Prepare vegetables: Peel and slice potatoes, skin and slice onions and carrots. Place alternate layers of meat, bacon, vegetables, and tomatoes in large greased casserole. Season each layer with salt, pepper, and thyme. Pour over stock or water. Cover, bake in moderate oven about 1½ hours. Add wine, cover and continue cooking further 20 minutes or until meat and vegetables are tender. Arrange hot rice on serving-platter, spoon meat mixture into centre. Garnish with parsley.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Kelley, 19 Ruby Street, Mosman, N.S.W.

APRICOT CORN CEREAL CRISPS

One egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1½ cups corn breakfast cereal, ¼ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup chopped dried apricots, ¼ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Beat egg in basin, gradually add sugar, mix well. Add corn cereal, nuts, and chopped apricots. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and melted butter. Drop a teaspoonful of mixture on to greased oven-trays, bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. Lebsanft, Faraday Street, Monto, Qld.

Recipe Contest

READERS are invited to enter our regular recipe contest by sending in original recipes. Cash prizes are awarded weekly.

Entries should be written clearly, or typewritten, and should have the sender's name and address on each page.

Address entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about antiques.

● *Staffordshire dogs.*

Could you please tell me the age of these two ornaments? They stand about 9in. high and are glazed, but have no markings except the number 3 on the bottom. —Mrs. R. Harwood, Quindalup, W.A.

Your dogs are English Staffordshire, copper-lustred, and were made in the period 1845-1855.

★ ★ ★

My Chinese snuff bottle is made of some thick, semi-transparent glassy substance, although the lid seems inferior to the beautiful bottle. —Mrs. F. E. Mitchell, West Wyalong, N.S.W.

Your snuff bottle is 18th century Ch'ien-Lung, made between 1735-1796. It is beautifully hand-painted and of good quality. A lot of imitations are circulating, but your bottle appears to be authentic.

● *Chinese bottle.*

ANY TART'S TASTIER WHEN YOU

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Rosella Mira Plum Jam (like all Rosella jams) is cooked up from only the very best fruit and pure cane sugar. That's why it gives you the whole flavour of whole fruit. That's why you should try it — soon.

Rosella *Rosella's got the flavour ...the flavour of natural goodness!*

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THE KEEPSAKE

"Madame," retorted the Captain, "I myself delivered Miss Carter at your door not many minutes since."

This, to put it vulgarly, winded Madame. She turned to the little maidservant. "Betty, have you seen aught of Miss Carter?"

Betty nodded; for two pins she'd have put her apron over her head and howled.

"She had torn a ribbon from her dress, it must be sewn on, she said, before she met the lady for luncheon. It would never do to appear dishevelled. Indeed, Madame, she seemed in so much distress I ran myself to fetch needle and thread, but when I returned Miss was gone."

"She cannot have left the house," insisted George. "The door was under my eye . . ." What he meant to imply was that her mere re-entry into the street would have filled it with a brighter sunlight.

"There is a back way, sir. And—and I saw . . ."

"Betty!" Madame employed her most inquisitorial tone. "Pull yourself together and tell us what you saw." She was inwardly in a fever of alarm. The smallest rumor that her premises had been used for the purpose of assignation would spell ruin for her, and she was convinced that, despite all her high-born pretensions, the Very Important Client had at that very moment her ear at the crack of the door.

"I saw Miss run out and down the lane where she was met by a gentleman with—with the most beautiful red hair," gulped poor Betty. "And a brown coat, very fashionable." Madame sniffed. Since when, that sniff inquired, had brown coats been fashionable for the gentry? "And they mounted into a waiting carriage and were driven away."

Captain Ruston was almost rocked off balance. Not for an instant did he doubt this terrified child's word; he recalled his Dorothea's state of mind this morning, her inability to concentrate, her wildness of manner and speech. It was no wonder she was so distraught, with this thing just ahead.

"Of course," consoled Madame, "poor Miss is mad . . ."

The Captain straightened up abruptly. This was the kind of thing that sent men out to shoot tigers or hunt savages; he winced to think how this tale would be doing the rounds of the clubs by nightfall.

"You are not to be held responsible," he said firmly to the again-weeping Betty. "Miss Carter is well able to accept responsibility for her own decisions."

"You are a fortunate girl," Madame assured her as the ringing footsteps died away. "I was in two minds to give you your notice, but since the Captain is so generous . . ."

She burned to know more of the young gentleman with the red hair and the brown coat, but the Very Important Client had been kept waiting too long as it was.

When the Captain regained his seat he espied on the empty seat Dorothea had occupied a white envelope on which was written his name in a handwriting he would never forget. It was clear that there was more than a letter inside, and even before he picked it up he knew what it was.

But even now he could not hate or despise her.

Dorothea Carter, unaware of watching eyes and careless of them in any event, had run out of the back entrance to Madame's premises straight into the arms of Dendy Howe, her dear love now and forever. His brow, that had been as black as a tar-barrel before her arrival, since this was one of those momentous occasions when three minutes can seem as long as three lifetimes, cleared at sight of her.

"Oh, Dendy," cried the runaway, "I am a wicked girl and not to be trusted, and after we are married always remember that I warned you. How could I do this to George, who loves me so?"

"How could you break my heart, who loves you more than a hundred Georges?" he retorted, in the extravagance of youth and love.

"And Betty?" she whispered in conscience-stricken tones. "Perhaps she may lose her place on my account."

"There are other places," cried the young man in lordly tones. "When we are established we will offer her a position as housekeeper, and one day she will be able to tell our grandchildren the great part she played — you may be sure by then she will have convinced herself the plan was all of her making."

"Oh, Dendy!" She consigned the hapless Betty to her fate.

"Oh, Dorothea!" His arm went snugly round her as he began to kiss the color back into her cheeks. "You are wearing your April face," he reproached her.

"At any moment now it will be May," she promised him. "Oh, Dendy, you must be sure to love me for ever. After this, no one will speak to me, I shall have no one but you."

He asked in genuine astonishment, "My love, what more could you desire? Besides, they will all come round in the end, even your mother. I've yet to hear tell of the old lady who'd remain estranged from her own grandchildren."

"George was such a feather in her cap," mourned Dorothea, "and, of course, when I gave him my word I did not so much as dream that you existed. How strange that is! That we should be in the same world and I not know."

It did not occur to Dendy to assure her that she would never regret the step she had taken. He was so young and ardent he believed that love conquers all, even Mrs. Carter, as it had conquered his darling and himself.

The cab, that had been following a route she had not noticed, here pulled up and she looked out of the window, crying, "But, Dendy, we cannot have arrived already."

"My darling goose! Did you really suppose we should travel all the way to Gretna Green by road? It would take us five days. No, no. This is Euston Station." And he drew her attention to the famous arch.

Absurd though it seemed, she had never hitherto made a journey by train. Mrs. Carter was sure it would be inconvenient, crowded, and objectionably public. She was not half sure they were not dangerous, also. Mr. Carter, of course, made use of the steam engine from time to time, but he contrived to give his family the impression that it was not quite the thing for his wife and daughter.

"The train," said Dendy impressively, "will take us to Carlisle, without a single change. Though there will be a number of stops on the way."

"But, Dendy," she inquired, "how long will it take us to reach Carlisle?"

"It is almost three hundred miles from this very spot. To be exact, 299¼ miles. Gretna Green is a village in Dumfriesshire, almost ten miles on from Carlisle. I have made arrangements for a carriage to meet the train, and accommodation is provided . . ."

Before she could ask further questions the door was flung open and the driver presented himself. Dendy handed out his love, called to a porter and paid off the cabby with an air of lordly generosity.

Dendy had thought of so much that it scarcely surprised Dorothea to learn that the two bags so mysteriously discovered in the depths of the cab were intended one for each of them. "Just for tonight," he explained. "Your trousseau we must buy later."

This was her first intimation that a night must elapse before the wedding ceremony took place.

"You have nothing to fear," he urged. "As you know, in compliance with the law of 1856 I have resided at Gretna for the past three weeks. This entitles us to be married there, and once the knot is tied it cannot be unfastened, not by the Archbishop of Canterbury himself."

His hand under her elbow, he guided her through the dark, smoky station and into a kind of steam dragon of the type distinguished as The Flyers. The very novelty of the scene made the girl for the moment at least forget her fears.

The carriage where he finally placed her seemed as splendid as a little palace. It was labelled First Class, the seats were amply cushioned, and there was abundant space for umbrellas, luggage, bonnets. The porter, at a word, sped away to return in a few moments with two rugs for the passengers' comfort.

"You must take the seat with the back to the engine," Dendy told his prospective bride. "That way you will escape smuts and cinders."

He heroically occupied the more dangerous seat.

"And how long . . ." Dorothea began, taking up the conversation where she had dropped it a few minutes earlier.

"This train travels at 60 miles an hour. Think of it, Dorothea, a mile a minute." Dorothea thought; clearly she couldn't take it in. "We shall reach Carlisle soon after six o'clock if the programme is adhered to. Then we drive to Gretna, over the Cumberland border, where I have arranged with an excellent woman to have charge of you until tomorrow, when I take you for my wife."

"And you thought of luggage for me — oh, Dendy, is there any crisis you haven't made preparation for?"

The train set off at a famous pace and for a time Dorothea was content to watch the landscape. Great clouds of smoke billowed past the window and smuts seemed to squeeze through the sash itself. They were fortunate in that their carriage was empty throughout the earlier part of the journey.

When the train had passed Rugby, Dendy provided another miracle. From under the seat he produced a covered hamper, containing a cut of a home-made pie, buttered rolls, knives and forks, linen napkins, and—marvel of marvels—a bottle of wine.

"Of course," he acknowledged, "this should be a fowl, but fowls are inconveniently large, and with just a little imagination . . ."

He flourished a clasp-knife with as much dash as if it

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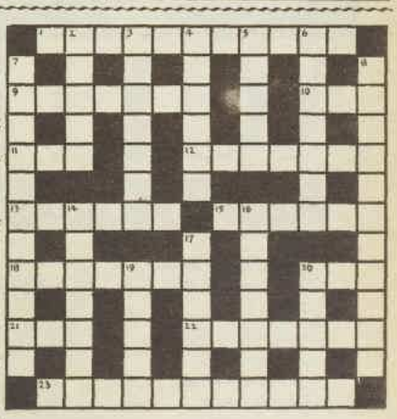
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE has bargained with Qork — he can have life-saving water if he will prevent the runaway meteorite from smashing into Earth. Qork agrees. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. These spectres are Portia's pain (11).
9. Odious, starting with a head-covering (7).
10. Exclamation of disgust in a hug hastily given (3).
11. In every swinging there is a gain (3).
12. Aid the end and the beginning of which becomes ours (7).
13. Principle irrationally reverenced (6).
15. Buy back with a scarlet start (6).
18. Pertaining to fat (7).
20. Silent (3).
21. Smear with grease with the back of an unexpanded flower (3).
22. When a Roman divinity joins a filthy habitation it becomes without pilasters (7).
23. Songs round the end for offspring (11).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Plate for the eucharistic bread (5).
3. Avers with fir in the centre (7).
4. Treat badly (3, 3).
5. Pertaining to the hipbone (5).
6. Having many nervures or veins, as in a leaf (7).
7. Method of voting for checking children's cleanliness (4, 2, 5).
8. This makes forgetting easier (5, 6).
14. Metal cap to protect finger in sewing (7).
16. Sophocles and Euripides made a tragedy of her life (7).
17. Win again in rage (6).
19. Topic pertaining to vision (5).
20. Fine for misdemeanour (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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So Helen talked about other matters. Donovan made a couple of drinks and put some music on the record-player, and before long he asked her to dance. Finally, they went to bed. He held her tenderly, and she was soon sound asleep.

Donovan, wide-awake, now gave full attention to the problem on which Helen's innocent question had shed so much light.

The thing he wanted — and thought almost everyone ought to have — was a preserve other than home or office in which to be entirely alone, in which to wonder, remember, read, and try to get some inkling of what this short life is all about.

What Donovan had dreamed about was a place in a forest, a small cabin close to a stream or a lake. He saw himself there a few days each month — reading beside a fire or fishing from a rowboat, as he had done in his boyhood, or walking in the woods. Was there anything wicked about such a desire? He knew there was not.

But the question had to be answered in terms of time stolen from his wife and son.

He could go to Helen and say, "There is something I want very much and think I need, and I'm going to have it, and I trust you'll understand." He was almost certain that if he did this Helen would go along.

But every time he got to this point resolution paled o'er with the sickly cast of guilt. No matter how Helen might seem to react, she would be hurt, and then he would feel selfish, and that would diminish his pleasure.

And so he had gone around and around and back and forth, and weighed this and that, and always arrived at the same confusion of thought and feeling.

There had occurred to him, of course, an alternative to candor. It was simply to take what he wanted without telling Helen. Since she wouldn't know, she would

Continued from page 38

DONOVAN'S RETREAT

feel no pain. The trouble with this idea was that he had never seen a way to work it—until tonight, when Helen had asked him if he were going to be on that same case for ever.

No, but the case was one in which four oil companies, one of which Donovan represented, were arguing with about sixty small landowners over the distribution of profits from some very productive wells.

It depended largely on the precise location of a great many boundary lines, and to establish their locations required an effort of surveying, resurveying, and inspecting of old records that promised to go on for a long, long time.

Once a week Donovan drove from the city where he lived to the little valley town where the oil company he represented had its main field office. As a rule, he left home Wednesday night or early Thursday morning, spent two full days on the job, and returned Friday night or by noon on Saturday.

When he was away, he spent his nights at the Valley Palace. The little town and the hotel were a bore, but they were part of his job.

Also, they were not altogether a bore; they were in some measure appealing, for they suggested the excitements of a second world, a private life. They had done so, heretofore, quietly; but now, as Helen's question echoed back to him, they seemed to shout the message:

If Donovan had to spend so many hours away from home, he could spend some of them in a place that was to his liking. With a little rearrangement of time, a concentration of work, he'd be free late afternoons and evenings to enjoy his cabin in the woods.

DONOVAN and his wife had always been frank about money. Now, in order to get his cabin he would have to be less than frank.

He took stock of personal possessions that might be negotiable. Surely these would bring him enough cash for his modest want.

The next day, he put an advertisement in some small newspapers in the vicinity of his valley headquarters. "Wanted to buy: One- or two-room log cabin on stream or lake, isolated but accessible by car. Cash deal. Write P.O. Box 54, Stallton."

Within two weeks, Donovan had a pocketful of responses. Only one was good, but it was very good, he discovered, as he drove off the highway on to a secondary road and into a lane that went through thick woodland to a clearing.

The cabin was old and built like a fortress. One main room, with a fireplace and built-in bunk; another room adequate for sleeping or storage. Fifty yards away, a small lake and a landing. Trees all about, a woody smell, sounds of birds, a few old fallen trees ready to be cut for firewood. He checked it out with the local survey office and bought it.

In the following few weeks, Donovan fitted the place with bedding, a desk and a couple of chairs, a rug, kerosene lamps, a cooler, and fishing tackle. He found a boat and some oars for ten dollars. Gradually, and being careful not to take things whose absence Helen would note, he removed from his home a few cherished belongings.

From an old filing cabinet in his study he took a framed notice he had taken twenty years earlier from the bar of an officers' club in Key West.

It now amused him to display it on the rough wall of his woodland retreat. It read: "A Certain Degree of Decorum Is Enjoined."

Another thing he bought for the place was a leather-bound accounts book and a journal. He had never kept a journal, but there came a night, his second in the cabin, when he was moved to begin it.

He wrote as follows: "This is my first entry in what I hope may be a companionable record of a good experience. I have done a strange thing. I have gone into hiding, for what I think are acceptable reasons and with the belief, or hope, that no harm is done.

"But here I am, pleading guilty at the outset. How is it that you can feel so absolutely right and so absolutely wrong about the same thing?"

But guilt, like any sustained feeling, must have a rest, and Donovan's found it. For his visits to the cabin went well. He did not indulge in them at the expense of his work, and he made sure they never kept him away from home any more than was already demanded by the case he was working on.

The only loser, really, was the Valley Palace, and it was hard to imagine how anyone could care less about the habits of a guest than might sour old Mrs. Rose, who served as clerk, switchboard operator, and wife of the absentee owner.

Donovan began to feel good. His visits to the cabin relaxed and refreshed him, and before long he was able to believe that because of them he brought to his work a new enthusiasm and to his home life a warmer spirit.

His belief was affirmed one day by remarks made by Miss Temple, a person in her late forties who seemed to think she ran the field office.

She smiled primly and said, "You seem to like us a little better these days."

"How's that?" he said.

"Oh — perhaps I shouldn't say it — but when you first came, you seemed sort of impatient about the whole thing. I certainly didn't blame you, Mr. Donovan. I mean, I knew it took you away from home so much. But lately, you've seemed—I don't know — awfully happy. It's nice to see."

He had no ready answer. He saw that she was embarrassed, and he felt for her.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I talked out of turn, but I just couldn't help it."

"Don't be sorry, Miss Temple. I am feeling good these days, and I'm glad if it shows."

The weeks and the months stretched on, as did Donovan's luck. He knew that it was luck, and he was grateful for it.

Yes, but there came a day when it broke a little. Helen noticed that his shoes were muddy. "Where in the world have you been?" she asked.

He promptly lied, saying he had had to change a tyre in a ditch, and that took care of that.

One night, a week or so later, when Helen was gathering clothes for the cleaner, she stopped and sniffed. "Smoke," she said.

Donovan looked up from his book.

"Don't you smell smoke, John?"

"No."

"Well, I do." She looked around at the windows.

"Maybe someone's fireplace."

She sniffed again. Then suddenly she plunged her face into her armful of clothing. "It's here! It's your flannels. John! What in heaven's name —"

Donovan tried to return her look of puzzlement. "Oh —oh, yes," he said, smiling as though amused by a recollection. "Out in the field last week, I spent two hours with this old fellow who claims he surveyed all the Nicholas property and that the later survey was a fake. He kept feeding his fireplace. I almost suffocated."

The incident made Donovan realise he had been making mistakes he could not afford. He must be much more careful. Not only was he jeopardising what he had, he was on the verge of arousing suspicions that would make Helen quite unhappy, and he had justified his deception on the ground that it would not make her unhappy.

ONCE more the voice that said, "Why not just tell her what you're doing and save yourself the headaches now and later?" Once more the answer, "No, she'd be bruised, and I'd have to give it up. Better to carry on, but with prudence. In any case, it can last only a year or two. Meanwhile — ah, yes — I can make it up to her. There must be some way. Special attentions—"

Donovan was too new at the business of deception to understand there wasn't any way to make it up to Helen and there weren't any special attentions she could receive without wonder.

Now he began doing things that were as conspicuous as they were uncalled for. In love with his retreat, he began acting like a husband in love with another woman.

What sort of surprise does a wife like? You can't miss, he thought, with flowers. Not florist flowers, of course; any damned-fool husband can spend twenty dollars on that gesture. For Helen, he would get something special. There were wildflowers in abundance around his cabin, and early one morning he picked her a great bunch of them.

"John!" she said, when he arrived home that night. "Why, they're terribly pretty. But where—" She looked at him strangely, he thought, as though she might be holding back tears. He was glad he had hit on something that made her happy. She held the flowers tightly. The tears did come. She said, "I called you last night at the hotel.

"They said you weren't there much any more. I was so worried. Oh, how silly." She hurried out of the room.

Donovan stood still, intensely aware of his sudden hot sweat. When Helen returned with the flowers in a vase, he said, "I'm sorry. I should have said something about that. I got sick and tired of the hotel and started moving around. I didn't think to tell them — I mean the people at the Palace — and it didn't occur to me to say anything to you."

"It's nothing. I'm sorry."

Donovan got busy making drinks and said in his need to change the subject, "What's new around here?"

Helen mentioned two or three social engagements. Then she said, "Oh!" in a tone so charged with concern that Donovan turned quickly to look at her. "I'm afraid George has been smoking again."

The boy, fifteen, had been flatly forbidden to smoke, but Helen had found unmistakable signs of his disobedience. "I hate to bring it up now," she said, "but there's never a good time, and we've always made such a point of respect for rules."

At the moment, nothing could suit Donovan better than to focus on a problem unrelated to small-town hotels and oddly got flowers. Latching on with a vengeance, he called the boy into the living-room. "You're smoking again, George?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I want to. All the other guys, their parents —"

"We've had that out before. I don't care about the other guys or their parents. I care about you, and you are not to smoke. That's the law. Break it again, and you'll be punished."

The boy's eyes were moist and blinking hard. "All right. But you don't have to get so sore. I told you the truth, didn't I?"

"Why shouldn't you tell me the truth? Look here, young fellow, you're trying something that's very popular these days — claiming points for ordinary honesty, as though a certain quota of lies might be perfectly acceptable. You're wrong, and it's time you got it through your head. Your smoking was dishonest, and it isn't made right by your owning up after being caught. Do you know what I'm saying?"

"I guess so."

"Speak up. Do you or don't you?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to smoke again?"

"No, Dad." The boy looked imploringly at his mother.

"All right," Donovan said. "Now we have an understanding." He lighted a cigarette and took a long swallow of his drink. His heart was pounding, and he felt wretched. He wanted to break the silence with a few words to the effect that George was simply too young to run his own show but was a good kid, anyway. The words didn't come.

The maid said, "Dinner is served," and dinner, for Donovan and his wife and his son, was a dismal affair.

A few hours later, when Donovan was going to bed, Helen said, "I know you're tired and upset, but please go and give Georgie a pat, won't you? I just know he's lying in there wide-awake."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Helen."

"Wait, John. I did ask you to scold him, I realise that, and what you said to him was right. But the way you did it — you were terribly harsh. I know he was hurt."

HE saw the honest concern in her eyes and was ashamed of himself. He nodded, then went into George's room and sat down beside him. He was not going to take back what he had said, but he would try to be reassuring. He touched the boy's shoulder.

The boy mumbled and reared up, slashing about with his arms, and stuck a finger hard into his father's eye. The shock and pain were frightful, and, as the boy fell back on his pillow, it was all Donovan could do to stagger out of the room, hoarsely whispering curses.

His sleep was fitful that night. He kept hearing a replay of the lines he had delivered to his son, lines he had thought he meant. It was hard to think straight about the kinds and degrees of honesty.

But how about Donovan's own behaviour these days? He could hardly fail to call it deception. On the other hand —

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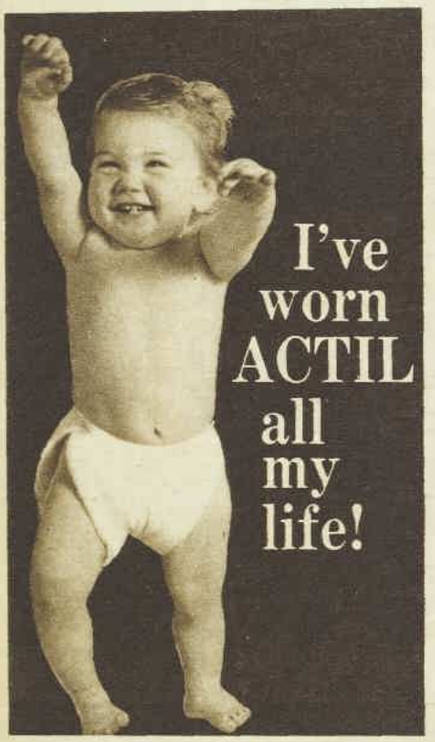

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He dozed and tossed about. Sometime during the night, he realised that Helen was not beside him. He got up and went to the hallway. There was a light on downstairs, and he smelled freshly made coffee. It was all right, he decided; Helen did this once in a great while when she couldn't sleep. He went back and fell into bed, too tired to think about what might be bothering her.

Helen was what you would call a nice woman. Other women liked her because she rarely sniped and never flirted with their husbands. And for the latter reason, inasmuch as she was good-looking, the men liked her, too.

Helen's parents had been devoted to each other, and she had grown up believing that marriage should and could be a very happy thing. You were faithful and trustful; you worked hard to make a pleasant home and to raise your children properly. But she did not subscribe to faith and trust and work merely for their own sakes.

She had seen, in her parents' marriage and then in her own, that they worked. When a man and woman lived by these precepts, the result was joy, and Helen was unashamedly in favor of joy.

There had been a lot of joy in Helen's life, and at the centre had been her husband. This man had been kind, competent, spirited, exciting. Now something was wrong with him.

She stirred her coffee and wondered. She must not wonder too hard about the mud on his shoes or about the smell of smoke on his clothes. John's explanations had made sense. But what about the hotel? She was not one of those wives who insist on getting phone calls (reports) or who phone their husbands at work. John might very well have thought it unnecessary to mention his move.

But she had phoned, and about what she was forced to admit was a matter of only medium importance (had mud and smoke made it easier to phone?). It had been to ask if John could be back the following evening in time for a special meeting of the vestry.

"Oh, Mr. Donovan's not here," the desk clerk had told her. "No, he's not expected. We don't see much of him these days."

Helen put down her coffee cup. She looked at her hands. They were shapely and cared for, but they were not young. She felt a sudden warmth and knew that she was blushing. Someone, she remembered, had said that the worst sin is suspicion. Oh, is it? What smug person had said so?

SHE then permitted herself to act in what she knew was a most unbecoming way. She went to the pantry and poured a drink of whisky and swallowed it fast. "Flowers!" she said out loud. "Flowers!" She wept mutely for a quarter of an hour. Recovering, she decided to wonder no more, and to do some thinking.

Maybe there wasn't another woman. But suppose there was? What to do about it? Tell John how troubled she was? Ask him to forgive her suspicions, but to try to understand how they had arisen?

Surely, he would tell her the truth; he was the most honest person she had ever known.

Or she could keep quiet and sweat it out. Many a woman has chosen this course and found it a wise one. For many a man has had his adventure and found it sour

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DONOVAN'S RETREAT

and gone back gladly and gratefully to his wife.

Finally, because Helen still had faith in her marriage and in her husband, she chose to keep quiet. Going back up to bed, she felt secure in having made a wise decision. She was sorry for her husband, and she wanted now to be with him.

She saw that he was lying very still. It could mean that he was tensely awake. She crawled in beside him and knew he was sleeping, and so, relieved, she fell asleep, too . . .

Her relief that night was matched by his the next morning when, as he arose, he saw that she was dead to the world. Good for her — the poor thing must be exhausted — and lucky for him. He did not want to talk; he wanted to think, but somewhere else, anywhere else. It was Saturday. He left a note saying he had to go to the office.

AT the office he was angry, confused, and afraid. He had not liked Helen's nervous talk at all. He could manage the overt criticism, but the undertone of suspicion bothered him. Of course, he had asked for it; he had not been bright to give her grounds, especially in the matter of the hotel.

He looked down at his desk. There were six folders on it, each representing a high-priority duty.

Donovan felt that an immense weight was bearing down on him. I'm tired, he thought, I'm terribly tired. This surely accounts for my confusion and my bad behaviour. And so is Helen tired.

Donovan picked up the phone and called Helen. "Look," he said, "you and I are going away for a couple of weeks . . . No, not business, for the fun of it—and just us, and anywhere you say. Start looking into it. Get us reservations somewhere. I can fix things here."

Helen, recovering from her agreeable shock, was more than willing to play along. It was clear that John's conscience was at work; but an uneasy conscience is something wives learn to live with and accept.

What's more, if John's conscience really had to do with another woman, if he were indirectly asking for help, she would be a foolish wife not to give it. Two weeks away from work (and temptation) would be good for him. Two weeks away together might also give them a chance to look at each other closely, talk to each other again, and re-establish the good thing that had kept them happy for many years.

During the next week her near despair was swept away by gusts of hope, and she plunged joyously into the search for holiday places. She considered such things as a flight to Rome, a cruise in the Caribbean, a tour of Scotland.

Suddenly inspired, she said no, nothing of the sort, and began looking for an altogether different kind of thing. It was not a thing much to her liking; it was a thing John had talked about—rarely, but with such intensity that he must have a deep longing for it.

And after a few days, she was able to announce that she had found, near Mount Billings, a cabin on a lake. It was absolutely beautiful. The fishing was all a man could hope for.

"I'd love it, John, if you would," she told him.

He gave her a long look that was hard for her to understand, a studying, questioning look, but one that was at the same time affectionate. He said, "Well, Helen, it does sound wonderful. I mean, for me. But it's never been your dish."

"No. Honestly. Let's do this—please."

She seemed to mean it. He could detect nothing in her tone or manner to support his queer feeling that she was up to something clever. He went to her and put his arms around her.

The following few days, during which Helen made the arrangements, were among the happiest she had known. She had been faced with a crisis in her marriage; she believed she had met it wisely; she and her husband were going to surmount it together.

It was Wednesday afternoon when John called from the office and told her the vacation was off. Bill Jamison, who had been carrying the ball on one of the biggest tax suits they'd had for years, was down with hepatitis. It might be months before Donovan would be free again.

For these few minutes on the phone Helen managed to hold herself together. She could not conceal her disappointment, but forced herself to say she understood.

When Donovan got home that evening Helen was ready for him. She knew that she looked awful and that he would say something stupid and transparent like, "Honey, I know you're disappointed. I am, too, but it's not the end of the world."

Well, it was the end of something. Bill Jamison did have hepatitis (she'd checked that out with his wife); but it did not follow that John had to fill the breach and turn his back on his marriage. Bill Jamison was an excuse, and John was using it because he had something else he wasn't willing to give up.

What Donovan actually said was, "You'd better pull yourself together, Helen. This is one of those things that just can't be helped."

"You're quite sure it can't be helped? Give me an answer to one question. Are you going to the valley tomorrow?" She kept her voice low but made no attempt to blunt its edge.

"Yes, I am. As a matter of fact, the way things are now, I may even have to spend some weekends there. I'm sorry, but —"

"I'm sure you are."

"Now, what do you mean by that? Look. Bill's sick. The rest of us have to adjust. That's all there is to it."

"All - there - is - to - it." She started to cry.

"Helen, for the love of heaven, what's wrong?"

"I don't know. I don't know. Something's terribly wrong!" She turned on him an expression full of hurt and malevolence. "Tell me!" she shouted.

"Tell you what?"

"The truth! Honesty, honesty, honesty! You howl about it to Georgie, as though you had some kind of monopoly on it. Oh, I don't excuse him, but he's human, and he's young, and all he did was smoke some cigarettes. There are worse things than smoking, you know." She fixed her teary eyes on him. "Much worse things. Like hypocrisy."

"Now listen, just what —"

"Oh, stop! Be quiet! I can't stand it. I can't stand you any more." She shuddered and said, "I should think you might at least have the manhood and decency to tell me where I stand."

Donovan, bewildered and shocked, stared at her. But he was not angry—not yet.

The anger came later, during the night, when he lay on his side of the bed, reviewing all the things she had said. He began to think seriously that he was a man abused.

Well, yes, he had cheated, but in a not really reprehensible way, and here he was being dealt with as though he'd committed every sin in the book. It was absurd; it was inexcusable. The woman was obsessed!

At the end of a miserable hour, his anger burned out, and he saw that he must tell Helen about his cabin and that, having told her, he must give it up. If he didn't give it up, she would remain suspicious. If not suspicious, she would probably be resentful.

If neither suspicious nor resentful, she would at least know, and that alone would take most of the fun out of it. All right, the hell with the cabin, he decided.

The next morning at five-thirty — the usual rising hour for his trip to the valley — the memory of his decision filled him with dismay; but as he looked at Helen, frowning in her sleep and holding on to her pillow as though it were all she had, he knew he would carry it through.

During his solitary breakfast, during his long drive out of the city, a second thought kept urging itself on him. He must give up the cabin, no question of that; but was it wise, really, to tell Helen about it? Considering the strange state she was in, mightn't it be better to move his things back as quietly as he had moved them out?

In the field office, he went to work methodically. By mid-afternoon, he was satisfied that he had done what needed doing until the next week.

He drove to the cabin and loaded his car. He took the books, the fishing tackle, the lamps, the rug, the cooler, the framed injunction regarding decorum — everything, in short, that he could stow in the car trunk.

He drove home, arriving about eight-thirty. Helen and George were just finishing dinner.

Helen said, "I didn't expect you. I thought you might even be spending the weekend."

"You know I wouldn't do that without—"

He could hardly believe the expression in her eyes, an expression that told him he was talking to himself, that Helen wasn't caring, that he wasn't even being recognised as a husband. Rejecting pride and pique, he went out to the car, opened the trunk, and brought in an armload of books. He dropped them on to a chair in his study and started out again.

"What are you doing?" Helen asked.

"I'm—well, I want to tell you." He drew her to the porch.

She backed away and stood stiffly—watching, waiting, not trusting.

He said, "Helen, I'm bringing some things back from a place I got quite a few—seven or eight months ago. A place in the woods, a cabin on a lake, near the field office. I've been going there nights on almost every trip. I thought it was a good idea, and I enjoyed it, I must admit, until it started making trouble." Her eyes were like glass. "All right, I know. I see now that you went through all kinds of misery wondering and worrying and suspecting the worst. But there wasn't any worst. I gummed up my shoes and smoked up my clothes and gave you some double-talk about the hotel and—well, it wasn't bright, but it wasn't anything like what you *thought*. I'm sorry about it, and it's over."

She didn't say a word.

Donovan felt that he had put out about as much as a man needed to for the moment and that he deserved some sort of response. "Do you believe me?" he asked.

"I suppose so."

"Well, what does that mean?"

She stood very straight, with her hands behind her back. She said, "You seem to think this makes everything all right."

"No." He worked hard to control his voice. He was angry. "No, I don't think it makes everything all right. I know you've been hurt, and I don't feel casual about it. But when I know, too, that I haven't done what you think, and when I tell you straight out—and give up something, too—then I want some trust."

HELEN said, "When Georgie admitted smoking you told him admitting it was no substitute for being honest in the first place."

"Yes, I did; but I'm not sure that's a good thing to use against me now, Helen. We're talking about something pretty big."

"Yes. Tell me, when did you decide to get your cabin in the woods, on the lake?"

"The night you asked me if the boundary case was going to last for ever. You showed me how I could manage it."

"Why couldn't you have said something? Why did you have to make it a big secret, John? A cabin in the woods? What's the matter with that? I've known for years you've wanted something like that. Why do you suppose I chose one for our vacation Why couldn't you say you'd got one, and why couldn't you share it with me, even with your boy?"

He was right flat to the wall, furious at Helen for the rightness as well as the wrongness of her questions, furious at himself for his inability to cope with this logic and feeling.

She saw it, and she hit him as hard as she could. "You took the place without telling me. All you told me was your little string of lies. I call the whole thing dishonest and cowardly. Do you think I can have the trust and respect for you I had before? And do you realise that you still haven't really explained, or even tried to explain, why you did it? Not a single reason except that you saw it was possible. I want to know why."

Her tirade had brought him closer than he had ever been to blind rage. "I'll be very glad to tell you why," he said. "Listen, Helen, we've been married for —"

She looked away.

"It's been a damn-near-perfect marriage, and it means as much to me as it does to you. The thing is — and I want you to try to understand this — a man sometimes wants something more, a kind of special privacy.

"I don't know what to call it, but it's something that hasn't anything to do with marriage but isn't against marriage. It's a matter of being absolutely alone, a thing you can't share.

"A chance to have it came along, and I took it. It didn't work. I mean, it wasn't worth it, and that's why I'm giving it up. But I swear that's the only thing in the world —"

"Stop it!" she cried. "You and your damn-near-perfect marriage!"

She sobbed, and he moved toward her. She ran into the house. A moment later, she came out with her arms full of his books and threw them at him.

"Helen," he said, "what else do you want me to do?"

"I want you to go away. I want you to have your special privacy that isn't against marriage. If there's anything like that, and you want it, you can have it!" She went in and slammed the door and locked it.

Donovan picked up the books. He stood for a while looking at the street light gleaming through the leaves of the quiet trees. He wondered where his boy was. After a few minutes he carried the books to the still-open trunk of his car.

He thought of letting himself into the house and sleeping downstairs. No, no; let it be. He drove downtown to his club. There, he knew, friends might wonder; but not one of them would say a word. Time would have to work, if time can work on a woman who feels outraged, humiliated, renounced.

He went home the next day for some clothes. Helen was out. George was watching television. Donovan interrupted him to say, "I'm sorry, son, but your mother and I have had a very serious misunderstanding I'm sure it can be — I'll be in touch."

. . . .

Every week, now, for quite a while, Donovan has driven to his cabin for a night or two. He builds a fire and has a couple of drinks. When he gets hungry, he has bacon and eggs or a steak.

When that is finished, he sits down with a shot of whisky, a bottle of beer, and a book. Sometimes the reading doesn't go well, and then he walks to the landing and gets into his rowboat. Rowing around the lake he thinks about the things he's done and the things he might do now. He doesn't know what to do; he must wait and see.

Meanwhile, he knows he must not be frightened or without hope. He certainly must not be bitter. In his despair, he forces himself to recognise that no man anywhere has ever had so much privacy or so perfect an opportunity to remember and listen and wonder.

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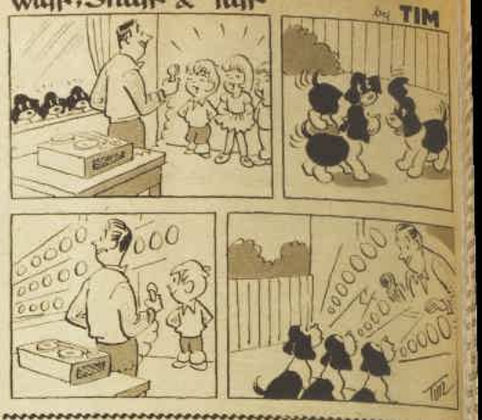

THE KEEPSAKE

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were a dagger, and inquired, "A slice of the breast, my love? And a little of the dark meat for a flavor?" He handed her her portion on a linen cloth, skilfully opened the bottle of wine and from another corner of the basket produced two glasses.

They had a good deal of merriment preventing the wine from slopping over the edge of the glass, and contriving that neither the pie nor the buttered roll fell to the floor. The interval restored Dorothea's gaiety. Dendy, watching her intently, had begun to fear that remorse for her treatment of her mother and erstwhile fiance might mar their joy.

Dorothea was enchanted by his enterprise. "I did not know I was marrying a conjurer," she declared. "In another moment the carriage will be filled with white rabbits."

In his exalted state this seemed to him an excellent joke, and they fell to with a good appetite.

. . . .

Mrs. Carter could not believe her eyes when she saw the Captain come up the steps alone, so pale and stern that her heart misgave her. There has been an accident, she decided, but when she heard the truth she almost wished her first fears had been justified.

"At all events she is dead to me," she promised the Captain. "Never shall she darken her father's doors again."

"A creature as beautiful as your daughter, ma'am, could never darken any door," retorted the Captain unexpectedly. "And I should be sorry to believe that should fortune turn against Dorothea she'd not find her father's house open to her."

"She has made her bed," insisted Mrs. Carter. "Now let her lie on it."

"Poor child! To be so puzzled and unable to confide in either her mother or her betrothed." Not that he blamed Dorothea for keeping her own counsel so far as Mrs. Carter was concerned; the good lady looked capable of taking a stick to her wicked, ungrateful offspring.

"Of course they are off to Gretna," he mused. "There they can be married without delay, provided they have fulfilled the residence clause. It might be possible even now to stop the ceremony. They cannot wed before morning."

Mrs. Carter's heart gave a great leap. "You cannot, surely, dear sir, mean you would take her back?"

The Captain looked affronted. "I would not take any woman against her will, and what that will is she has made very clear. I am going to be married to the one I love . . ." Mrs. Carter shuddered. Such a declaration of feeling appeared to her indecent.

But he was able to persuade her into an agreement that, should her daughter be restored to her, she would not be turned from the door — although Captain George had a vision of Mrs. Carter standing there to greet the culprit with a pan of hot penitential ashes.

. . . .

The London-Carlisle train dashed along the lines like a spirited horse through a landscape blandly golden under the westering sun. Dorothea, her fears lulled at last, was reflecting that no living woman could desire more of life when there was a grinding of brakes, a shuddering shock, and the train came to an abrupt halt.

"But there is no station," Dorothea discovered. "What has happened?"

DENDY let down the window and peered out. A number of other passengers were doing the same; in the distance the engine could be seen, still snorting blackly, but now with defiance rather than purpose; some little black figures seemed to be dancing up and down the line; they reminded him irresistibly of elephant trainers from Lilliput vainly urging a mammoth to proceed.

A voice from an adjacent carriage observed, "At least in a coach you can leave your place, stretch your legs, ask a question of the guard. Here you might as well be in a prison." For there was no communication between one coach and the next, except by word of mouth through the open window.

Eventually the train moved forward, but not much farther than its own length, then it jolted once more to a halt. This happened several times, until at last the guard came walking down the line to warn the passengers that further progress that night was improbable, and urging them to descend from their carriages and walk along the line to the nearest halt, which was fortunately only a short way off. There conveyances might be found to carry them on to Carlisle, some 12 miles away.

Otherwise a new hotel called the Railway Hotel had recently been opened at Hatton Mary, and there was doubtless adequate accommodation at a smaller inn for the third-class passengers.

Dendy leaped on to the line.

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THE KEEPSAKE

having thrown out his baggage, and turned to lift down his love. The line presented a strange sight, though there were fortunately not many passengers still on board. At Hatton Mary the hustlers quickly bespoke all the conveyances available and drove away with a singular lack of consideration for their fellow-travellers, who must resort to the hotel.

A glance, however, assured Dendy that this was no place for an unmarried girl, for even one night; he cherished her reputation as dearly as her own mother might do.

At the farther end of the village he discovered the much humbler inn, with a snug little coffee room where ham and eggs was willingly provided. While Dorothea smoothed her hair and repaired the damages of the journey he confided his dilemma to the landlady, in the telling of which Dorothea's predicament lost nothing. Good Mrs. Jones received a picture of an elderly, grumpy, possibly one-legged gentleman trying to buy a bride from indigent parents. She was enchanted by the romantic situation.

"How fortunate you are!" she congratulated Dorothea. "Not many of us begin our married life with so much promise." Supper taken, she declared that she believed the Widow Rowan might oblige with a room for the young lady; she was a most respectable party, the widow of an army gentleman, who occasionally let out a room to a reputable person, with luggage and means to pay for her accommodation.

THE Widow Rowan proved to be a comely woman of five-and-thirty, who must have been a beauty before harsh living drew lines on her face and dulled the color from cheek and lip. When she set eyes on Dorothea, she said, "So you are for Gretna? Does your mother know?"

"If I could have told my mother I need not have made the journey," Dorothea retorted. "But she will have heard the truth from George before now."

"From George?"

"The gentleman I was engaged to marry."

"So—you are deceiving him, too?" The words fell soft as falling snow.

"Had I stayed I should have cheated all three of us," cried the girl with spirit. "And how could I bring myself to cheat Dendy?"

The widow nodded and sighed. "You are certainly in love, and that is a thing one never forgets; and you have the courage to take what life offers. Believe me," and here her eyes began to flash, "a well-filled purse is not everything; it may not even spell security for the years ahead. There is a Spanish proverb—take what you want and pay for it."

"I should never have riches enough for that," Dorothea demurred, "but I would gladly yield every penny I could beg, borrow, or steal to pay my debt."

"If you are to make an early start you should get some sleep soon," said the widow somewhat abruptly. "There is a train that will take you to Carlisle at eight o'clock. The line is cleared, they say. It is not a Flyer, of course . . ."

"I must visit the stables as soon as we arrive," Dendy agreed. "The fellow will have heard of our mishap and, I hope, be ready to drive us straight to Gretna."

Early the next morning they left Hatton Mary, travelling on the snuffing, uncomfortable little train with as much aplomb as if they were in yesterday's handsome carriage. The Widow Rowan came to the station to see them go. As they were about to leave she thrust a small box into Dorothea's hand. "Wear this for your wedding," she pleaded. "Something borrowed, something blue." She added simply, "It is my dearest possession."

It proved to be a small blue brooch, a posy of flowers composed of turquoises, a thing of no particular value, yet from her voice and manner Dorothea realised that to its owner it had infinitely more worth than diamonds.

"On our way back we will call and restore it," she promised, but the widow shook her head.

"Come in and see me if you will, but I should like this to be part of your happiness, given you by a woman who made a wrong choice years ago, because she lacked your courage to make the right one."

It was a clear, golden morning as they reached Carlisle, both unaware of their travelling companions. At the stables a carriage was swiftly put at their disposal, and they were off. As they left the houses behind the sky brightened, birds dived and swooped and soared in the radiant morning air.

Inside the carriage a beneficent silence fell. But neither of the occupants cherished any doubts of the future. Marriages, they say, are made in heaven, but if this one hadn't been, then heaven for once was nodding.

The carriage drove them as far as the famous Forge, but as she was about to alight Dorothea clutched Dendy's arm: she had turned pale, and quickly he put his free arm about her.

"My love? You are not losing heart now?"

She shook her head, indicating someone who was apparently waiting nearby.

"It is George. He must have travelled on a later train and ridden over this morning to stop the wedding."

And there the Captain stood, tall, handsome, and apparently as immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Instantly Dendy set himself in front of her. "If he has come for satisfaction, he shall have it," he declared. "You, my angel, have nothing to fear."

Dorothea had a shocking vision of guns flashing in the sunlight, gold on deadly blue, flames spurting; she knew nothing about firearms; to her they were only a wicked kind of firework.

The Captain, however, appeared to be impervious to Dendy's presence. "Dorothea," said he, "I am here to tell you that if you regret your action all is not lost. Your parents' roof is still open to you, and I am here to escort you home."

"You may tell Mrs. Carter that my wife's place will be under my roof," declared Dendy, before the girl could speak, "and I will myself act as her escort when we return south."

"Your mother will be glad to know that you have a roof of your own," commented the Captain drily.

DOROTHEA explained in tremulous tones, "Dendy has his eye on a cottage for us in a village called Fulham. It is a very pretty village and . . ."

Dendy's eye met the Captain's without faltering. A couple of rooms and water from the pump, hazarded the older man's glance. Dorothea's home, insisted Dendy's. So the deception has begun already, George thought. He considered his pampered darling as a poor clerk's wife, reduced no doubt to washing her husband's shirts.

"But he," he reflected grimly, "will be reduced to wearing them — that is, if he can afford a shirt to his back."

He had a sudden picture of Dorothea, her sleeves rolled up, her pretty hands red, her hair (she had had a maid since her fifteenth year and could scarcely pin it up for herself) tumbled over a flushed face, saw her in a welter of children, chickens, kittens, dishes, wet clothes flapping on a windy line.

The children screamed, the kittens mewed, the chickens clucked, some pan boiled over on the stove, and in the heart of this disorder he beheld her, blooming like a flower in a happiness he perceived in a flash he himself could never have brought her.

Seeing her with this young gamecock, with his talk of satisfaction and his instinctive gesture in placing his own body between his love and her possible avenger, he recalled himself at a similar age, and prepared to take a similar risk, only the girl in his case had proved a spiritless wench, and he had waited at the rendezvous in vain.

After so many years he could still remember the

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

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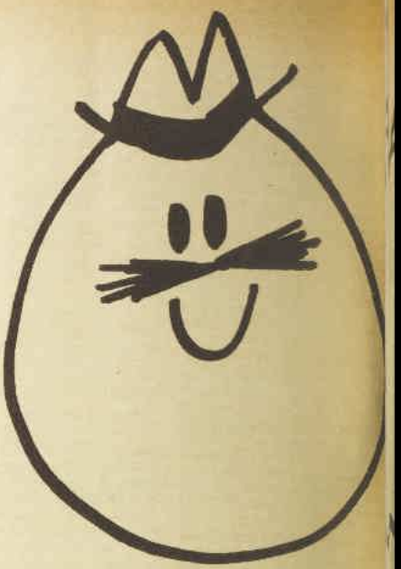

If he drives

Give him an "Eveready" Magnetlite. It's the kind of torch that'll appeal to any car-driving man. Its magnetic attachment keeps it handy all the time . . . it's easy to reach whenever he needs it (and there are at least sixteen uses for a torch in his car).

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If he travels

Give him a shaver powered with "Eveready" batteries. No matter where he is, he'll always have a smooth chin. Who cares if there's no powerpoint handy. He certainly won't if you give him a cordless shaver powered with "Eveready" batteries.

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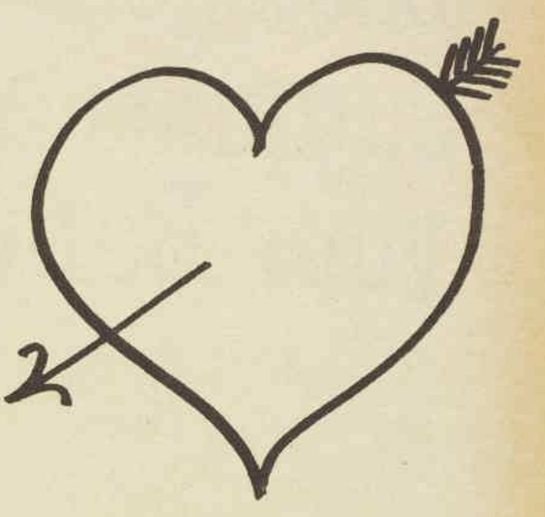

If he listens

Give him a transistor radio. That way, he can take his favourite sports broadcasts and music with him, wherever he goes. A transistor radio makes a lively companion when he's on the beach, or stretched out in a hammock when he should be mowing the lawn.

If he snaps

Give him a photoflash camera. A flashgun powered with "Eveready" batteries is ideal for indoor shots (you and the family), outdoor shots at night (you and the family), or for taking real "art" shots (of you and the family). He might even take a shot of you alone.

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amazed grief with which he had read of her subsequent marriage to a man for whom she had no love but whom she feared to offend.

"Mamma must send back the presents," declared Dorothea. "I have the only one I wish to keep." She took the little blue brooch out of her bag. "The Widow Rowan gave me this — borrowed and blue, you see."

Captain George stared, fascinated. "What name was that you said?"

"The Widow Rowan. She lodged me last night. She said it was the most precious of her possessions, but as it was too late to bring her happiness, she wished me to keep it."

"Her most precious possession!"

"It was given her by someone she loved. And I do not think she was speaking of her husband."

"Did she tell you . . ."

"She said she was a woman who had made the wrong choice and lived to regret it. Why, George . . ."

"Rowan?" repeated the Captain, reflectively. "There was a man of that name in my regiment when I was a young fellow. Possibly it is the same."

"I'm afraid he didn't make her happy," mourned Dorothea.

"Then why did she marry him?"

"Perhaps she had given her word and she was a woman of honor. It does seem unfair that doing right should bring

Continued from page 75

THE KEEPSAKE

such a meagre reward, and doing wrong, as I have done, should hold a world of promise. But, George, I swear to you, if I had met Dendy first, I would have known. Promise me you will forget me."

"You are yourself an example of the folly of giving promises," he told her sternly. "Promises," he added, "that cannot be kept."

DENDY intervened once more on behalf of his love. "There is another explanation," he declared in sturdy tones. "It is possible that the man who gave her the keepsake was not man enough to carry her off."

"Or she may have refused to accompany him." The Captain sounded stung.

"Then he should have taken her by main force," cried Dorothea, the lovely red rising in her cheeks, her eyes wide as saucers. "Dendy would have shot me before he would have given me up—Dendy, isn't that so?"

"Certainly not," said Dendy coolly. "What use would you be to me dead? But I should have claimed you at the altar itself, if need be, and offered you, sir, satisfaction outside the church."

"What use would you be to Dorothea dead?" riposted the Captain. "You may be the victor on this field, but with a pistol you would be a dead man before you could press the trigger."

"If the lady didn't know enough to recognise the mistake she was making," Dendy went on unheeding, "it was her lover's duty to prove it to her."

"I'd be a poor prospect for you, my dearest," he added, holding Dorothea's hand as if he would never let it go, "if I'd let you take such a false step and done nought to prevent you. No, believe me, Captain, the widow's lover has only himself to thank if she accepted the wrong man's wedding ring."

A stir behind them warned the young couple that their turn had arrived, and without looking back they were gone.

"They are right," the Captain told himself. "I should have taken her away. I have only myself to blame."

The ceremony was very brief, and the new-made wife came from it glowing like a rose. A newly budded rose, thought the infatuated young man at her side.

"You wear the morning like your dress," he babbled, "and there was never such a morning as this in the world before."

"He has gone," Dorothea discovered, looking round for Captain Ruston. "Promise me, my darling, darling, you won't try and challenge him for a silly thing like honor? He's well out of it, if he but knew."

They decided that on the return journey they would stop at the village where they had passed the night and return the brooch to the widow.

"She was the first to wish us luck," Dorothea recalled. "And we have to make a stop somewhere."

The Captain, returning, as he had come, alone, told himself that if this were a romance and not the real world, he would have offered to return the trinket himself, and, once over the threshold of the widow's house, would realise that here was the true love of his life and the faithless Dorothea but a shadow.

But he was a man of good sense and not without experience of life, and he knew that when a plant dies nothing will revive it. Even this love for Dorothea, that now held his heart, would presently be healed by time.

The memory of those two young faces, steadfast in faith, and incredulous of defeat, remained with him on his journey.

"At all events Letitia will be pleased," he assured himself. "I shall remain the bachelor uncle, after all."

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY, week starting Aug. 26

ARIES MARCH 21-APRIL 20
Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ Weird influences could strangely affect all to do with marriage and partnership. Best not to choose new associates, especially on the 27th and the 1st. Legal tangles possible.

TAURUS APRIL 21-MAY 20
Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ Count this week as allergic to love and romance — and be prepared accordingly. There could be emotional explosions, and a tie could be broken. Perhaps a fresh chapter begins.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
★ Not a good time for wedding bells or engagement rings. It could prove a testing time for matrimonial relations. There is deception and disruption, especially 27th and 1st.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, navy. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ On the 27th, although the planet of love is transiting your sign, she conjoins Mars—which adds up to romantic turmoil. Also, you'll have to exercise more than ordinary care to avoid mishap.

LEO JULY 23-AUGUST 22
Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, green. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ Fiery Leos may have to watch what they say on the 27th. There are elements of instability, so shelve important correspondence, and don't believe all your swain tells you.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
★ You have four planets in your sign, so be prepared for a far from boring week. Big changes—emotionally, and in your personal affairs—are looming. Best to postpone weighty matters.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, blue, yellow. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.
★ If you have new plans or are thinking of a new look in life stick to routine and self-control on 27th and 1st. You'll have to exercise tact; there could be trouble from the unexpected.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, rose, navy. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.
★ The 27th could be unsatisfying and disturbing, with a hangover of romantic disenchantment. There's danger of a domestic rift on the 1st—which is bad also for building and real estate.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 20
Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, brown, gold. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ Perhaps a spat with a friend, possibly through jealousy. Many could have a new chapter abruptly opened for them. Stick in a rut 31st-2nd. Everything is hostile to new moves.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21-JAN. 19
Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ The 27th is a trouble spot affecting that sensitive region of most Capricornians—the sphere of ambition and career. Rely on your innate caution. You'll have to use a lot of mental control.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19
Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Weighty legal business should not be undertaken on the adverse 27th and 1st. The week could see big changes, particularly in marriage matters. Married folk could be subjected to strain.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, red. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
★ Watch out that emotional upset and muddled judgment don't lead to broken ties. There's also risk of accident. Some might also choose another vocation. Some may have to.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological story as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

SPRINGTIME

PRUNUS SERRULATA (Japanese flowering cherry), with scillas (bluebells) massed with dramatically splendid effect beneath this lovely feathery tree of pale pink blossoms.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 61

● Throughout Australia, gardens and bushlands are responding to the magic of spring, and have a fresh beauty unmatched by other seasons.

TREES are breaking into young growth, flowering trees are giving their best displays, and shrubs are a riot of color.

Bulbs and perennials, of course, are really putting on a show — the tulip, narcissus, lachenalia, freesia, ixia, saxifraga, sparaxis, and iris.

Those fortunate enough to grow peonies have something delightful and rather uncommon. Clivias, which started to flower in late winter, make orange carpets under trees.

Annuals complete the pageant—not only spring-flowering ones, but also the poppies, stocks, pansies, and violas continuing their winter show.

Spring is indeed a wonderful time for the gardener. Under the stimulus of such magnificent displays it is tempting to develop a garden which is gorgeous in spring but rather drab at other times of the year.

Everyone knows of gardens which fall into this category, and if the gardener wants it that way there is nothing further to be said. But with a little thought he can get a fine spring display without jeopardising other seasonal shows.

Most gardens can have a few spring-flowering shrubs and trees which are also quite attractive at other times of the year. The bronze-leaved flowering plum is an example. The hawthorn, raphiolepis, and rondeletia are other good general-purpose plants.

In planning a garden it is wise to select a few good spring-flowering shrubs and trees, place them strategically, and make sure there are at least some bulbs and perennials to give spring color.

One way to get a good spring display without unduly restricting those of other seasons is to use annuals to the fullest advantage.

Here we have a wide choice: Alyssum, ageratum, aquilegia, candytuft, godetia, french marigold, lobelia, geum, wallflower, nasturtium, ranunculus, schizanthus, and many more.

The linaria is a wonderful little winter- and spring-flowering plant, hardy, fast-growing, and coming quickly into bloom. It's often best to sow it direct.

Don't forget to add a little more fragrance to the spring garden by having at least a few plants of mignonette.

Sweetpeas are always popular and the modern strains are easily grown and most rewarding.

In the midst of all this springtime display the gardener, however, will realise that summer is just around the corner.

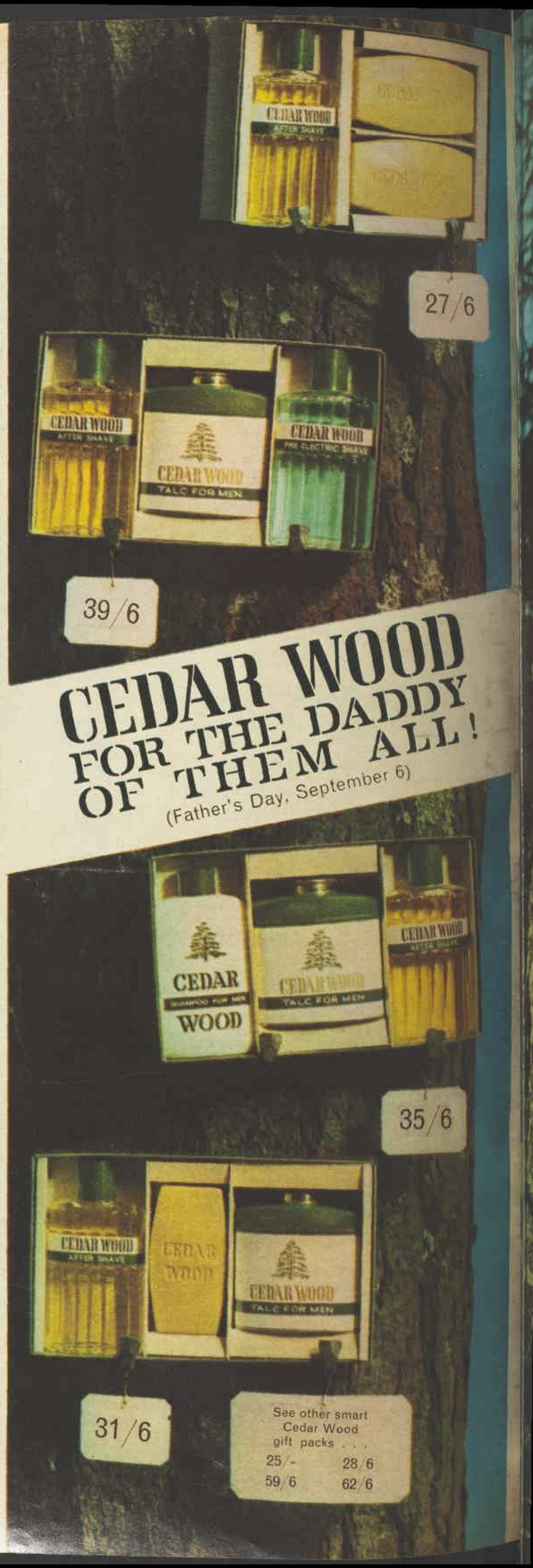
Winter-flowering shrubs will need pruning, weeds have also responded to warmer days, and lawns are beginning to demand attention.

Gardeners are not only faced with present problems, but have to think of the future. But for the time being we can at least enjoy the lovely freshness of the springtime garden.

— R. H. ANDERSON

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 62

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



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For the moment, the new Cedar Wood packs are not available in Qld. and W.A.

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What you feel in Warner's Stretchbra isn't the bra . . .

or slipping straps or buckle bite. What you do feel is marvellous comfort such as you've never known in a bra before! Warner's utterly new Stretchbra stretches every place a bra should stretch. Nowhere else. The lace-prettied cups hold and mould your bustline with firm flattery. But look at the Warner's braided Lycra* straps; they sit softly, comfortably in place—on the shoulders, off the shoulders, as your fashion neckline dictates. And it's got the stretchy scooped-out back that moves when you do. Sits and stays a neat 2½ inches lower than any regular bra. You'll move as easily as Eve did—and that's why Warner's invented Stretchbra. White, A32-36, B32-38, C32-38, 49/11.

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FIVE OUTFITS FOR UNDER £6

Teenagers' WEEKLY

PRETTY AND PRACTICAL suit (above) has a wide neckline set off by lace-edged Peter Pan collar. The suit cost only about £1 to make.

I WANTED a new between-seasons wardrobe — something smart, elegant, inexpensive — and something different, too. So I chose corduroy.

It all began at a sale. I discovered some corduroy for 5/- a yard in a city store and Mum made me a cute suit for about 15/-. It was such a success that I bought more corduroy to make a shift, then a coat. And so it went on until I had five new outfits.

I chose the colors and designed the styles, and Mum and I (mostly Mum!) did the sewing.

The price of corduroy ranges from 5/11 to 14/11 a yard, and although I missed out on more of the sale material I made a shift and a long evening dress of the least expensive one.

I chose a heavier, better-quality corduroy for my chocolate-brown coat and matching skirt. I thought I'd need the extra warmth for a coat, and as there's so much work in making one it's worth the extra money.

But my other clothes look just as good and the corduroy is light, warm, washable, and I had the choice of many colors.

My favorite is the flower formal. The shocking-pink corduroy cost me less than £1, and even with the zipper and stiffening remnant I used to line the skirt it cost me only about 25/- to make the dress.

Mum made a giant sunflower of matching corduroy to give it a "different" touch.

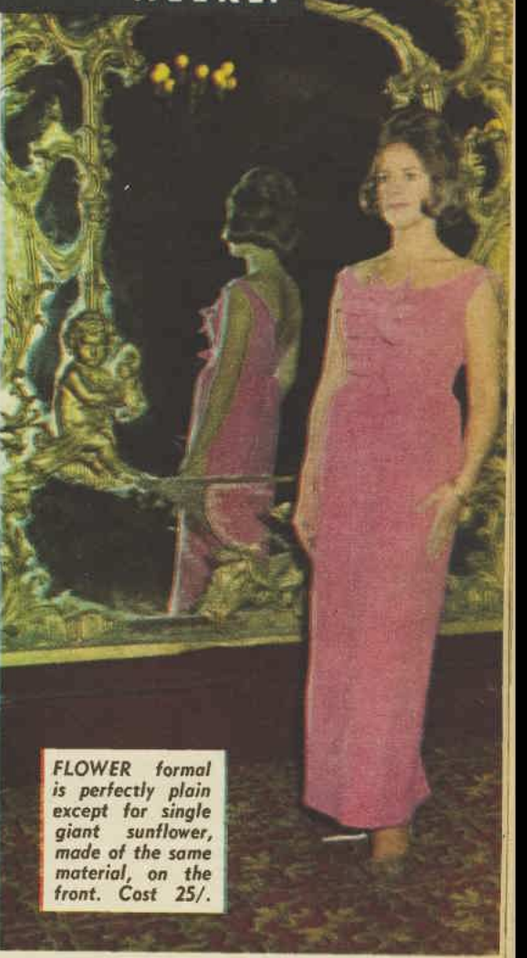
Here is a list of the material prices for all the outfits.

The coat: 4yds. at 8/11 — 35/8.
Matching skirt: 1yd. at 8/11.
The suit: 3yds. at 5/- — 15/-.
The shift: 2½yds. at 5/11 — 14/9½.
Evening dress: 3yds. at 5/11 — 17/9.

So the corduroy for the whole wardrobe cost me £4/12/1½ and I spent about another 25/- on zippers, covered buttons, and remnants to line the coat and skirts — a grand total of £5/17/1½.

I'm thrilled with my great "go-anywhere" between-seasons wardrobe — especially when I remember that it all cost me less than £6.

— *Kerry Yates*



FLOWER formal is perfectly plain except for single giant sunflower, made of the same material, on the front. Cost 25/.

EASY shift (left) which repeats the suit neckline and is trimmed with three small self-covered buttons. It cost about £1. OUTFIT (above) has top of suit (pictured top left) over a coned skirt (matching coat, right); skirt cost only about 14/-. SMART, warm coat (right) which can be worn over most clothes. The most expensive item in the wardrobe, it cost £2.

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK

"But man, like, I don't dig."

Teens just a flock of simple sheep?

ALTHOUGH some readers will disagree with me, I am convinced that teenagers of today are genuinely lacking in character and initiative. This does not strictly apply to all teenagers, but to a vast majority.

Many will protest, but I think the average teenager has all the traits and characteristics of a sheep. They all dress in a similar fashion, all enjoy the same music and literature, have the same interests and views, and altogether present the picture of a simple flock.

I don't wish to present the old saying "Where is the spirit of yesterday?", but rather to point out how ridiculous it is that young people with ample opportunity and ability are submitting themselves to this demand for conformity.

Of course, it's smart to be with it, but it's not smart to devote oneself wholly to a fashion or craze. It is always the individual who emerges greater than the sheep.

Although it's normal and pleasant to be gregarious, it should not prevent one from becoming adventurous in this exciting modern world. — *N. J. Smith, Hughes, A.C.T.*

Bikini diet

UNTIL I came across this idea I had no willpower at all when it came to dieting.

Cut out all the pictures you can find of slim girls in bikinis and then stick them inside the cupboard and fridge doors. Then, when you want a nibble, just try to think of yourself in a bikini. It worked for me! — *Miss K. Dann, Belgrave Heights, Vic.*

School uniforms

IF school uniforms were not compulsory there would be a class distinction, as not everyone would be able to afford the fashionable clothes or to wear something different each day.

A set uniform, though seemingly drab, is comparatively cheap, because it is durable and requires only a minimum of care. I feel if students did not wear uniform there would be more time spent on appearances than on homework.

Having to wear a uniform is also a mild form of discipline, which every teenager should learn to take. — *Diane Molony, Gosford, N.S.W.*

So many

MY great-grandfather came to Loxton in about 1890 with the first of the early settlers. Since then the Thiele family has grown considerably.

Great-grandfather had 13 children, and each of these has had an average of eight children (mainly boys). Each of these grandsons and granddaughters has had an average of seven children per marriage. There have been no divorces and only one or two remarriages.

When all grandchildren of the original Thiele had been counted, my father found he had over 150 first-cousins on that side of the family alone. No wonder I meet so many Thieles in Loxton and surrounding towns. — *"Great-granddaughter," Loxton, S.A.*

Not all bad

PARENTS say that children of today are hooligans and rebels. But I've noticed that records like "One Road," "Telephone To Heaven," and, more recently, "I Believe," appear at the top of the record charts.

Surely this shows we're not all bad. — *Chris Newcombe, Croydon Park, N.S.W.*

Apathetic?

HOW thick-skinned can people be! We in Australia live side by side with countries where widespread hunger, disease, and ignorance reduce millions of fellow humans to a pitiable state of degradation.

Far from applying ourselves to solving their plight, we simply refuse to be aware of the problem at all.

Half the world starves, and will continue to do so as long as we remain apathetic, submitting weakly to the pressures of the Affluent Society and refusing to think for ourselves or face the world as it really is. — *Owen Wenton, Gordon, N.S.W.*

Discrimination

DON'T other teenagers think it is funny the way Australia's different States have almost contempt for other States' artists until they become international known? Then they are AUSTRALIA'S artists, regardless of what State they come from.

But until then they have been just another artist from this or that State who didn't rate a second look. This is unfair, because if they had had all Australia behind them they would have made the grade much sooner. This applies to singers, musicians and all TV performers. — *M. A. Warner, Heathmont, Vic.*

Our accent

WHY is it that Australians who live in America for even a few months invariably come home with an American accent, while Americans who have lived in Australia for many years never lose theirs?

Is the American accent stronger, is snobbery involved or does the Australian accent really sound so bad? — *"Aussi," Nambour, Qld.*

Teenage voting

IN view of the fact that many older teenagers take a great interest in politics, I am very much in favor of giving Australia's teenagers a vote at the Federal and State elections.

To do this I would advocate optional voting for persons aged from 18 to 21. A large number of today's young people are frustrated when election time draws near because their opinions are not effective until they are 21.

Optional voting would give those who take an interest in politics a chance to voice their opinions. — *Don King, Macleod, Vic.*

Boycott on boys

THE school I go to is supposed to be co-educational, but they might as well be separate schools with barbed-wire fences, because we are not allowed to talk to the boys, but are only supposed to say "hullo" and pass on. If we are found talking in mixed groups we are punished.

The other day we were standing around when a young student teacher came up and asked why no girls were talking to boys. We told her of the rule, and she said, "How ridiculous. After all, you do marry them later!" How true. But do other schools have rules like ours? — *"Pupil," Brighton, S.A.*

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- Learn how you can enter another big contest—a ROAD SAFETY contest in which a boy and girl will each win a new car!

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The stars' STARS — and you

By MAURICE WOODRUFF

A SPLIT AMONG THE DREAMERS ?

SCORPIO (October 23 to November 21) is the sign of FREDDIE born Nov. 14, 1940.

NEVER take Scorpio people like Freddie (and the Dreamers) Garrity lightly. They have more concealed power than most people — a power intensified by their extremely shrewd judgment of people.

Freddie has great determination coupled with a boundless ambition — and that is a pretty strong combination.

Like most Scorpios, Freddie is very positive about doing really well whatever he sets out to achieve, and I find that he is immensely capable.

You could not find a more wonderful friend than Freddie . . . very loyal, as are most people born under his sign. Cross someone close to him — and you will meet a very formidable foe, indeed.

Scorpio people are very discreet. You can always trust them with a secret.

I PREDICT that Freddie will face a crisis in his group, with one of his team wanting to break away.

I PREDICT that he will find himself among the top three where an award is concerned some time next winter.

YOU'RE SCORPIO, TOO?

I find that you Scorpio people contain inside yourselves more strength of purpose than some give you credit for.

I believe that you are not always credited with this quality, because you tend to use it carefully and in moderation. This is as it should be, for I must tell you that there are times when you could be the centre of jealousy.

Continue to rely on your marked judgment and understanding of others — and the danger will be averted.

I PREDICT that in an important part of your life you will achieve more than you expected and be able to enjoy life greatly.

● More stars next week.

He IS happy as a sand boy

● Many teenage boys can tell you all about the surf, but thirteen-year-old Bernard Pailthorpe, of Sydney, is different —he's an authority on the *sand*.

FROM a 500-page survey and analysis of 632 sand samples taken from Sydney beaches, Bernard, a third-form pupil, recently won the £20 first prize in the open section of the N.S.W. annual Schools Science Research competition.

The competition is open to secondary-school pupils and offers awards for investigations and research carried out by entrants using the principles of scientific methods.

Bernard's project took six months to complete.

"I visited more than 140 beaches," said Bernard. "Along the coastline I visited beaches from Palm Beach in the north to Cronulla in the south. I also took samples from rivers and inlets.

"My parents were wonderful. They drove me to all the beaches—we would go at weekends, taking the rest of the family, and have picnics."

● *Bernard Pailthorpe conducts an experiment.*

As well as studying the samples of sand he collected, Bernard also studied the part sand plays in modern life—in cement and glass, for instance.

Bernard first became interested in research chemistry two years ago when he was given a microscope and chemistry set for Christmas.

"He was always pulling to pieces toy cars, clocks, and instruments to find out how they worked," Bernard's father, Mr. A. A. Pailthorpe, said, "but it wasn't till he was given a microscope and chemistry set that he found something he was really interested in."

Now all Bernard's free time is spent in the loft above the garage. He has converted it into a laboratory.

"Chemical equipment is very expensive, so the laboratory is rather make-shift — I've made most of the apparatus myself," Bernard said.

For a bunsen burner Bernard uses an old kerosene camping stove, and his oven is a large biscuit tin.

What are Bernard's plans for the future? "I am already planning next year's project, and will use the £50 prizemoney for more laboratory equipment. Later I hope to be a research chemist."

— *JENNY IRVINE.*

ROUND ROBIN

ASSAULT NO FLATTERY

● If a policeman's lot is not a happy one, pity the poor policewoman.

GIRLS, I imagine, rarely make advances to policemen.

Perhaps there's a saying about this: Girls never make glamy expressions about men who make arrests.

But the boot is on the other (flat) foot when the police officer is truly a fair cop.

In Wales recently a young Welshman, John Pritchard, 19, took the rarebit between his teeth — and took the law into his own hands, literally.

The law was 23-year-old Policewoman Barbara Gibbons.

For a change, John made the pinch — on Policewoman Gibbons.

Gibbons declined and this was John's fall.

She arrested him and John was later fined £20 for assault.

I suppose that a policewoman's boy-friend's lot would be a pretty unhappy one, too.

If he stole a kiss would she arrest him?

And what would happen if he gave her information leading up the garden path?

Also, what romance could be left in a bloke after he had been warned that every sweet nothing he whispered would be taken down and could be used in evidence against him?

But the policewoman, I suppose, still faces the heaviest burden.

Imagine being a girl assigned to plain-clothes duty!

— Robin Adair

BANDSTAND

● Here are some extracts from a letter I received recently from Peter, of the Allen Brothers, in Japan . . .

TOKYO HILTON.

". . . After spending June with **Judy Garland** and **Mark Herron,** we were not at all surprised when she called a few nights back and said she was sending tickets to us for London, and we are supposed to be joining her there in two weeks when we finish here . . .

". . . The work here is wonderful and they wanted us for another four months, starting in October. Audiences are predominantly American and we have regular crowds that come back six or seven times to see the show. We both love to do the show, and it is not like work, but just like trying to get better and better on stage . . ."

Also in the mailbag last week was another letter from **Lana Cantrell.**

She wrote:

". . . I returned yesterday from a three-week trip which took me as far as New Orleans. It was meant to be a trip just to see some relations, and turned out the best thing that has happened to me over here. I did two TV shows in the South, and because of them was contacted by the booker of a well-known series of clubs, who asked me if I would go to New Orleans to talk about working his entire circuit.

"I worked one night at his club and the reception was great, so am consequently starting in September."

"ICE-BREAKER" CONTEST RESULTS in September 16 issue

"GENTLEMAN" JIM REEVES

I'D like to pay tribute to a fine Country and Western singer — **"Gentleman" Jim Reeves**—recently killed in a U.S. plane crash.

He was a leader in his field in America, but was not tremendously well known here. About four or five years ago he had a beautiful record called "He'll Have To Go."

JIM REEVES

The last single released just before his death was "I Guess I'm Crazy" backed with "Not Until The Next Time." He has an album coming out soon called "Kimberley Jim."

SEEKERS' SUCCESS

AUSTRALIAN folk group **The Seekers,** who left for England a few months back "to look around," have apparently made a big impression.

As soon as they arrived in London they were signed to one of the top talent agencies, and two days later they appeared on the "Tonight" show on BBC-TV. They were then booked for a week in the Queen's Theatre, Blackpool, receiving second billing to **Freddie and The Dreamers.** They also appeared at a performance at the Opera House in London on the same show as **Acker Bilk, Dusty Springfield,** and **Tommy Tucker,** to name a few.

Within six weeks of their arrival they appeared on "Sunday Night At The London Palladium," a television spectacular, and have been signed to a contract with BBC-TV for a series of shows.

— *Brian Henderson*

THE CLASSICS

HANDEL: "Alcina"

ALTHOUGH opera has a history that goes back more than three and a half centuries it is only recently that modern producers and singers have started to pay much attention to opera before Mozart.

One of the most successful rediscoveries of earlier opera has been Handel's "Alcina," which was written in 1735. A disc of "highlights" from this opera, with the principal role brilliantly sung by the Australian soprano Joan Sutherland, has been issued by Decca.

The whole performance, directed by Richard Bonynge, is admirably stylish, and the other roles are excellently performed.

Opera in Handel's day was much more formal than it became later. The drama (usually taken from some story in classical mythology) was carried forward in passages of declaimed "recitative"; in between these the action stopped while the characters described their feelings in arias.

But although it is more static and less realistic than later opera, a work like "Alcina" — one of the finest of Handel's operas — has no lack of emotional force.

The music in opera of this period demands great technical skill from the leading singers, and its revival has gone along with the emergence of artists like Sutherland, who specialise in this elaborate and florid style.

— MARTIN LONG

THE SEEKERS (left to right), Keith Potger, Judy Durham, Bruce Woodley, and Athol Guy.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4939659

ENTERTAINING CAN BE JUST CHILD'S PLAY

On the way up — at 9

● As soon as nine-year-old Jenny Bradley, of Arncliffe, N.S.W., streaks in the front door after school, she changes into jeans and dashes to the local park for a game of Soccer with her brother.

JENNY'S friends find it difficult to recognise this tousled little tomboy playing with her brother, Mark, 11, or tumbling down the slippery-dip, as the same sophisticated young girl who sings on television.

For Jenny has already appeared on "The Delo and Daly Show," "Bandstand," and "Sing Sing Sing," and amazed TV veterans with her poise and lack of nerves.

"I'm not at all nervous with cameras around me; I just stand there and sing. But I feel a bit more self-conscious when there's an audience close to me," said Jenny.

Her singing career began when she was four years old and sang on the Sydney Showboat on its Sunday afternoon cruises. Jenny's father, pianist Brian Bradley, accompanied her. He taught Jenny all she knows about music and singing, and also does the arrangements for the numbers she sings on TV.

Jenny was signed to a five-year recording contract after her successful television appearances. And, as one of the executives at Festival Records said, "She has a strong voice and tons of personality." Jenny's first disc was a revival of two oldies, "Everything's Coming Up Roses" and "Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny."

Jenny remains rather unimpressed with the inside world of entertainment, and much as she enjoys singing she hasn't decided if she will make it her career.

JENNY BRADLEY

At the moment she thinks it has drawbacks.

"I hate getting all dressed up and wearing frocks," sai Jenny, wrinkling her nose, "I'd much rather play Soccer i my old jeans."

By DIANE ROBERT

Nightclub star at 16

● When Gino Ginetti was four years old he folded a piece of paper into the shape of a piano-accordion and pretended to play it. Two years later he won a gold medal for playing a real accordion at an eisteddfod in Milan.

GINO, who is now 16, came to Australia three years ago from Italy. He is currently playing the accordion and singing in a leading Sydney nightclub.

When Gino's parents first noticed his interest in music they bought him a small piano-accordion. At five he started lessons, but as he was so young his mother had to learn to read music in order to help teach him.

When he was six he travelled from his native Genoa t Milan and entered an eisteddfod, where he won the gol medal. It is amazing enough that after only a year o learning the piano-accordion he was already good enoug to compete in the eisteddfod, but it is even more amazin considering most of the other contestants were about 2 years old.

Gino continued his music studies and won more meda for his playing. Then when he was 11 Gino auditioned i Milan for a stage show under the direction of Rossi Rossaldi a musical-company director.

Gino passed the audition and joined a troupe of youn professional musicians and actors and toured Italy for si months. A private teacher travelled with them, so th children's studies were not neglected. Returning to Milan he did some radio shows, then went home to Genoa an back to school.

When Gino was 13 his parents came to Australia an settled in Melbourne. Not long after Gino entered competition—and won.

While still at school in Melbourne, Gino entered a T talent contest and won £100. He formed a band of fiv boys and they became the regular group on the show.

Six months later Gino left the TV show and decided t start singing as well as playing and began entertaining i clubs and restaurants. Digby Wolfe spotted Gino in Me bourne and sent him to Sydney to appear on "Startime." While in Sydney he landed a job singing in a nightclub an Gino's parents decided to move to Sydney.

They now live at Bondi and Gino has left school to wor fulltime as an entertainer. He has made several appearanc on Sydney TV shows, and he is appearing six nights a wee at a Sydney nightclub. He plans to take singing lessons is teaching himself to play the guitar, and is also writin songs to include in his nightclub act.

"I love show business," he said, "and I hope I can mak a successful career entertaining. But in the meantime I'm studying privately for my Leaving Certificate."

GINO GINETTI

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4939660

Forgetting a lost love is hard—but not hopeless

Louise Hunter

Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and private address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

"JUST before Christmas I fell in love with a young man who said he loved me, too. Then he joined the Army and went to N.S.W. He wrote to me all the time and when he was transferred to Victoria he came home to see me every fortnight, and wrote me a letter at least once a week. He was very affectionate to me, but then just recently I received a letter telling me he didn't wish to keep my company any longer. This came as an awful shock as I still love him. I cry myself to sleep every night and I am even keeping company with another boy, but I can't forget my ex-boyfriend. Please can you tell me how to forget him?"

"Anxious," S.A.

One of the hardest things in the world is to forget someone you have cared about, but it can be done.

It takes time, though, and you have to be prepared to go through a period when you feel absolutely positive that you have lost the one boy in the world for you, and that you will never find another love.

You will, of course.

Keep going out with your current boyfriend, even though you don't feel for him what you felt for the first boy.

As well, accept as many dates with as many different boys as you can.

Don't search frantically for another romance for a while, but instead throw yourself into your work, your hobbies — anything to take your mind off your broken heart.

"C'est la vie!" — that wise, sad little French saying sums up the way you should try to make yourself think at the moment.

After all, that IS life, and not too many people in this world haven't found themselves in exactly your position at some time or another.

Baggy britches

"I AM in love with a nice boy, but he has a habit of wearing old-fashioned clothes. His trousers are dreadfully baggy and only his shoes are fashionable. His clothes are the only thing spoiling him, and it is affecting our social life, because I don't want people to see us. My clothes are very fashionable, and he has the money to buy fashionable clothes, but insists on baggy pants. We have been going with each other for two months and want to keep seeing each other, but how can I get him to become concerned about the fashions of today and not of yesterday?"

"Fashion Conscious," S.A.

The only suggestion I could make would be to go on a few window-shopping expeditions together.

Oh and aah over the clothes you like. If your boyfriend doesn't take the hint, I'm afraid there's nothing more you can do, apart from getting yourself another boyfriend with the same ideas on clothes that you like.

Hurtful ex-friend

"I AM having trouble with an ex-girlfriend who is trying to lead my boyfriend astray. She is always around where we go and makes eyes at him, and I know she is only doing this to hurt me. What can I do to stop her?"

"Anxious," W.A.

Unfortunately there is nothing you can do or say in such a situation — either to the girl or to your boyfriend — without appearing petty and jealous.

Don't show this girl that you are bothered by her tactics, as this is obviously what she wants.

The only thing you CAN do is completely ignore this flirt and hope that your boyfriend sees her in the same light as you do.

Dark deceiver

"I AM 19 and engaged to be married in four months' time. My boyfriend likes girls with long black hair. I found this out before he even knew me and, for a joke, I bought a black wig (my own hair is short, fair, and mousy) and wore it to a big dance, where, as luck would have it, I met and fell in love with this boy. All the time we were going out together I wore the wig. Now that we are nearly married, how can I break the terrible news to him that his girl has really horrible mousy hair? I really look pretty in my dark hair, but I know it is not my proper hair. What can I do?"

"Mousy," S.A.

The poet who philosophised on "the tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive" could have had you in mind!

Obviously you can't go through married life hiding under a black wig, so the only thing is to bring your own hair out into the open as soon as possible.

On your very next date with your fiance wear your loveliest dress and have your hair arranged as beautifully as you can.

He might be in for some initial disappointment, but I don't think he would have asked you to marry him if he was only infatuated with your false tresses.

If he still likes you with long hair, then grow yours — I'm sure he'll get to like long fair hair as well as he likes long dark hair.

Would it be chasing?

"I AM holding my first mixed party in a few weeks and there is a certain boy I would like to invite, but I haven't seen him for about six months. I know he used to like me, but things didn't work out and all that is forgotten now. Do you think it would be chasing him if I asked him to come? Mum said to ask him to bring a couple of friends with him and this wouldn't be chasing him. What do you think?"

"Unsure," N.S.W.

I think your mother has the solution. Ask this boy, with a couple of his friends, and let things develop from there.

This wouldn't be chasing him at all.

Best man's speech

"MY younger son is to be married soon and has asked his only brother to be best man at the wedding. He is quite happy to do so, but is worried about the speech to make at the reception. Could you suggest a speech for a best man, and also tell me how he should begin his address?"

"A.B.," N.S.W.

In his speech it is usual for the best man to respond to the toast proposed to the bridesmaids.

There are no hard and fast rules for speeches, except, perhaps, that they should be to the point and as short as possible.

He should try to keep the speech light.

Perhaps he might say that, as he looks at the beautiful bridesmaids, he can see how extremely difficult it's going to be for him not to fall into the same "trap" as his brother has done.

Beauty in Brief:

HOW TO FLATTER A SHORT NECK

YOU can suggest the look of length for a neck that is naturally short with planned hairstyles and necklines.

For example, hair combed away from the cheeks and let fall in simple lines has a way of adding length to the naturally short neck.

Fluffing short hair up at the back to encourage an uncluttered look is another helpful notion.

To add length and loveliness, look for V-necklines with an open look and with lines running concentrated low in front.

For evening or summer, the long, slim halter neckline is a good choice. And try long necklaces worn with scooped-out or off-the-shoulder necklines after dark.

Still another lengthening trick with jewellery is a single costume piece pinned just below throat centre.

— CAROLYN EARLE

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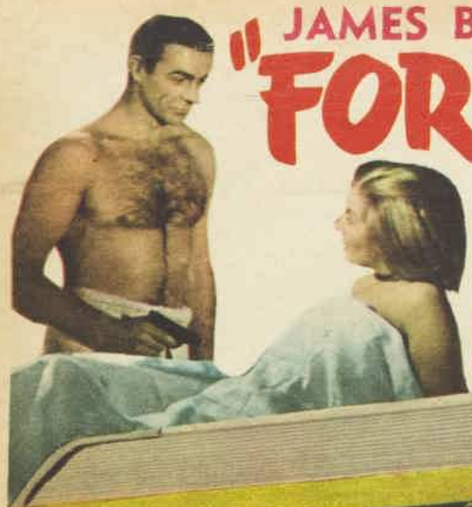

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